MARVEL MASTERWORKS®

DAREDEVIL®

VOLUME 13

DAREDEVIL Nos. 133-143, Annual No. 4
& Ghost Rider No. 20
Marv Wolfman & Bob Brown
with John Buscema, John Byrne & Sal Buscema

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MARVEL MASTERWORKS

PRESENTS

HERE COMES... DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

VOLUME 13

COLLECTING

DAREDEVIL Nos. 133-143

ANNUAL No. 4 & GHOST RIDER No. 20

MARV WOLFMAN • BOB BROWN

WITH JOHN BUSCEMA, JOHN BYRNE & SAL BUSCEMA

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NOS. 133-143, ANNUAL NO. 4 & GHOST RIDER NO. 20

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INTRODUCTION
BY MARV WOLFMAN

If you're one of the readers who bought *Marvel Masterworks: Daredevil*, Vol. 12, welcome back. For those who didn't, here's a quick recap of my introduction.

When *Daredevil* was first published, I have to admit I was not a major fan. He seemed not all that different from Spider-Man, only not quite so spidery. But over the course of a half dozen or so issues, Stan Lee and company found what made him unique: Matt Murdock and his alter ego Daredevil were actual adults. Matt was a lawyer. He lived in the so-called real world. His friends were also real people. Foggy was not just comedy relief; he was as good a lawyer as Matt. Karen Page was not just some characterless secretary; she was a real person dealing with her own real problems. In many ways Daredevil was the first streetwise hero, a concept that would be embraced decades later in the 21st century.

But Daredevil quickly carved out his own territory that distinguished him from so many of the other Marvel heroes.

Please note I'm not putting down Spidey or the FF or Iron Man or any of the other Marvel heroes by saying that. In truth, Spider-Man and the Fantastic Four were and remain my favorite Marvel characters, closely followed by Thor, Iron Man and many, many others. But now Daredevil was becoming his own person and not just a me too character.

What's a me too character? You ask.

Spider-Man: I can swing through the city.

Daredevil: Me too.

A me too hero has little to differentiate them from other heroes. And my initial feeling about Daredevil was he was a me too hero. But, fortunately for his legacy, he very quickly became an original. If he hadn't, we wouldn't still be talking about him 50+ years later.

This book of (mostly) my Daredevil stories starts with issue #133. Sadly, not the best way to start a new collection. "Mind-Wave and His Fearsome Think Tank!" will probably never be nominated for best of anything unless "best silly idea for a story" ever becomes a thing.

Let me explain.

I was serving as Marvel's editor in chief at the time I was writing *Daredevil*. If memory serves, Stan Lee came skipping into my office and told me Marvel had just made a deal with magician Uri Geller to appear in a Marvel comic.

Geller's magician claim to fame was he could bend spoons and other metal objects with his mind. He could also, he said, read minds. Because he claimed these were real powers, not just magic tricks, controversy followed him everywhere he went. At the time he was a real "get" for Marvel.

Anyway, Stan asked that I find a book for Geller to appear in. I asked around but nobody seemed interested. So, as the editor in chief I realized I'd have to write the story. It was a dirty job but somebody had to do it.

I took a deliberately light approach with the story, creating the evil villain Mind-Wave and his

Fearsome Think Tank. Don't ask me how, but the tank could somehow read minds. Needless to say, I wrote the issue with tongue firmly wedged in cheek.

Geller did come up to the Marvel offices one afternoon and he did bend a key even as I held it, and he duplicated a drawing I made to prove he had mental abilities, too, but I never truly believed he had real REAL super hero powers. I thought then he was an excellent magician and if I understood magic better I'd probably be able to explain how he did it. But powers? No. Great ability? Yeah. Still, we had a deal with him, so for the sake of the comic, he did have super-powers. And if the only way he could stop a Marvel bad guy was by throwing a bent key at him, so be it.

Some magic experts, like James Randi who, besides being a great stage magician on his own, debunks those who claim their ability is real instead of illusionary. Randi wrote in to complain that by featuring Geller in a story we helped "promote the impression that he [Geller] has genuine supernatural powers."

I sort of thought that by featuring him next to a "blind" super hero in a skin-tight red costume who swings through the city, sorta put them both on the same level of reality. But what do I know?

But, of course, as silly as this part of the story was, I still had to have a real story, too. And I loved that part then and still do.

I setup a scenario in which we see videos of President John F. Kennedy still alive and older than he was when he was assassinated. As the story progressed over many issues of *Daredevil*, we learn the "discovered" footage had been faked by using computer programs created by a scientist our main villain, the Jester, had enlisted. In subsequent issues, our bad guys discuss creating new movies starring long-dead celebrities by taking every frame of every movie they ever appeared in and making computerized adjustments. They could also re-record every word those people said and make them say something brand-new.

Need I point out, this story was written in 1976, long before home computers and decades before Photoshop or other photo-altering software was developed.

Sometimes, at conventions, I'm asked how I came up with the idea when there was no existing tech that could do it. The answer is simple: extrapolation of possibilities is what science fiction writing is all about. To me, it seemed logical that computers should one day be able to alter photography, videos and voices, so why not now? It took nearly 20 years but that extrapolation became reality.

When you read "Think Tank," smile during the magic part of the story but get involved with the Jester's more ominous storyline. In a world before the term "fake news" was coined to make people distrust true, honest news reporting, this indeed was a story about the creation of fake news. Maybe that part of the story was more predictive than merely imagining advanced photo manipulation.

Daredevil #134 took our photo manipulation one step further when the TV news played a video of "Daredevil" killing policemen (when no cops were actually killed) and later threatening to destroy New York City. This issue also brings back the Torpedo, who was introduced last volume.

When you're working on monthly comics you get a chance to experiment with many different kinds of stories, heroes and villains. Even as you write the stories you truly believe in, you never know which stories work and which don't. I really liked the Torpedo. I even got a two-part Torpedo story published in *Marvel Premiere* #39-40 (both reprinted in this collection). Sadly, as much as I liked the character, he never caught on with the readers. I wish I could tell you why fans gravitate to some characters and not others, but they do. And you, as the creator, just have to shrug your shoulders and keep trying. Hopefully your next creation will be better received.

Win some. Lose some.

Daredevil #135 took that experimentation even further. I tried something very different here. For the first three pages we printed not comics but what looked like pages of the *Daily Bugle* newspaper: news articles, set to type, with the art screened so they looked like photographs. This allowed us to feature news coverage furthering Daredevil's supposed murder spree, as well as headlines reporting that U.S. soldiers were hypnotized into believing the Vietnam war was real when the U.S. was *actually* fighting in Chile, while other soldiers fought in a secret Middle East war (talk about your fake news).

It also allowed the "man on the street" to totally believe this fake news. As one article in the *Bugle* says, the NYPD stated that Daredevil didn't kill anyone, while another person states that he saw Daredevil kill those cops on TV. When you have video manipulation, what do you expect the normal person to believe? Something they read (even if it is the truth) or something they see?

Before I continue, I want to say something about the wonderful artistry to Bob Brown, who drew these stories. I'd been a fan of Bob's ever since he drew DC Comics' *Challengers of the Unknown*. His characters and storytelling were always spot on, and I was thrilled to have the chance to work with him.

That said, for reasons I no longer recall, John Buscema was called in to draw issues #136-137, which brings down the curtain on the Jester's scheme while setting up our next storyline.

Guest artist John Byrne drew issue #138, which had Daredevil travelling to Hollywood to find Karen Page, his onetime assistant and later girlfriend, and now an actress who has mysteriously gone missing.

I find it fun reading these old stories. Fun, and at the same time embarrassing. The fun part is where it's obvious we were trying to find new ways to tell our stories, experimenting and learning at the same time. Embarrassing because there was just so many dialogue or thought balloons crowding each page it was sometimes hard to find any art.

While Daredevil is fighting a villain called the Smasher, he expends endless balloons thinking about Karen Page and everything she meant to him. *C'mon, Matt, concentrate on the guy strong enough to rip your head off.* But that was the style back then, passed down from Stan's work on Spider-Man where Spidey would be tackling some bad guy while spending pages worrying about Aunt May or something not connected to the fight at hand.

This issue also features a guest star: Johnny Blaze, the Ghost Rider, as well as the villain, Death's Head, who is also… Well, you'll have to read the story to find out who he is and how he relates to Daredevil and company.

You'll also have to read *Ghost Rider* #20 as the story continues there. Fortunately, we include it in this volume so you won't have to go searching for it. We learn Death Head's secret, but that only leads us to a darker, deadlier villain.

Then, we jump over to *Daredevil Annual* #4. It's a double-sized story guest-starring Sub-Mariner and the Black Panther that Chris Claremont scripted off my plot. And it was drawn by the great George Tuska.

I don't always remember why or how I came up certain stories, but in the case of *Daredevil* #139 I definitely do.

As I mentioned above, I was Marvel's editor in chief. One day, artist Sal Buscema came up to the Marvel offices. Sal didn't live anywhere near New York, so it was always a wonderful occasion when he came by. That was the good news.

The bad news was that Sal was supposed to pick up a story to draw. I no longer remember what book that was, but its writer, whoever it was, hadn't finished his plot for Sal to work on.

Making sure our valuable artists always had work, I tried to find something else for Sal to draw, but every other plot or script had already been assigned.

But I had to find something.

I told Sal to get some lunch and a finished plot would be waiting when he got back. I didn't know how we'd make that happen, but I made the promise anyway.

Sal left and I went to work. I'd always been a fairly fast writer but coming up with and plotting a full-length story in less than an hour… maybe not that fast.

The problem was, I couldn't come up with one full-length story. But what I could do is come up with several smaller stories and then find some way to link them together. I called the story "A Night in the Life…" where we followed Daredevil on what was supposed to be an ordinary night for him. We'd see Daredevil was being a hero not only when he fought the big super villains, but when he had to deal with smaller but just as important problems.

By the time Sal got back from lunch, the story was waiting for him to take home and draw.

I have to admit I was a little worried about it. The fans were used to big hero-vs.-villain stories, and not necessarily a story that was in truth a series of connected vignettes. But I shouldn't have worried. We actually got more positive mail for "A Night…" than we could have hoped for. This story, born out of an emergency, started me rethinking the kinds of people stories I wanted to tell. Years later "A Night in the Life…" also was an impetus to a Teen Titans story artist/co-plotter George Pérez and I did called "A Day in the Life."

Bullseye returns in issue #141. My plot, with dialogue by Jim Shooter. I mentioned earlier that some creations like Torpedo, might not be fully embraced by fans, but others, in this case Bullseye, are. I knew from day one that Bullseye was special but it took a year or two longer for writer/artist Frank Miller to bring him to the forefront of Daredevil villains. I may have created Bullseye but Frank made him sparkle.

Daredevil #142 is more of a return to form. Bullseye is still in it, but the main villains for the issue are Cobra and Mr. Hyde, two old-school Daredevil baddies. There's also a guest appearance from the Man Called Nova. I originally came up with Nova when I was a fan publishing fanzines. He was always one of my absolute favorites and once I brought him into the Marvel Universe I used him everywhere I could. Bob Brown and Jim Mooney supplied the art and did a great job with it, just as Bob and Keith Pollard did with its conclusion in #143.

I wrote *Daredevil* for about two years. At the time it was a constant struggle to make sure he wasn't my me too character. Fortunately, Stan and all the writers who followed him over the years managed to carve out a character strong enough to not only keep his comic wildly successful, but to spawn a truly great streaming TV show.

I am proud of the time I worked on *Daredevil*. Now, I hope you'll like the stories, too.

— Marv Wolfman
2018

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DAREDEVIL®

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NO MATTER WHICH WAY YOU TURN, DAREDEVIL, YOU *CAN'T ESCAPE--*

MIND·WAVE AND HIS FEARSOME **THINK TANK!**

A CITY IN **DANGER**, AND ONLY ONE MAN CAN HELP--THE MOST **SHOCKING** GUEST STAR OF ALL: THE INCOMPARABLE

URI GELLER!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR | BOB BROWN & JIM MOONEY ARTISTS | RAY HOLLOWAY LETTERER | MICHELE WOLFMAN COLORIST

INTRODUCING: MIND-WAVE AND HIS FEARSOME THINK-TANK!

WHERE: A HIDDEN ROOM IN AN ALMOST TOTALLY ABANDONED TENEMENT, SOMEWHERE ON NEW YORK'S GRIMY LOWER EAST SIDE!

I'VE DONE EVERYTHING YOU WANTED, CURSE YOU! NOW WHY WON'T YOU FREE ME LIKE YOU PROMISED?

LISTEN, MY FRIEND-- IF YOU INTEND TO HOLD ME TO MY PROMISES, THEN I'M JUST NOT GOING TO MAKE THEM ANY MORE!

WHEN: OH, JUST ABOUT NOW-- GIVE OR TAKE A FEW SECONDS.

WHO: WE'D BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO TELL YOU, BUT WE'D RATHER YOU NOT BECOME TOO ATTACHED TO OUR SHACKLED FRIEND!

WHY: IT'S SIMPLE-- HE'S JUST NOT GOING TO LIVE THAT MUCH LONGER!

BUT I *DID* WHAT YOU DEMANDED OF ME-- CREATED THOSE *COMMER-CIALS* THAT MADE *NELSON* LOSE THE ELECTION--

--CREATED THOSE AWFUL *NEWSCASTS* SHOWING THE LIVING KENNEDYS AND THE PHONY WAR!

WHAT *MORE* CAN YOU POSSIBLY *WANT* FROM ME?

AH HA--YOU'RE *RIGHT*, OF COURSE! THERE'S *NOTHING* MORE I WANT FROM YOU!

BUT SINCE I JUST CAN'T EXACTLY LET YOU SHUFFLE OFF *SCOTT FREE*...

HEY-- *NO!* *DON'T*--!

...I SUPPOSE I'LL JUST HAVE TO *DESTROY* YOU!

SKIZZZ

TA-TA, MY POOR, PERPLEXED FRIEND! *YOUR* PART IN MY LITTLE PLAY HAS *ENDED*. YOU TAKE YOUR *FINAL BOW*, THE CURTAIN COMES *DOWN*, AND THE *APPLAUSE* DIES EVEN AS *YOU* HAVE!

BUT THE *SHOW* ITSELF GOES ON! THE PLAY MUST *CONTINUE*, WITH A BRIGHT NEW *STAR* ENTERING TO LIGHT UP THE *STAGE*!

HA HA

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAY WE HAVE A ROUND OF *APPLAUSE* PLEASE FOR THE *HERO* OF OUR LITTLE MELODRAMA...

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE *NEW IMPROVED*--*JESTER!!*

HA HA HA

*LET US **PAUSE** A MOMENT TO NOTE THE **PASSING** OF A MAN WHOSE NAME WE WILL NEVER **KNOW**, THOUGH THAT FACT **HARDLY** MAKES HIM ANY **LESS** A MAN.*

*AND A MOMENT, TOO, TO CONTEMPLATE EXACTLY **WHAT** THE JEERING JESTER'S SINISTER PLANS MAY BE...*

AND, WHILE WE PAUSE TO CONSIDER THESE MATTERS, WHY DON'T WE LISTEN IN ON SOME OF THE PECULIAR **NEWSCASTS** OUR LATE, LAMENTED **FRIEND** ALLUDED TO ONLY A MOMENT BEFORE...

...AS WE **LOOK** IN ON THE CRIMSON-CLAD **STAR** OF THIS BOOK!

I'VE **AVOIDED** SPEAKING TO HEATHER ALL DAY. COULD IT BE I'M ACTUALLY **FRIGHTENED** OVER WHAT THAT LITTLE LADY MIGHT HAVE TO **SAY** ABOUT MATT MURDOCK WALKING **OUT** ON HER LAST NIGHT?

I CAN'T REALLY TELL HER I WENT CHASING OFF AFTER **BULLSEYE**-- SO WHAT **DO** I TELL HER?

I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T **WORRY** SO MUCH--

--BUT I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO **FALL** FOR HER!

SHE'S NOT AT ALL LIKE **KAREN PAGE**... AND SHE'S THE EXACT **OPPOSITE** OF NATASHA--

--BUT I CAN'T HELP SPENDING HALF MY TIME JUST **THINKING** ABOUT HER, WONDERING WHAT **NEW** SCHEME SHE'S COOKED UP **NEXT**.

AFTER ALL, THE "STOREFRONT" WAS **HER** IDEA, AND IT SEEMS TO BE WORKING OUT **PERFECTLY!**

FACE IT, MATTHEW M'BOY, EITHER YOU'VE FINALLY GONE STARK RAVING **CRACKERS** FIGHTING ALL THOSE SUPER-BADDIES...

...OR YOU'RE STARTING TO DISPLAY THE FIRST MORALLY-CORRUPTING SYMPTOMS OF **LOVE!**

...QUESTIONS HAVE BEGUN TO ARISE CONCERNING THE SERIES OF BIZARRE **NEWS-CASTS** WHICH HAVE FILTERED THRU THE ELECTRONIC MEDIA OVER THE PAST FEW **MONTHS**...

...BEGINNING WITH THE HIGHLY **IMPROBABLE** NEWS THAT **JOHN** AND **ROBERT KENNEDY** HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED **ALIVE**...

...AND **CONTINUING** THRU THE LATEST BLOCKBUSTER REVEALING THE UNITED STATES' RUTHLESS **INVASION OF SAUDI ARABIA.**

INVESTIGATIONS ARE STILL **UNDER WAY,** BUT AS OF YET THERE IS NO PROOF THAT **ANY** OF THESE EVENTS HAVE ACTUALLY **HAPPENED!**

THE TRUTH OR FALSITY OF THESE ITEMS IS **NOT** THE QUESTION, THOUGH. RATHER, THE AMERICAN PUBLIC IS ASKING ITSELF IF **ANYTHING** IT'S HEARING FROM THE ELECTRONIC NEWS MEDIA LATELY IS **TRUE.**

AND **THAT,** REGRETTABLY, IS A QUESTION WE CANNOT ANSWER **NOW.**

AND, FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW **WHICH** IS WORSE AT THIS STAGE.

AH, WELL, GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO... **HOLD IT!**

THOSE **NEWSCASTS--!**

THIS HAS BEEN A SPECIAL **WINS** EDITORIAL. NOW BACK TO WALLY BALLOU AND THE NEWS...

QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS, AND THE ANSWERS WILL HAVE TO WAIT **TWO MONTHS.** SO LET US SHIFT OUR ATTENTION **ELSEWHERE--**

--TO WALL STREET...

...FINANCIAL HUB OF THE WORLD, SITUATED ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF A SLIGHTLY **BANKRUPT** NEW YORK CITY...

RRRRRR

OH MY LORD, THEY'VE CALLED OUT THE **FEDERAL TROOPS.**

TROOPS-- **BUNK!**

NO ARMY EVER RODE IN A TANK LIKE **THAT!**

BETTER **BELIEVE** IT, MR. STOCKBROKER!

'CAUSE THE CLANKING, TITANIUM-STEEL **DESTRUCTOID** GRINDING DOWN BROAD STREET HARDLY BELONGS TO THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

RATHER, ITS DRIVER IS--

--MIND-WAVE.

AND, HE HAS AFFECTIONATELY **DUBBED** HIS RAMPAGING JUGGERNANT--

--THE THINK TANK...

...FOR REASONS WHICH WILL SOON BECOME **QUITE** APPARENT!

A-ALL RIGHT-- EVERYONE-- **MOVE** IT! I **SAID,** SCRAM!

AND **YOU** IN THAT CONTRAPTION-- **HALT!**

THINK TANK-- SWITCH OVER TO **AUTOMATIC MIND-CONTROL!**

PREVENT ALL POSSIBLE **ATTACKS** WHILE MY **ESPER-TS** GO ABOUT THEIR LOOTING.

BUT AT EXACTLY THAT *PRODIGIOUS* MOMENT...

NICE TRY, OFFICER, BUT JUST A MITE OUT OF YOUR *LEAGUE.*

POUNDING THE BEAT DOESN'T MAKE ONE READY TO *WARD OFF* A FULL SCALE INVASION OF *LOONIES.*

DAREDEVIL!?!

IN THE *COSTUME,* OFFICER.

FORTUNATELY, I WAS *PATROLLING* THE AREA AND HAPPENED TO *HEAR* THE COMMOTION.

NOW I SUGGEST THAT YOU NOTIFY *HEADQUARTERS* TO SEND *HELP.*

I'M NOT SURE IF EVEN *I* CAN PUT A HALTER AROUND THAT *THING.*

ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET *ABOVE* IT... DROP ON THAT *BUBBLE.*

AN *INTERESTING* PLAN, SCARLET-CLOWN.

HOWEVER, *ANY* PLAN IS VIRTUALLY *USE-LESS* AGAINST *MIND-WAVE...*

... FOR EVERY *THOUGHT* IS CLEARLY HEARD THROUGH MY HELMET-- AND THEREFORE, SILENTLY *COUNTER-ACTED!*

ESPER-TS: THERE WILL BE AN *ATTACK* IN 2.7 SECONDS. *PREPARE* YOURSELVES...

FIRE!

THEY WERE *READY* FOR ME...AS IF THEY *KNEW* WHAT I WAS UP TO.

BUT-- *HOW?*

BETTER NOT CONCERN MYSELF WITH THE "*HOWS*" OF IT RIGHT NOW--

I BETTER WORRY ABOUT *WHAT* I'M GOING TO *DO!*

IF EVEN *ONE* OF THOSE LASER-BURSTS STRIKE ME, I'M A *GONER!*

SPADD!

WHICH BASICALLY MEANS--I PULL A LITTLE *QUICKSILVER* JOB!

MY MEN AREN'T *PHYSICAL* ENOUGH TO TAKE THAT CREEP ON--I NEED A *DIVERSION!*

THINK TANK-- FOUR DEGREES SOUTH! THE *RED* BUILDING!

HI THERE, BUBBIES, DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A *LAW* AGAINST SHOOTING SUPER-HEROES THESE DAYS?

WE'RE BECOMING AN *ENDANGERED SPECIES!*

*ON THE SILENT **COMMAND**, THE THINK TANK **SWIVELS** ITS TURRET AND **FIRES**...*

FIRING *AWAY* FROM ME? SOMETHING *DEFINITELY* TELLS ME THIS CHARACTER'S UP TO HIS SLIMY LITTLE NECK IN SOMETHING--!

OF COURSE, I DON'T KNOW *WHY* HE'S HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE...

...OR EVEN *WHO* HE IS, BUT I DON'T THINK I HAVE TO *QUESTION* HIS OBVIOUSLY *CRIMINAL* INTENTIONS.

AFTER ALL, I DON'T WANT TO PULL *ANOTHER TORPEDO* FIASCO AGAIN.*

*DD#127.--MARV.

BUT ONE THING IS EVEN CRYSTAL CLEAR TO A *BLIND MAN*--

--HE'S TRYING TO KEEP *ME* BUSY WHILE HIS GOONS PLAY ROBBIN' HOOD WITH THE *BANKS.*

AND, MAN--HE'S *SUCCEEDING!*

KRAM

NOW I'VE GOT TO *STOP* PURSUING HIM AND HELP OUT ANOTHER OF NEW YORK'S INEVITABLE *INNOCENT BY-STANDERS* FROM BECOMING AN INSTANT *PANCAKE* ON THE SIDEWALK!

TAKE IT **EASY** FRIEND, OL' HORNHEAD'S GOT YOU, AND HE **ISN'T** LETTING GO.

DAREDEVIL??

THAT'S RIGHT, CHUM--WITH ONLY ONE A AND TWO D'S!

REMEMBER THE SPELLING WHEN THE **NEWSHOUNDS** QUESTION YOU.

THE WAY THINGS ARE **GOING** LATELY, I NEED ALL THE **GOOD PRESS** I CAN GET.

YOU NEED **MORE'N** GOOD PRESS, CLOWN...

...YOU NEED A **LESSON** THAT YOU LONG-UNDERWEAR TYPES ARE JUST GETTIN' IN THE WAY OF **NEW YORK'S POLICE.**

LIEUTENANT ROSE?

YEAH, **BERT ROSE,** HERO--AND IF I'D GOT HERE A COUPLE OF SECONDS **EARLIER,** THIS CAPER WOULDN'T'VE BEEN SCREWED UP...

THEY'RE **GONE!?** BUT I DIDN'T **HEAR** THEM LEAVING!

AND THE **SUSPECTS** WOULDN'T'VE GOTTEN **AWAY.**

YEAH, I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU CLOWNS-- YOU REALLY KEEP YOUR **EYES OPEN--**

--AN' YOUR **HEADS EMPTY!**

IF YOU'RE FINISHED WITH YOUR DAILY **HASSLING,** ROSE, I'LL--

--DO **NOTHING,** CLOWN. YOU'RE **WANTED--** DOWNTOWN, AND I'VE BEEN ASKED TO "ESCORT" YOU THERE.

DOWNTOWN? WHO WANTS TO SEE ME IN **CITY HALL?**

SHUT UP AND I'LL **TELL** YA. HE'S--

DISTRICT ATTORNEY TOWER!

GLAD YOU COULD **MAKE** IT, DAREDEVIL. I'VE GOT SOMEONE HERE I'D LIKE YOU TO **MEET.**

WHAT'S UP?

PERHAPS YOU'VE SEEN HIM ON THE **TALK SHOWS...**

HE'S BEEN ON 'EM ALL-- CARSON, GRIFFIN-- THE **WORKS.**

I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO *URI GELLER!*

GELLER? I'VE *HEARD* OF YOU.

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A *MAGICIAN* OR SOMETHING-- YOU *BEND* METAL, KEYS AND SUCH, I BELIEVE.

NOT A MAGICIAN, DAREDEVIL, MY FRIEND...

I HAVE *ABILITIES*-- TO READ MINDS, TO *LIFT* OBJECTS AND *MOVE* THEM, AND, YES, TO *BEND* METAL.

PLEASE *OBSERVE*. BY MERELY *THINKING*, AND TOUCHING THIS HEAVY LENGTH OF PIPE...

...I CAN CAUSE IT TO *BEND IN HALF.*

URI ASKED IF HE COULD *HELP* US FIND A NEW CRIMINAL... THE MAN CALLS HIMSELF *MIND-WAVE*. URI TANGLED WITH HIM IN *EUROPE* ONCE--

--JUST AS *YOU* DID A SHORT TIME AGO!

MIND-WAVE! I WAS *WONDERING* WHAT HE CALLED HIMSELF.. HE DIDN'T *SPEAK* MUCH!

HE DOESN'T *HAVE* TO, DD. NOT WHEN HIS POWERS ARE *MENTAL*.

AND WHO BETTER TO TRACK DOWN AN ESPER-- THAN *ANOTHER* ESPER.

LET US GO, MY FRIEND. THERE IS *MUCH* TO SPEAK ABOUT.

I KNOW YOU STILL *QUESTION* MY ABILITIES. I AM *USED* TO THAT, DAREDEVIL. AFTER ALL, I AM *DIFFERENT*-- BUT HARDLY MORE SO THAN, SAY THE FANTASTIC FOUR--

--WHERE *ONE* MEMBER CAN STRETCH HIS BODY, ANOTHER TURN TO *FLAME*, A THIRD CAN BECOME *INVISIBLE*.

PERHAPS IF YOU HEARD *HOW* I GOT THIS, EH, POWER.

WHEN I WAS *THREE*, PLAYING IN A GARDEN NEAR MY HOME IN *ISRAEL*...

...I SAW A *LIGHT*, A SILVER GLOW SHINING HIGH IN THE SKY.

SUDDENLY--AND I REMEMBER THIS SO VERY *CLEARLY*-- THE SILVER RADIANCE STRUCK ME AND I WAS KNOCKED INTO *UNCONSCIOUSNESS*.

FOR *HOW NEAR*, I DO NOT KNOW.

BUT, WHEN I *AWOKE*, I FELT I WAS SOMEHOW *DIFFERENT* INSIDE.

DIFFERENT IS QUITE AN *UNDERSTATEMENT*, DAREDEVIL, MY FRIEND.

I SOMEHOW HAD BEEN GIVEN *POWERS* EVEN *I* CAN NOT EXPLAIN. POWERS TO BEND METALS, TO MOVE OBJECTS, TO READ MINDS, TO *UNEXPLAINABLY* CORRECT FAULTY WATCHES AND SUCH.

MANY SCIENTIFIC LABORATORIES HAVE *TESTED* ME, AND *ALL* HAVE PROVEN THAT WHAT I DO IS *NO TRICK*... NO MAGICIAN'S *SHAM!*

YOU'VE *SOLD* ME, URI. TRUTH TO TELL, WEARING *THIS COSTUME* MAKES ME A BIT MORE WILLING TO BELIEVE THAT *OTHER* PEOPLE CAN ALSO HAVE SPECIAL ABILITIES.

NOW THEN, TO *WORK*. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A LIVING *SOMEHOW*.

SHORTLY...

PICK UP *ANYTHING* YET, URI?

I AM *BEGINNING* TO, MY FRIEND. THERE ARE DEFINITELY SOME STRONG MENTAL *VIBRATIONS*... WAIT, MY FRIEND-- *WAIT!*

THEY'VE SUDDENLY BECOME *OVER-BEARING*-- A SHARP *CHARGE* OF MENTAL ENERGIES!

BY CANAL STREET, NEAR ... NEAR THE *BOWERY!*

THERE'S A GOOD NEVER *DIAMOND EXCHANGES* DOWN THERE, NOT TO MENTION SOME PRETTY LARGE *BANKS.*

C'MON, LET'S *MOVE!*

DAREDEVIL, WAIT FOR ME--I'M A *MENTALIST*, NOT AN *ACROBAT!*

NEVER MIND! *YOU* HURRY, I'LL TAKE A *CAB!*

WHICH IS **OUR CUE** TO MOVE DOWNTOWN, WHERE...

SMASH!

GELLER WAS *RIGHT*. MIND-WAVE AND HIS THINK-TANK *ARE* HERE...

NOT THAT I BELIEVED THAT URI *WASN'T* TELLING THE *TRUTH*.

MY *RADAR SENSES* WOULD'VE INDICATED SOMETHING WAS *AMISS* WHEN HE BENT THAT CROWBAR.

BUT HE DID *NOTHING* WRONG... DIDN'T USE *ANY* DEVICES.

OH NO! I SENSE MIND-WAVE HAS SOME SORT OF *RAY DEVICE*...

DAREDEVIL MUST BE *WARNED!*

DRIVER! HURRY-- *CANAL STREET*...

EH? JUST GOT A *QUEASY FEELING*... SOMETHING WARNING ME TO *MOVE OUT OF THE WAY!*

OBOY! SOMEHOW I *DOUBT* THAT BRAINY HASN'T GOT THAT OVERSIZED SQUIRT-GUN FILLED WITH JUST *WATER!*

HEAT BEAMS LANCING ALL AROUND ME! ONLY HOPE TO SPIN *THROUGH* THEM--

--MOVE *FASTER* THAN THEY DO!

SAFE! BUT ONLY FOR A *MOMENT!*

MOMENT IS AN *EXAGGERATION*-- MIND-WAVE'S COMING RIGHT *AT* ME.

BUT, SEEING AS IT'S *MAN-TO-MAN* THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY *PROBLEMS*...

I JUST DIVE TO THE *LEFT*... *AWAY* FROM HIS ROUNDHOUSE.

UNGGGHHH!!

SKAMM!

FELL RIGHT *INTO* IT-- HE CHANGED HIS PUNCH EVEN AS I *MOVED*.

BLAST ME! HE KNOWS MY EVERY THOUGHT AS SOON AS I *DO!*

GOT TO **STOP** THINKING... LET MY ***INSTINCTS*** TAKE OVER!

NO GOOD! HE'S STILL ABLE TO MOVE ***OUT*** OF THE WAY IN TIME!

MY FIGHT PATTERNS ARE ***TOO INGRAINED*** IN ME--MY SUBCONSCIOUS MUST BE ***REEKING*** WITH MY EVERY MOVE.

CORRECT, CLOD!

THERE IS ***NOTHING*** YOU CAN DO WHICH ***I*** WILL NOT KNOW OF ***IMMEDIATELY!***

SKUD!

BUT BATTLING YOU IS ***NOT*** MY DESIRE. I WISH ONLY TO ***LOOT*** THIS AREA AND MOVE ON...

...AS I HAVE DONE IN ***COUNT-LESS*** COUNTRIES BEFORE.

THEREFORE, MY THINK TANK WILL SIMPLY ***HOLD YOU IN PLACE,*** WHILE MY MEN GO ABOUT THEIR DUTIES.

AS FOR ANY ***INTERRUPTION,*** THE TANK IS PROGRAMMED TO INSTANTLY ***STOP*** ALL ATTACKS.

OBSERVE--! ABOVE US A POLICEMAN LIES IN ***HIDING.***

CAN'T MOVE... HIS RAY KEEPS ME ***STUCK*** HERE LIKE CHEWING GUM.

HE IS HIDDEN ***NO MORE!***

KANNGG!

ESPER-TS: ***COMMENCE*** DETAIL.

FINAL TOTAL SHOULD BE ***$3,500,000.*** TAKE ONLY ***JEWELS AND CASH!***

NEW YORK'S POLICE DEPART-MEN WILL ***REACH*** THIS AREA IN THREE MINUTES, TEN SECONDS-- THUS ***SPEED*** IS OF THE ESSENCE!

BLAST IT! CAN'T MOVE... CAN'T EVEN BUDGE A ***MUSCLE...***

...BUT I ***CAN'T*** GIVE IN... MUST ***FIGHT...*** ***FORCE*** MYSELF TO RISE...

CAN'T GIVE IN... CAN'T...

SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY...

WHAT?

ANOTHER ESPER? STRONG BRAIN WAVES FLOODING INTO ME...

NO! IT ***CAN'T*** BE! NOT ***HIM!*** ***NOT HERE!***

GELLER! YOU CAN'T BE HERE IN NEW YORK! I WOULD HAVE KNOWN!

THAT'S THE IDEA, FRIEND --I'VE KEPT A SHIELD AROUND MY THOUGHTS--

--TO BLOCK YOU FROM REALIZING I WAS HERE.

AND THAT SAME SHIELD MAKES CERTAIN THAT I CAN ATTACK WITHOUT YOU KNOWING MY MOVES IN ADVANCE.

SMOK!

I'VE IMPROVED SINCE OUR LAST BATTLE, HAVEN'T I, MIND-WAVE?

WHAT ARE YOU DO--?!? AH, I SEE NOW. VERY CRAFTY, OLD FRIEND--

A LASER RAY SURROUNDING DAREDEVIL-- LOCKING HIS MIND IN PLACE.

INGENIOUS! I SEE YOU'VE IMPROVED SINCE OUR LAST MEETING AS WELL.

BUT THESE TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS WILL MEAN LITTLE IN PRISON.

THE DELICATE WIRING IS COATED IN METAL... QUITE EASY TO SNAP --IF YOU KNOW HOW.

CIRCUIT CROSS-OVER ...BUILDING TO--

...OVERLOAD!

KWAMMM

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MY FRIEND?

ASIDE FROM A MOUNT EVEREST-SIZED HEADACHE, SURE.

THEN YOU MUST HURRY, DAREDEVIL ALREADY MIND-WAVE'S MEN SWING INTO ACTION.

CHEM BANK

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SO I CAN TELL, URI. SO I CAN TELL!

AND THAT CALLS FOR SOME *ACTION*-- *DAREDEVIL STYLE!*

SHAME *SHAME,* FELLAS-- AND YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE AN *ACCOUNT* HERE, DO YOU?

SOK!

BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT TO *OPEN* ONE--

--WAIT HERE IN LINE UNTIL THE *TELLER* CALLS FOR YOU!

SPAK!

AS FOR YOU TWO, TAKING OUT A *LOAN* REQUIRES LOTS OF *WAITING!*

WHY NOT HAVE A *SEAT?* IT'LL TAKE A *LOAD* OFF YOUR FEET.

FIVE MORE... CAN TAKE MAYBE ONE... *TWO*-- BUT THERE'S JUST *TOO* MANY TO HANDLE--

--ESPECIALLY IF MIND-WAVE TUNES INTO MY *FIGHT PLANS!*

BUT I'D BETTER *NOT* WORRY ABOUT THAT POSSIBLE SAD-STORY 'TIL THE *TIME* COMES.

I'VE *ENOUGH* ON MY HANDS *NOW!*

ALL RIGHT, BLUE-EYES, IT'S *YOUR* TURN...

WH--WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO* TO ME? I *GIVE UP!* PLEASE DON'T *HIT* ME!

HIT YOU, FRIEND? WHY, I'M THE *GOOD GUY* HERE--

--AND I JUST WANT TO *HELP* YOU MAKE YOUR LITTLE *WITHDRAWAL...*

...BY SHOWING YOU WHERE TO *FILL OUT* THE PROPER FORMS!

SSKKKDDDDDDD!

THESE CLOWNS ARE GOING DOWN *FASTER* THAN I THOUGHT... BUT GELLER'S STILL OUT THERE WITH MIND-WAVE... AND HE'S *ALONE!*

HE MAY BE A FANTASTIC *MIND READER*, BUT HE'S *NOT* EVERYONE'S FAVORITE HORNHEAD!

STOP HIM! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

YOU STOP HIM, HAROLD! >OOOFF!<

WE HAVE MET *TOO OFTEN* OF LATE, GELLER, AND EACH TIME YOU HAVE BEEN A *THORN* IN MY SIDE.

IT IS TIME TO *RID* MYSELF OF YOU.

THAT'S *NOT* GOING TO BE *EASY*, MIND-WAVE--

YOU ARE *ONLY* A MIND READER... YOU HAVEN'T EVEN ONE-HUNDREDTH THE POWER *I* HAVE.

THE POWER TO *BEND* ME AL... WIRING... TO *RE-STRUCTURE* YOUR WEAPON.

KA-BAMM!

NO!

CURSE YOU, GELLER! *CURSE YOU!*

EH? DAREDEVIL'S BEING ATTACKED FROM *BEHIND*...

HE *CAN'T* POSSIBLY KNOW. I'VE *GOT* TO WARN HI...

YOU SHOULD *CONCENTRATE* ON ONLY *ONE* PROBLEM AT A TIME, GELLER!

MIND-WAVE!?!

THINKING TOO MUCH ABOUT DAREDEVIL-- COULDN'T *SENSE* HIM COMING AT ME!

BUT I *CAN'T* WORRY ABOUT MYSELF--

--HAVE TO *HELP* DAREDEVIL!

WHAT IN THE--? *MY PIPE BENT!*

I MAY *NOT* HAVE YOUR ABILITIES, BUT I'VE GOT THIS CERTAIN *INNER* SENSE OF MY OWN--

--WHICH SORT OF *ALERTS* ME WHEN GOONS COME TOO CLOSE FOR *COMFORT.*

THANKS, URI--BUT I *KNEW* HE WAS BEHIND ME.

HEAR THAT, GOON?

ONE CHANCE, GELLER. *JOIN* WITH ME! BECOME MY *PARTNER!* WE ARE *NOT* UNLIKE EACH OTHER... AND WE ARE *FAR* DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS--!

WE STAND ABOVE... AND WE ARE *SUPERIOR* TO THE REST.

SPEAK, GELLER! WHAT DO YOU *SAY?*

ONLY THAT YOU ARE *MAD!*

ONLY *SECONDS* TO ACT... MOVE FAST AND *PRAY* MY POWERS ARE *STRONG* ENOUGH TO DO WHAT THEY *MUST* DO.

PERISH THEN, FOOL! *THINK TANK,* TURN TO--

NOTHING... *NOTHING!* NOTHING'S *HAPPENING!*

BUT THEN, SUDDENLY...

WHAT? THE WINDOW BARS-- *BENDING TOWARDS ME--?!?*

DON'T YOU *KNOW* WHAT YOU'RE *DOING FOOL?*

I HAVE A FAIRLY *GOOD* HUNCH I DO, MY FRIEND.

BUT I'LL BE WILLING TO *ARGUE* THAT LITTLE FACT WITH YOU-- *AFTER* YOU'RE BEHIND BARS...

...*PRISON* BARS THAT IS.

MEANWHILE...

OBOY! MINDEY'S TINKERTOY TANK IS STILL ON *AUTOMATIC*... AND IT KEEPS *HOMING IN* ON ME.

CLOSE! HAVE TO KEEP *SPINNING*... MOVING *FASTER* THAN MY THOUGHT WAVES TRAVEL--

--BUT IF I *CAN'T* STOP IT SOON...

...I'M GONNA BE ONE MIGHTY FRIED *HERO* SANDWICH!

DAREDEVIL--MOVE *ATOP* THE TANK--REACH THE *CONTROL* PANEL!

JUST WHERE I WAS *HEADING*, URI--

--ONLY THERE'S NO WAY *INSIDE.*

I'M *ALREADY* WITH YOU, DAREDEVIL, MY FRIEND.

CATCH!

NOT BAD, URI--KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL MAKE THE *METS!*

THEY'RE A LITTLE *SHY* ON THE PITCHING SIDE RIGHT ABOUT NOW.

NOT THAT THEY'RE IN TOP SHAPE WITH *BATTERS*, EITHER!

STRIKE THREE AND I'M *IN!*

SKASSHHH!

"DAREDEVIL, MY FRIEND. I BELIEVE WE ARE GETTING SOME **COMPANY**--THE POLICE."

"ANY IDEA **WHO**, URI? I'D LIKE TO **AVOID** A CERTAIN LIEUTENANT BERT ROSE IF I CAN **MANAGE** IT."

POLICE

NYCPD

"THEN YOU HAD BETTER LEARN HOW TO BECOME **INVISIBLE**, MY FRIEND."

WELL, WELL, **WELL**. IF IT AIN'T THE BIG-SHOT **HERO**!

HOW'D IT **GO**, HERO? YOU BRING IN OUR BOY **WITHOUT** TAKING HALF THE CITY WITH YOU THIS TIME?

LIEUTENANT ROSE, IT'S ALWAYS A **PLEASURE** WHEN WE MEET.

THEN THE PLEASURE'S ALL ON **YOUR** SIDE, CLOWN, 'CAUSE I GET THIS **SICK** FEELING EVERY TIME I GOTTA **LOOK** AT YOU.

TAKE A GANDER AT THIS **STREET**, CLOWN. YOU MADE IT LOOK LIKE NORMANDY AFTER D-DAY!

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THIS CITY'S IN **HOCK** UP TO ITS WORLD TRADE CENTER? WE CAN'T **AFFORD** REPAIRS.

WHAT?!

WHY YOU **UNTHINKING** EXCUSE FOR A COP. I OUGHT TO--

DAREDEVIL! **NO**-- DON'T DO IT!

YOU COULD GET IN **TROUBLE** FOR DOING THAT... NO MATTER **HOW** JUSTIFIED YOU MAY BE!

PLEASE, MY FRIEND, **DON'T DO IT!**

I **WOULDN'T** URI--**BELIEVE** ME.

BUT THEY **CAN'T** LOCK ME BEHIND BARS FOR **THINKING** IT, CAN THEY?

I GUESS **NOT**, MY FRIEND.

WHAT SAY WE GET **OUT** OF HERE, URI. THE **AIR'S** BEGINNING TO SMELL.

NEXT: **TORPEDO** RETURNS WITH THE **CHAMELEON!**

STILL ONLY 25¢

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™ 134 JUNE 02459

DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

TM

THE TORPEDO'S BLASTING AT ME ON ONE SIDE--HIS DOUBLE ATTACKING ON THE OTHER!

WHICHEVER WAY I TURN--I'M DOOMED!

TWO AGAINST THE CHAMELEON!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

JV290

MARV WOLFMAN Writer / Editor | BOB BROWN & JIM MOONEY Artists | Letterer JOE ROSEN Colorist MICHELE WOLFMAN

THE *UNEXPECTED* STRUCK ONCE AGAIN, TODAY WHEN FAMED HERO, THE MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL, *SHOT THREE POLICEMEN TO DEATH* FOR APPARENTLY *NO REASON!*

THE MACABRE AND *GRISLY* DEED OCCURRED DIRECTLY OUTSIDE NEW YORK'S *CITY HALL*, AFTER DAREDEVIL HAD ACCEPTED A COMMENDATION FOR HIS RECENT *BATTLE* WITH THE INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL KNOWN AS *MIND-WAVE!*

NEO-DISTRICT ATTORNEY *BLAKE TOWER* HAS SWORN THAT HIS OFFICE WILL NOT *REST* UNTIL DAREDEVIL IS *CAPTURED* AND PLACED *BEHIND BARS!*

WHAT? DID YOU HEAR WHAT I THOUGHT *I* JUST HEARD, HEATHER?

HE JUST SAID THAT *DAREDEVIL'S A MURDERER!*

BUT IT *CAN'T BE!*

TURN OFF THE SET, MATT! I CAN'T STAND *LISTENING* TO IT ANY-MORE!

LAW

TORTS

SIMMS

LAW

THERE'S TROUBLE IN NEW YORK CITY...

THAT'S TROUBLE WITH A CAPITAL 'T' WHICH RHYMES WITH 'D' THAT STANDS FOR **DAREDEVIL!**

AND THAT, DEAR MARVELITE, IS ONLY THE *BEGINNING* OF THIS BATTLING BLOCKBUSTER

NOW I **KNOW** SOMETHING'S SCREWY-- I'VE BEEN WITH HEATHER **ALL** DAY.

FOGGY WAS **RIGHT.** SOMEONE **IS** TAMPERING WITH THE TV AIRWAVES--WHOEVER IT IS **RUINED** FOGGY'S RE-ELECTION CAMPAIGN AND BEGAN THOSE **OTHER** BIZARRE STORIES...

...AND **NOW** HE'S GUNNING FOR **ME.**

...AND NOW FOR THE **WAR NEWS.** IN SAUDI ARABIA, U.S. TROOPS-- **CLICK!**

LET'S GET **OUT** OF HERE, MATT. I NEED SOME **FRESH AIR!**

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE-- THIS WORLD'S BECOMING A LIVING MARX BROTHERS' FILM. I DON'T KNOW **WHAT** TO BELIEVE IN... **WHO** TO LISTEN TO.

THE TV SAYS ONE THING AND THE **NEWSPAPERS** REFUTE IT ALL!

I JUST WANT TO **BURY** MYSELF IN A **HOLE** AND SHOVEL THE DIRT BACK IN ON TOP OF ME.

YOU'RE NOT THE **ONLY** ONE, HEATHER.

AND I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT HOLE PRETTY WELL **CROWDED.**

WANT TO TAKE THE PRETTY LADY FOR A **RIDE** AROUND THE PARK, MISTER?

RIDE--? **SURE.** COME ON, HEATHER.

I JUST **REALIZED** SOMETHING, MATT, M'MAN. THIS IS ABSOLUTELY THE **FIRST** TIME YOU'VE DONE ANYTHING ON A SUDDEN **WHIM.**

YOU'RE USUALLY SO **ORDERLY** THAT IT'S POSITIVELY **FRIGHTENING.**

COME ON NOW, I'M **NOT** AS BAD AS ALL THAT.

NO? CHECK YOUR **APPOINTMENT BOOK.** YOU EVEN WRITE DOWN WHEN YOU'RE HAVING **LUNCH** EACH DAY--

--AND IT'S ALREADY FILLED IN THROUGH **OCTOBER!**

FACE IT, MATT. YOU MAY BE ABLE TO SWEEP THIS POOR, LITTLE **INNOCENT** OFF HER PRETTY LITTLE **TOES,** BUT YOU'RE AS PREDICTABLE AS SNOW IN ALASKA.

BUT I **STILL** LOVE YOU-- EVEN IF YOU **ARE** A TOTAL **CUBE!**

BESIDES, A FEW MORE MONTHS WITH **ME** AND YOU'LL MAKE **DAFFY DUCK** LOOK SOBER.

I'LL **LOOSEN** YOU UP YET, LOVE.

YOU KNOW, IT'S **TRUE.** I **HAVE** CHANGED SINCE HEATHER STUMBLED INTO MY LIFE.

HER **CRAZINESS** IS OBVIOUSLY WHAT I **NEEDED.** AND THERE'S SOMETHING **ELSE**-- I FINALLY REALIZED THAT SHE'S **NOT** JUST A DISTRACTION BECAUSE I BROKE UP WITH THE BLACK WIDOW.

I--I **CARE** FOR HEATHER... PROBABLY **MORE** THAN I EVER REALIZED.

HEATHER--?

YEAH, LOVE--?

YOU'RE **ABSOLUTELY** RIGHT-- ONE HUNDRED PERCENT! I **HAVE** BEEN TOO PREDICTABLE.

BUT, JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT I **CAN** ACT ON IMPULSE...

C'MERE.

OH, MATT--

NO! DON'T SAY ANYTHING. DON'T...

MANHATTAN--57th STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE (FOR YOU **GEOGRAPHY** FREAKS OUT THERE):

HE'S **LEAVING** THE LIMOUSINE NOW... AND JUST IN TIME--

--TO BECOME THE **VICTIM**--

--OF THE **NEW CHAMELEON!**

THE **GAS GRENADE** PROVIDES THE METHOD OF ENTRANCE...

...FOR, AS THE **CHAUFFEUR** CHOKES ON THE HARMLESS **FUMES**--

--I MAKE SAID ENTRANCE...

...UNOBSERVED!

:CHOKE: :CHOKE: MR. SMYTHE? ARE YOU **ALL RIGHT**, SIR? :CHOKE:

SMYTHE'S *UNCONSCIOUS*... I *KNEW* THE OLD GEEZER'S LUNGS COULDN'T TAKE A GAS ATTACK!

AND NOW FOR THE CHAMELEON TO TAKE HIS *PLACE*... IMITATE HIS *VOICE*.

OF COURSE I AM, DOOLEY. YOU THINK I CAN'T HANDLE A LITTLE *SMOKE?*

I--I'M *SORRY* ABOUT THIS, SIR. I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* HAPPENED, BUT--

ENOUGH, DOOLEY. I ASKED FOR *NO* EXPLANATIONS.

JUST *DON'T* LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN.

YES SIR, MR. SMYTHE I *WON'T*, SIR.

VERY GOOD, DOOLEY. THERE IS QUITE A BIT OF *JEWELRY* I WISH TO PURCHASE THIS TRIP.

I ASSUME THE MANAGEMENT HAS BEEN *NOTIFIED* OF MY COMING?

YOUR *SECRETARY* CALLED THEM THIS MORNING, SIR.

AH, MR. SMYTHE HOW *NICE* OF YOU TO COME HERE AGAIN.

PLEASE TAKE YOUR TIME LOOKING, SIR.

I HAVE *LITTLE* TIME, GENTLEMEN. SHALL WE *COMMENCE?*

OF COURSE, OF COURSE, MR. SMYTHE. NOW, THIS *PENDANT*...

...IT DATES BACK TO QUEEN VICTORIA... A GIFT FROM HER, EH, *LOVER*.

YES... *YES!* I'LL TAKE THIS.

SHOW ME *MORE*, GENTLEMEN. I HAVE ONLY *BEGUN* TO SHOP.

AND, FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

AH, YOU SHOULD *ENJOY* ALL YOUR PURCHASES, MR. SMYTHE WE *HIGHLY* RECOMMEND EACH AND EVERY ONE.

AND, OF COURSE, WE'LL *CHARGE* IT TO YOUR ACCOUNT.

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN.

COME BACK SOON, MR. SMYTHE. IT'S ALWAYS A *PLEASURE.*

GENTLEMEN, THIS TIME THE PLEASURE WAS ALL *MINE.*

FINISHED, SIR?

TIFFANY &

THE *DOOR*, DOOLEY. AND QUICKLY. I'M *LATE* FOR AN APPOINTMENT.

OF COURSE, SIR. I'LL HAVE YOU-- *WHAT?!?*

MR. SMYTHE? BUT--?

I DON'T *UNDERSTAND*--?!

OF COURSE YOU DON'T, DOOLEY. YOU'RE A *FOOL!*

CLUD!

ANY CLOD WITH EVEN AN *IOTA* OF INTELLIGENCE WOULD REALIZE THERE *CAN'T* BE TWO THADDEUS SMYTHES.

HELP! THAT MAN-- HE'S *NOT* MR. SMYTHE. HE'S A *THIEF!*

DO SOMETHING! HE'S *STEALING* ALL OF MR. SMYTHE'S JEWELRY.

HALT! YOU THERE-- *STOP!*

GOT TO *STOP* HIM... *PROVE* TO THE CAPTAIN I'M TOO GOOD TO BE LAID OFF BECAUSE OF THE BUDGET CUTS.

I *HAVE* TO CAPTURE THAT CROOK.

HE'S STILL RUNNING. CAN'T LET HIM *GET AWAY*... NOT NOW. MY *JOB'S* ON THE LINE AS IT IS.

BLAM!

I'VE GIVEN YOU MY WARNING, MISTER!

*SIXTY-SEVEN FLOORS **ABOVE** THE CITY STREET, **BROCK JONES** HEARS...*

GUNSHOTS! DOWN ON THE STREET?

I'VE GOT TO--

NO! WHAT AM I *SAYING?*

I GAVE UP BEING THE TORPEDO AFTER THAT *LAST* BRUSH WITH DISASTER.*

YET THOSE FEW *HOURS*--THEY WERE THE *ONLY* TIME IN YEARS THAT I FELT I WAS *SOMEONE* AGAIN...I FELT LIKE I DID WHEN I PLAYED IN THE *SUPER-BOWL.*

BEFORE I BECAME THIS DRIP-DRIED PERMANENT-PRESSED *SMILE* FOR DELMAR INSURANCE.

I *CAN'T* TAKE UP THE COSTUME AGAIN...

...OR *CAN* I?

*DD#127.--MW.

*A **DECISION** IS QUICKLY MADE, FOR, JUST MOMENTS LATER...*

FRANKY--*LOOK!* SOMEONE'S *COMIN'* AT US, ISN'T HE--?

YEAH, MIKEY--IT'S *HIM* ALL RIGHT. IT'S THE GUY CALLED *THE TORPEDO!*

HE FOUGHT DAREDEVIL A COUPLE MONTHS BACK--*BEFORE* THAT SCARLET CREEP BECAME A STINKING *MURDERER!*

MAYBE *NOW* HE'S TEAMED *UP* WITH HORNHEAD.

TORPEDO--*DON'T* MOVE! I'M CALLIN' YOU DOWN!

YOU *HEAR* ME?

HE'S NOT STOPPIN', MIKEY. HE'S COMING RIGHT *AT* US!

WE GOT NO CHOICE. *FIRE!*

FOOLS! I'M NOT THE CRIMINAL--THAT CLOWN *THERE* IS.

I'M HERE TO *STOP* HIM.

BAM!

HE'S BUSTING *THROUGH* US--ESCAPIN'!

*WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO THE **STAR** OF THIS MAG...*

AFTER THAT RIDICULOUS *NEWS REPORT*, I NEEDED SOMETHING LIKE THIS--TO CALM ME DOWN BEFORE I *SMASHED* MY WAY INTO TOWER'S OFFICE.

HE'S *GOT* TO KNOW THAT DAREDEVIL'S INNOCENT. HE MUST--*HOLD IT!*

THAT *SOUND*... COMING FROM FIFTH AVENUE.

WHAT'S WRONG, MATT? DID YOU *HEAR* SOMETHING?

UH, *NOTHING*, HEATHER. I JUST *THOUGHT* I DID.

I HATE *LYING* TO HER, BUT SHE'S BETTER OFF *NOT* KNOWING THE TRUTH ABOUT ME.

STILL, I'M *NOT* MISTAKEN ABOUT THAT SOUND--IT'S THE *JET ENGINES* OF--THE *TORPEDO.*

HE MUST BE *BACK*... WHICH MEANS DAREDEVIL'S NEEDED--*NOW!*

NOW THE SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR QUESTION IS-- **HOW** DO I GET AWAY FROM HEATHER-- WITHOUT AROUSING ANY **SUSPICIONS?**

BROTHER, **SOMETIMES** THIS DOUBLE-IDENTITY BUSINESS IS A DOWNRIGHT **DRAG.**

YET, THERE **IS** A WAY...

...IT'S KIND OF **CRUEL,** BUT I **DON'T** HAVE ANY OTHER **CHOICE.**

WHUH...

A SPECIAL DAREDEVIL **NERVE-PINCH** SHOULD PUT HEATHER TO SLEEP... FOR A FEW **MINUTES...**

NOW FOR **SCENE TWO.**

DRIVER! THERE'S BEEN AN **ACCIDENT...** HEATHER'S **FAINTED!**

OOOHHHHH...

PLEASE--GET US BACK TO **FIFTH AVENUE...** IN A **HURRY!**

IMMEDIATELY, SIR. AND I'M **SORRY** ABOUT THIS.

SHORTLY...

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO **CARRY** ME ALL THE WAY **UP** HERE, MATT.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME **OVER** ME, BUT I'M **ALL RIGHT,** NOW.

SORRY, HONEY, BUT I'M **NOT** TAKING ANY CHANCES.

STAY IN BED. **REST.** PLEASE DON'T **EXERT** YOURSELF.

I'VE GOT TO **LEAVE,** BUT I'LL BE BACK HERE AS **SOON** AS I CAN.

LOVER, I'M GOING **NOWHERE...** NOT WITHOUT **YOU.**

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID--**REST.** DON'T GO PLAYING TENNIS OR ANYTHING. **UNDERSTAND?**

I'LL EVEN WEAR MY **GALOSHES** WHEN I TAKE A SHOWER, MOMMY, OKAY?

HURRY BACK, HANDSOME.

SWELL! NOW I'VE TAKEN TO **LYING** AND GIVING KNOCK-OUT PINCHES--JUST SO I CAN GET INTO SWINGING **SLUG-FESTS!**

YET, I **COULDN'T** TELL HER THE **TRUTH** ABOUT ME.

I **LOST** KAREN PAGE WHEN **SHE** LEARNED I WAS DARE-DEVIL, AND THOUGH NATASHA AND MATT GOT ALONG FAMOUSLY--THERE WAS DEFINITE **FRICTION** BETWEEN THE BLACK WIDOW AND DD.

AND I ABSOLUTELY *REFUSE* TO LOSE HEATHER BECAUSE OF OL' HORNHEAD.

HEY-- *HOLD IT!*

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

SOMEONE'S *SHOOTING* AT ME. BUT *WHO?*

A *COP?* BUT THAT'S *CRAZY.* WHAT HAVE I--?

SEND ME BACK TO *KINDERGARTEN,* FOLKS... THAT *NEWS REPORT!* I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT WHILE TALKING TO HEATHER.

BAM!

THAT POOR *FOOL* IS PROBABLY TRYING TO BRING ME *IN.*

*AND, SPEAKING OF THOSE NEWS REPORTS, LET US LOOK IN ON THEIR **CREATOR**--THE INSIDIOUS, JEERING--**JESTER!***

AH *HA!* THE SHOW GOES ON. *MORE* COMMERCIALS... *MORE NEWS REPORTS*... MORE FUN-*FUN-FUN* TO SPLASH ACROSS THE PRIME-TIME SCREEN!

AND NOW, THE *EDITING* OF MY *NEXT SUPER-SPECTACULAR!* TA *TA!*

YOU ALL HAVE KNOWN ME AS *DAREDEVIL, YOUR SWINGING SUPER-HERO.*

FOR YEARS I'VE BATTLED CRIMINALS, *BUT THIS* DAY *I* AM *SPEAKING* TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING WITH A FAR DEADLIER *POWER* THAN ANY VILLAIN EVER *PRETENDED* TO *HAVE.*

AND THAT IS *THE* DISEASE CALLED MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY. WE'VE GOT TO GET TOGETHER *NOW*--

*--TO BE*COME AWARE OF ITS CRIPPLING EFFECTS...

...AND *TO DESTROY* IT. ALL WE NEED *IS* YOUR MONEY AND SUPPORT.

A MOST *DELIGHTFUL* TELETHON APPEARANCE. AND NOW, WITH A LITTLE CAREFUL *EDITING* OF ITS ALREADY ELECTRONICALLY *AUGMENTED* WORDS...

THIS... IS... DAREDEVIL... SPEAKING... FOR YEARS I'VE...

...PRETENDED ...TO BE... YOUR SWINGING SUPER HERO--

--BUT... NOW... I... HAVE... THE... POWER...

...TO DESTROY... YOU ALL.

BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN? SUCH *SUPREME BRILLIANCE,* IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF.

HA! HA! HA! HA!

WHICH IS **ALL** WE'RE GOING TO SAY ABOUT THAT MATTER **THIS ISSUE.** SO LET US RETURN TO DD AND SEE WHAT ELSE IS COOKING, SHALL WE?

I WAS **RIGHT**--THE TORPEDO'S **BACK**...

...CHASING THAT MAN.

SKAK!

AND, SINCE I DON'T HAVE PARTICULARLY **FOND FEELINGS** FOR OUR BLUE-SUITED **ROCKET-MAN**...

...IT'S MY CUE TO LEND THE PROVERBIAL HELPING **FOOT!**

DAREDEVIL!

LONG TIME NO SEE, BLUE-BOY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE **HANGING UP** YOUR JETS.

THAT'S THE NAME, FRIEND. TRY NOT TO **USE IT UP.**

DON'T STOP ME, HORNHEAD--OR YOU'LL BE AS **SORRY** AS YOU WERE THE **LAST** TIME.

I'VE GOT TO **STOP** THAT GUY, AND NOT EVEN **YOU** ARE GONNA GET IN MY WAY.

UNDERSTAND?!

KRAM!

INTERLUDE: THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY **BLAKE TOWER.**

THIS IS **INSANE**, ROSE. DAREDEVIL'S MURDERED **NO ONE!** WHO IN BLAZES TOLD THE NETWORKS HE **HAD!**

FACT IS--NO COPS HAVE BEEN KILLED... BY DD OR **ANYONE ELSE**, FOR THAT MATTER.

YEAH, I KNOW, MR. TOWER. WE RAN A **CHECK** ON ALL NYPD PERSONNEL, AND **ALL** REPORTED IN.

BUT THERE'S STILL THE SMELL OF SOMETHING **ROTTEN** HERE...

...AND I GOT ME A **GUT FEELIN'** THAT YOUR RED-GARBED FRIEND FITS **SMACK** INTO THE MIDDLE OF WHATEVER IS COMING DOWN.

YOU CAN CALL **OFF** YOUR A.P.B. ON 'IM, BUT **ME**--I'M KEEPIN' MY EYES **GLUED** TO THOSE HORNS.

AN' IF HE STEPS **OUT OF LINE** EVEN ONCE, I'M GONNA NAIL HIS BUTT TO THE **WALL.**

SO MUCH FOR POLICE HEADQUARTERS. LET'S NOW **RETURN** TO OUR FIGHT, ALREADY IN PROGRESS...

DON'T KNOW WHAT'S **GOING ON**, AN' FRANKLY, I DON'T **CARE!**

WHILE THOSE TWO SMASH EACH OTHER TO **PULP**, ALL I GOTTA DO IS MAKE ANOTHER **CHANGE**...

...AN' **FINISH** TESTING OUT THIS NEW **COSTUME** IN TIME FOR MY **BIG PLAN!**

SOK

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO CONVINCE EVERYONE **OTHERWISE** FOR ALL THESE YEARS.

YOU'RE A **FOOL**, DARE-DEVIL... YOU **KNOW** THAT?

BUT YOU AREN'T GOING TO DO THAT TO **ME!** NOT NOW... **NOT EVER!**

COME OFF IT, JET-HEAD! I NEVER SAID I WOULDN'T **LISTEN.**

THIS TIME **YOU'RE** THE ONE DOING THE FIGHTING. I JUST BUTTED IN TO **STOP** YOU FROM ATTACKING AN **INNOCENT BYSTANDER.**

STOP TOSSING AROUND THOSE **EXPLOSIVE PUNCHES** OF YOURS AND I'LL STOP **DEFENDING** MYSELF.

DEAL?

YEAH -- A **DEAL.**

BUT FORGET ABOUT THAT "INNOCENT BYSTANDER" GARBAGE. THAT GUY JUST **ROBBED** A JEWELRY STORE.

UNCLE SAM

AND THIS IS **MY CHANCE** TO STOP HIM... MAKE A **NAME** FOR MYSELF.

BINGO! I'VE **GOT** THE MAN'S HEART-BEAT NOW. I **WON'T** BE ABLE TO LOSE HIM. SO --

ALL RIGHT, JETS. I'LL **BUY** WHAT YOU'RE SAYING... FOR NOW! LET'S GO AFTER YOUR LITTLE PLAYMATE AND **GRAB** HIM.

BUT **AFTERWARDS**, I WANT SOME INFORMATION FROM **YOU!**

WE'LL DISCUSS THAT *LATER*, HORNHEAD.

RIGHT NOW THE CREEP IS *RUNNING* FOR IT.

SO WHAT ARE WE *WAITING* FOR, JETS?? *MOVE IT!*

HE'S HEADING TOWARDS *TIMES SQUARE!*

OH, NO! IF HE *HIDES* IN THE CROWDS THERE, WE'LL *NEVER* FIND HIM.

*ONE FINAL CHANGE OF VENUE BEFORE WE RETURN TO DD AND THE TORPEDO. THIS TIME BACK **UPTOWN**...*

*...WHERE A CERTAIN CHUBBY LAW-PARTNER OF MATT MURDOCK PAYS A **VISIT** ON...*

***MAXWELL GLENN.** IS HE IN, MISS? **FRANKLIN NELSON** TO SEE HIM.*

CONCERNING...?

HIS ***OWNER-SHIP*** OF CERTAIN ***SLUM BUILDINGS.*** I'M ***ATTORNEY*** FOR THE TENANTS.

I'LL ***BUZZ*** TO CHECK IF HE WILL SEE YOU, MR. NELSON.

MR. NELSON?

RIGHT. ARE YOU MAXWELL GLENN?

NO! I AM MR. STONE, HIS ***PERSONAL ASSISTANT.***

I AM AFRAID THAT MR. GLENN CAN ***NOT*** SEE YOU. NOW, OR ***ANYTIME.***

THEN I'LL HAVE TO GET A ***COURT ORDER*** TO SEE YOUR RECORDS, MR. STONE.

MY LAW FIRM ISN'T STOPPING UNTIL WE'VE SEEN THIS SITUATION ***THROUGH.***

DO WHAT YOU ***WISH,*** MR. NELSON.

GOOD DAY.

YEAH, GOOD DAY.

WHO WAS THAT, STONE?

NO ONE, MR. GLENN. JUST SOME ***PEST,*** SIR.

YOU SURE IT WASN'T IMPORTANT?

NOTHING ***I*** CAN NOT HANDLE, SIR.

IF THAT IS ALL, SIR, I'VE AN APPOINTMENT ***ELSEWHERE.***

AH, VERY WELL, STONE. GOOD LUCK.

THERE HE IS -- HEADING TOWARDS NATHAN'S.

I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM... TO PROVE MYSELF... TO FORCE PEOPLE TO RECOGNIZE ME AGAIN... AS THEY ONCE DID.

I'M SICK OF BEING A MEMORY ON A FADED FOOTBALL TRADING CARD -- I WANT TO BE SOMETHING NOW... TODAY!

Nathan's

Nathan's RESTAURANT

Nathan's

BLAST! HE'S INSIDE... AND I CAN'T STOP MYSELF IN TIME.

I STILL DON'T HAVE ENOUGH CONTROL OVER THIS COSTUME.

KRA-SSH

HEY! WHAT THE HECK D'YA THINK YER DOIN', MAN?

QUIET, KID. I'M HERE FOR A REASON...

...WHO SEEMS TO BE LONG GONE -- VANISHED IN THE MIDDLE OF A MOB. BUT HOW?

HE MUST BE DOWN-STAIRS... I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SPOT THAT WEIRD OUTFIT OF HIS.

OBOY! THIS IS IT! NOW I CAN'T EVEN EAT A HOT DOG WITHOUT BEING ASSAULTED.

I GOTTA GET OUTTA THIS CITY. I JUST GOTTA!

AWRIGHT! AWRIGHT! WHAT'S THIS COMMOTION ABOUT?

QUIET DOWN, THE LOT OF YOU!

AND YOU, ME FRIEND IN THE PLAY SUIT, DID YE, BY ANY CHANCE BEGIN THIS HERE CRAZINESS?

SUDDENLY...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JETS -- PLAYING GAMES!?! WHY HAVEN'T YOU CAPTURED HIM YET?

KLOD!

HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY, DAREDEVIL? THAT GUY'S A COP!

SOMETHING IS SCREWY HERE. THAT'S CERTAINLY OUR MAN'S HEART BEAT...

...YET THE TORPEDO INSISTS THAT IT'S SOMEONE ELSE!

IS HE LYING? ARE THEY IN CAHOOTS?

WELL, **NOTHING'S** GONNA COME OUT OF THIS UNTIL **AFTER** I'VE CAPTURED THIS GUY--WITH OR WITHOUT THE TORPEDO'S **HELP.**

SORRY, JETS, BUT I'M GOING TO LISTEN TO MY **OWN** HUNCHES--AND THEY SAY THIS MAN **ISN'T** WHAT HE SEEMS TO BE.

BLAST YOU, DAREDEVIL! YOU **KNOW!**

IT'S **DARE-DEVIL--!** HE'S TRYING TO KILL **ANOTHER** COP!

GET HIM! GET HIM!

THE TV WAS RIGHT! HE'S A **MURDERER!**

BLAST! CROWD'S TOO THICK. I CAN'T GET **THROUGH.**

DON'T WORRY HORN-HEAD. I'VE GOT AN **EYE** ON HIM.

BUT KNOWIN' AND **CAPTURIN'** ME AREN'T THE SAME, CREEP!

AT LEAST I **THOUGHT** I DID. BUT HE'S **GONE**...VANISHED AGAIN!

WHAT'S WITH THAT GUY ANYWAY? HE'S **HERE** ONE MOMENT--**NOWHERE THE NEXT.**

NOT QUITE, MY **UNKNOWN** PURSUER.

I'VE BEEN HERE ALL ALONG--**BEHIND YOU!**

WHAT? **HOW?**

YOU **DON'T** KNOW, DO YOU? OR DOESN'T THE NAME "**THE CHAMELEON**" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

SORRY, CHUM, THE NAME DRAWS A **BLANK!**

BAM!

BUT DON'T WORRY, THAT WON'T **STOP ME** FROM SMASHING YOU ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK.

GET THE **IDEA,** PUNK?

SCUD!

CAN'T USE MY **EXPLOSIVE PUNCHES**--IT WOULD **KILL** HIM!

FINALLY GOT THROUGH THAT MOB--THEY WERE OUT TO *LYNCH* ME.

YEAH, I *HEARD* THAT LITTLE REPORT AND I WAS GONNA *ASK* YOU ABOUT IT.

LISTEN, JETS--LET'S TAKE CARE OF *ONE* PROBLEM AT A TIME. *THEN* WE TALK.

THEY HAVE ME... ONLY *ONE* CHANCE TO ESCAPE.

POLICE! POLICE! I'M BEING *ATTACKED! HELP!*

IT'S THE TORPEDO--

--WITH *DAREDEVIL!*

THAT *PROVES* IT! HORNHEAD'S GONE *BAD!*

POLICE

HEY, *STOP!*

NO USE, MIKEY! THEY'RE GETTING *AWAY!*

BETTER *SPLIT*, TORP. THOSE COPS AREN'T ABOUT TO *LISTEN* TO US RIGHT ABOUT NOW.

YOU WON'T HEAR ANY *ARGUMENTS* FROM ME, DD.

HA! HA! HA! THOSE TWO BUMBLING FOOLS ARE GONE... PROBABLY TOO *FRIGHTENED* TO RETURN.

BUT MORE IMPORTANT, I'VE *PROVEN* THAT MY NEW COSTUME *WORKS!*

EVEN FASTER THAN I HAD *HOPED* IT WOULD.

MY *SKILLS* GIVE ME THE ABILITY TO CREATE *INSTANT MASKS*--

--BUT MY *NEW COSTUME* CAN *INSTANTLY* DUPLICATE ANY POSSIBLE COMBINATION OF CLOTHING.

A MOST *EFFICIENT* WEAPON IN MY ARSENAL...THE FINAL CROWNING *GLORY* IN THE CAREER OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST *MASTER OF DISGUISE!*

NOW, TO *ESCAPE* WITH THE JEWELS... TO BEGIN WORK ON MY *ACTUAL* PRIZE...

AND, MOMENTS LATER...

THAT'S *HIM* DOWN THERE.

THAT *POSTMAN*? HOW CAN YOU BE *SURE*?

TRUST ME, I *KNOW*! BUT *THIS* TIME WE DO A LITTLE *PLANNING*...

THEN YOU STAY *HERE*, DD.

ME--I'M TRYING TO *PROVE* MYSELF--SHOW THE WORLD WHAT I'M *MADE* OF.

YOU IDIOT *HOT-HEAD*! YOU'LL *SPOIL EVERY-THING*!

STAY WHERE YOU *ARE*, CHAMELEON-- I'M TAKING YOU *IN*.

CHAMELEON? YOU MUST BE *MISTAKEN*, SONNY.

I *DOUBT* THAT, MISTER. I'D KNOW THAT *SUITCASE* ANYWHERE AFTER CHASING IT THROUGH HALF OF MANHATTAN.

THEN *HAVE* IT, MORON!

THIS WAS JUST A *BONUS* TO ME... TO MAKE MY TEST *WORTHWHILE*.

SKUKK

MY *REAL* PLANS WILL MAKE *THIS* HEIST LOOK LIKE I WAS BREAKING INTO A *PIGGY BANK*!

CONFRONTATION--A MOMENTARY STANDOFF, AND THEN--

ALL RIGHT, TORPEDO. WE'VE *GOT* HIM NOW.

HEY, HOLD ON THERE, DD. *I'M* THE REAL TORPEDO. *HE'S THE PHONY!*

NO! I'M REAL. I SWEAR TO YOU, DD.

YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE *ME!*

COME ON NOW, CHAMELEON. DO YOU HONESTLY EXPECT TO **FOOL** DAREDEVIL?

BUT I **SWEAR** TO YOU, DD. I **AM** THE REAL TORPEDO. **HE'S** THE PHONY!

THAT'S **TELLING** HIM, HORNHEAD.

DO YOU **BELIEVE** HIM, BUDDY? HE'S TRYING TO PUT THE RAP ON **YOU.** WHAT A **CLOWN**, EH?

YEAH. IT'S GONNA BE A **SHAME** TO PULVERIZE HIM.

YOU KNOW IT, BUDDY. WHICH IS WHY--

I'M GOING TO FLATTEN **YOU** INSTEAD.

SORRY, CHUM-- BUT YOUR **DISGUISE** DIDN'T FOOL ME ONE BIT!

BAM!

DON'T KNOW HOW YOU KNEW **I** WAS THE PHONY, CREEP. BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER.

I'LL **STILL** FLATTEN YOU.

I'VE FOUGHT THE HULK AND SPIDER-MAN. I'VE TAKEN ON **CAPTAIN AMERICA**-- AND YOU'RE THE **WEAKEST** ONE OF THE **LOT** OF 'EM.

THAT'S WHAT I **LIKE** ABOUT YOU, CHAM:

YOU'RE **CONSISTENT** IN YOUR **FAILURE!**

SKA-BAM!!

CHALK UP **ANOTHER** NAME TO YOUR LIST OF UNSUCCESSFUL SPARRING PARTNERS!

OOFFFFFF!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I DON'T KNOW-- BUT YOU LOOK JUST LIKE ME!

HE'S TRYING IT AGAIN. IMPERSONATING THE NEWS DEALER.

AND HE STILL HAS A NASTY LESSON COMING.

HIS HEARTBEAT STICKS OUT LIKE AN ELEPHANT AT A FLEA CONVENTION NO MATTER WHICH DISGUISE HE WEARS.

THIS JUST ISN'T YOUR LUCKY DAY, IS IT, CHAMELEON?

THRAMM!

YEAH, IT'S JUST A MASK.

INCREDIBLE! HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY KNOW?

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN GOOD AT MULTIPLE CHOICE TESTS, JETS!

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING THIS WAY-- POLICEMEN!

LOOK, I'LL SEE YOU AROUND SOMETIME. I HAVE A HUNCH THIS PLACE ISN'T GOING TO BE VERY HEALTHY FOR ME IN A FEW MINUTES.

WE'LL TALK AFTER I'VE CLEARED UP MY STERLING REPUTATION!

LOOK, MIKEY. IT'S DAREDEVIL. WE'VE FINALLY FOUND HIM!

LET'S GET HIM, FRANKY. WE'LL BE UP FOR COMMENDATIONS FOR THIS.

DON'T TRY IT, MISTER. I ASSUME YOU'VE BOTH HEARD ABOUT WHAT MY FISTS CAN DO.

JUST BE HAPPY TO TAKE IN THIS CREEP.

'CAUSE TONIGHT, DAREDEVIL SWINGS FREE!

NEXT: THIS IS THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! DAREDEVIL VERSUS THE JESTER! YOU'VE GOT TO BE HERE!

STILL ONLY 25¢

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

135 JULY

CC 02459

DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

TM

LOOK WHO'S BACK! LOOK WHO'S DEAD!

DAREDEVIL MURDERS THE JESTER!

DON'T TRY TO *ESCAPE*, HORNHEAD!

ONE WRONG MOVE-- AND WE'LL **SHOOT!**

BUCKLER & GIACOIA

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! TM JV321

Vol. 61. No. 102

DAILY BUGLE

THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER

**** DAILY BUGLE, Sunday, April 11, 1976

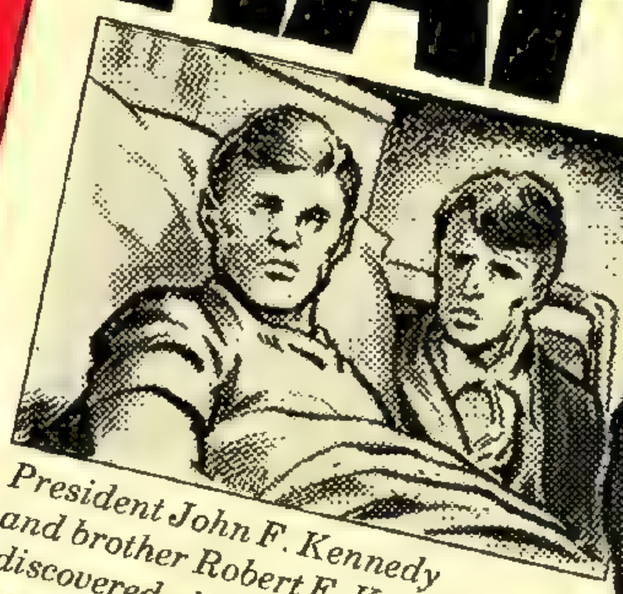
FINAL

WEATHER: Mostly sunny, breezy, warm.

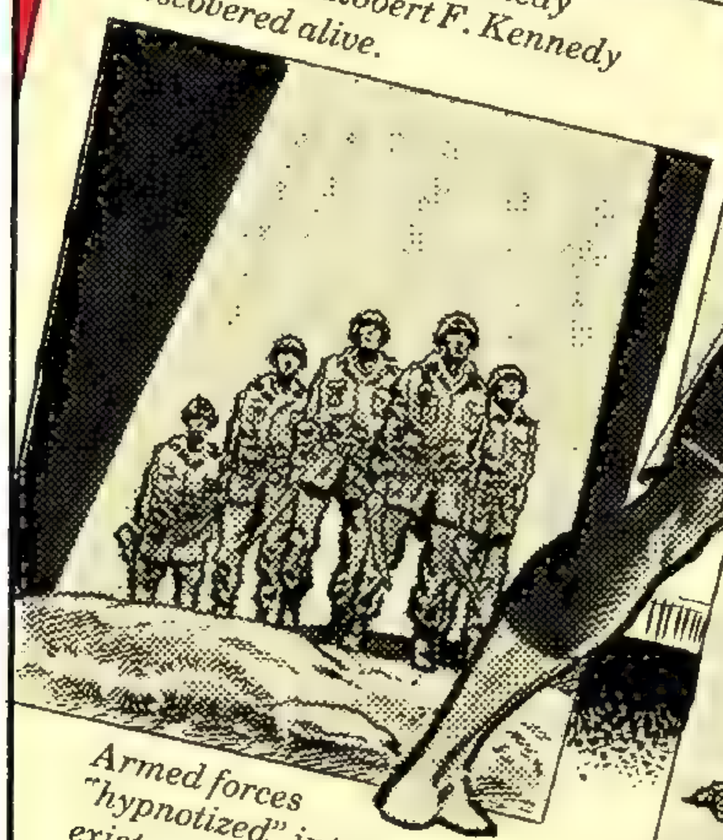
SPECIAL EDITION!

WHAT IS HAPPENING?

Famed crime-fighter sought for bloody murder of three policemen.



President John F. Kennedy and brother Robert F. Kennedy discovered alive.



Armed forces "hypnotized" into believing existence of war in Vietnam.

U.S. Soldiers fighting secret war in Middle East.

See exclusive reports inside by Bugle staff reporters Marv Wolfman, Bob Brown, Jim Mooney, Michele Wolfman, Joe Rosen. Begins page two.

Pentagon Says Yes To War

(MPI: Apr. 10) General Theodore Gross said today in a nationwide press conference that current reports of the supposed "non-existence" of the Vietnam war are "totally false."

"The idea that the U.S. hypnotized its soldiers into believing there was a Vietnam war, while the true war was being waged in Chile, is preposterous," the General insisted. "Whoever began this ridiculous rumor should be found and prosecuted, and the television networks which constantly reported the story and refused to air official denials, should be investigated.

Continued Pg. 10

Fearless Publisher, J. Jonah Jameson, Speaks Out!

"What Lurks Behind Those Masks Of Theirs?"

As loyal readers of the Bugle already know, I have always questioned the motives of these so-called "super heroes" who parade about in public wearing ridiculous costumes, and claim to be concerned for the rights of our city's average citizen. Consider Spider-man, who is still wanted for questioning in two unsolved murders, or Daredevil, currently being sought for the alleged murders of three honest policemen. These masked men are still that—*masked, anonymous, unknown*. If their true identities are unknown, so, too, are their true motives. I call upon our government to begin an immediate investigation of all these 'heroes.' Let us see what they have to hide behind those masks of theirs. If they truly wish to help the public and not themselves, let them come forth and submit to cross-examination. Thank you.

Crime Fighter Now Killer? TV says Yes! Police say No!

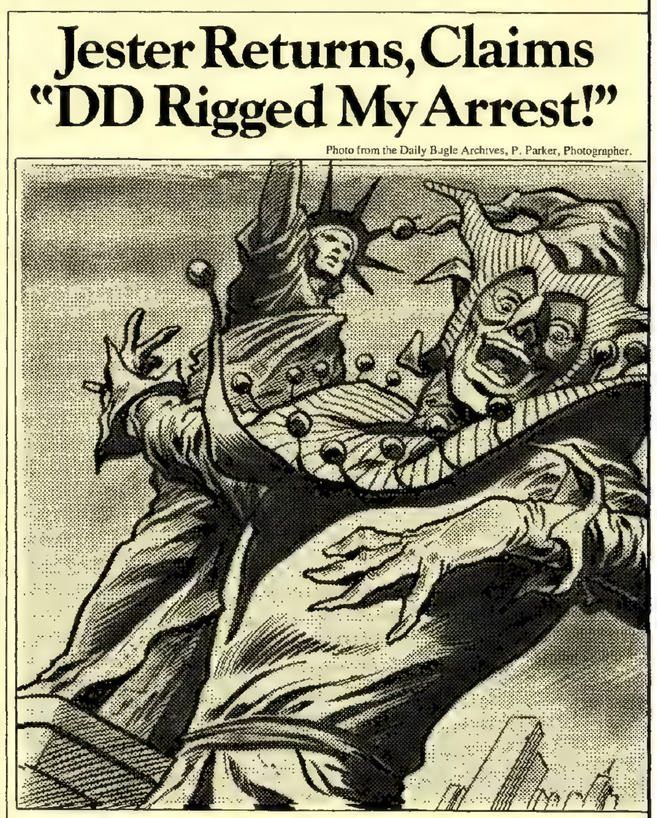
(MPI Apr. 10) Everyone saw the famed crime-fighter known as Daredevil machine gun to death three honest policemen on last night's TV newscasts, yet the NYPD insists that no policemen have been killed in action this month.

Roll calls taken at all New York operating Station Houses substantiate the NYPD release, which therefore demands that another question be asked:. Did Daredevil kill *anyone* last night? Did the newscasts lie? And, if the answer to both these questions is "no" *what did happen?* Network officials claim there never was a news spot on the alleged murders, yet many New Yorkers saw the films.

Continued Pg. 39

Jester Returns, Claims "DD Rigged My Arrest!"

Photo from the Daily Bugle Archives, P. Parker, Photographer.



BUGLE EXCLUSIVE:

"Yeah, that's right, Daredevil, that crooked murderer, he rigged that whole fiasco which made it seem like *I* was a crook and not him. Remember that he tried to kill me, and then convinced the cops that I was trying to fake my own death! But the truth is now out, and that scarlet clown is finally shown for what he truly is—a black-hearted killer." Those were the words of an embittered man, Jonathan Powers, otherwise known as the Jester. But now he speaks out against the man he holds directly re-

Continued Pg. 18

White House Takes Look At 'Control Of The Media'

MPI wirefoto taken in White House Oval Room

(Combined sources, Apr. 10) President Ford, Vice President Rockefeller, Secretary of State Kissinger, and others, issued a joint statement "Deploring the misuse of the public airwaves in giving fraudulent news reports."

The eight-page statement went on to say that "seven such reports have been issued over the past months, and all of them have proven to be inaccurate, and though newspapers and news magazines have reported that faet, the American public does not know whether to believe what they see, or what they read. Consequently, there is confusion in the streets."

Continued Pg. 9

"I Never Said Any Of Those Things!"

TV Newsman Refutes Reports

(MPI Apr. 9) CBC newsman Roger Bowne claims he never said any of those news items attributed to him these past months. "We have our station tapes to prove it. Whatever went across the airwaves did not originate in our studios."

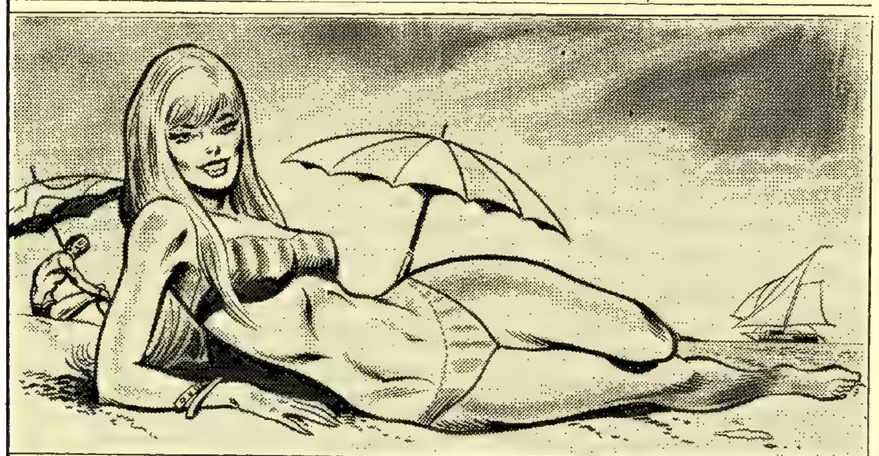
Bowne, anchorman for the Ch. 8 "Eyewitness News" show, insists they have made "persistent efforts to prove this, yet our statements are constantly and mysteriously edited out of the show."

Continued Pg. 9

Tompkins: 'Something Bizarre Is Going On!'

(MPI Apr. 9) NBS anchorman Wally Tompkins agreed with fellow newsmen today that something strange indeed is going on. "We say one thing, yet the news is jumbled by the time our viewers hear it. Someone, or something, is interfering with our regular newscasts. But for what reason? Why the weird stories?"

Continued Pg. 9



AND SOME DON'T REALLY CARE AT ALL!

While shivering New Yorkers wonder what is real and what is not, lovely Laura Lee Landers lolls in the sun on the beaches of Sydney, Australia, where temperatures are currently topping the 90 degree mark. Can she know something we don't?

Ex D.A. Nelson 'Angry!'

By JAKE CONOVER
Daily Bugle Staff Reporter

Former DA Franklin Nelson, is "hopping mad" at the misleading news reports . "It has nothing to do with the obvious phony commercials which led to my losing the recent campaign," the lawyer added. The commercials mentioned by Nelson showed him getting a pie in the face with the narrator cautioning listeners "And that's why they call him Foggy." Other TV spots also portrayed the "Fighting DA" as falling down steps, tripping over loose wires, and giving up the night before the election. Here, again, the networks insist that they never aired those commercial spots, yet millions of New Yorkers repeatedly saw them for weeks before the November election.

Mr. Nelson, co-partner with blind attorney Matthew Murdock, also stated today that he has "total confidence" that the present DA, Blake Tower, will bring the culprits to justice.

Continued Pg. 12

THAT'S ABOUT *IT*, HEATHER. I DON'T WANT TO *HEAR* ANYTHING ELSE.

HE'S PULLING THE *SAME* STUPID TRICK AGAIN--AND NO ONE BUT A BLIND MAN *SEES* IT!

MATT?

WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?

THE JESTER! HE'S AS *PHONY* AS THOSE SLIMY NEWS REPORTS HE'S SOMEHOW CONCOCTING.

HE PULLED THIS SAME SCHEME BEFORE, WHY DIDN'T I REALIZE IT BEFORE NOW?

I'M A *FOOL*, HEATHER... A TOTAL FOOL.

WHAT SCHEME? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'RE *SCARING* ME, MATT.

CAREFUL, MATT-- THE JESTER IS IN *DAREDEVIL'S* PAST HISTORY-- NOT *YOURS*.

"BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW HE TRIED TO CONVINCE PEOPLE I WAS A *KILLER*-- BY FIGHTING ME ON THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE--THEN JUMPING OFF--*AS IF I THREW HIM!**

* DD #44.--MARV

"HE *ESCAPED* IN A WAITING MINI-SUB, WHILE THE COPS HUNTED ME.

"LATER, DRESSED IN HIS JESTER COSTUME, HE CAME *AFTER* ME-- WITH GAS-FILLED *POPCORN*.

"...*ANOTHER* WEAPON FROM HIS TWISTED ARSENAL OF INSANE TRICKS.

"AS I FELL, HE WASTED *NO TIME* IN CLAIMING HE WAS NEW YORK'S SAVIOR-- BY HANDING ME OVER TO THE POLICE.

"AN ALMOST PERFECT *FRAME*... AND NOW HE'S TRYING IT *AGAIN!*

"BUT I *ESCAPED* THE POLICE, THEN TURNED THE *TABLES* ON HIM.

"KNOWING HE WAS AN EGO-MANIAC, I *POSED* AS HIM ON A LATE NIGHT *TALK SHOW*...

"...WHICH BROUGHT HIM *ENRAGED* TO THE STUDIO WITHIN MINUTES. HIS EGO, *DEMANDING VENGEANCE* ON ANYONE DARING TO STEAL HIS PRECIOUS SPOTLIGHT, FORCED HIM TO *ATTACK* ME...

"...SO I *REVEALED* MYSELF--AND COUNTERED HIS ATTACK.

"DURING THE BATTLE, I *UNMASKED* HIM--AND PROVED TO THE NATION THAT *HE* WAS THE MAN I HAD *SUPPOSEDLY* KILLED... ALIVE AND WELL! *

"*BEFORE* WE FIRST TANGLED, HE TRIED TO MAKE FOGGY *FORFEIT* THE RACE FOR D.A.--THIS TIME AROUND HE TRIED AGAIN, AND *SUCCEEDED*.

"IT ALL *FITS* LIKE A CRAZY JIG-SAW PUZZLE. HE'S BACK... WITH THE *SAME* SCHEME...AND THIS TIME HE'S GOT IT *WORKING*-- *BETTER THAN BEFORE!*

*ALL SHOWN IN DD#45.--MW

"NOW THE QUESTION IS--WHAT CAN *DAREDEVIL* DO TO *PROVE* WHAT HE KNOWS? AND MAN, FOR PERHAPS THE *FIRST* TIME IN QUITE A *LONG* TIME...MRS. MURDOCK'S LITTLE BOY MATT--*DOESN'T* HAVE ANY ANSWERS!"

MATT! SNAP OUT OF IT!

YOU LOOK LIKE A TRUCK RAN OVER YOUR *BEST FRIEND.*

--OR WORSE! LIKE IT RAN OVER *ME!*

C'MON, LOVER--*TALK!* WHAT'S PILING UP THOSE *CLOUDS* CLUMPED AROUND YOUR HEAD?

I- I'M SORRY, HONEY. I WAS JUST *THINKING...*

WITH THAT LEMONY LOOK ON YOUR CUTE LITTLE FACE, I HOPE IT ISN'T ABOUT *US.*

KID, TOO MUCH THINKING CAN BE *DANGEROUS* TO SMILES...

...AND I HAPPEN TO *KNOW* A GREAT GAME THAT *TWO* CAN PLAY THAT HAS SMILES *BUILT* RIGHT INTO THE RULES.

C'MON.

*WHILE HEATHER TEACHES MATT THE RULES OF THE GAME, LET US SLIDE OVER TO A SMALL RUNDOWN BUILDING THAT JUST **HAPPENS** TO BE THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE INSIDIOUSLY JOCULAR JESTER.**

LOVELY! ***LOVELY!*** IT'S ***ALL*** WORKED OUT NOW...THE FINAL ***SUBTLE*** DETAILS ARE SET IN PLACE, AND THE TIME HAS COME FOR MY ***NEWEST SPECTACULAR*** TO MAKE ITS ***DEBUT.***

NATCH, WE CAN'T TELL YOU **WHERE SAID BUILDING IS **EXACTLY** LOCATED-- IT **IS** A SECRET, Y'KNOW...*

EAT YOUR HEART OUT, CECIL B., 'CAUSE AFTER ***TONIGHT'S*** LITTLE NEWS SPOT SHOWING YOURS TRULY SLASHING MY SCARLET-CLAD SAP INTO RIOTOUS RED RIBBONS--

--THERE WILL BE *NO ONE LEFT TO DENY...*

...THE JESTER'S THE GREATEST CRIMINAL GENIUS OF ALL!

THE STOREFRONT, LEGAL SERVICES DISPENSED FREE OF CHARGE, ESTABLISHED 1975 BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK. ITS RESIDENT COUNSELORS: MATTHEW MURDOCK AND...

FOGGY? ER, HOW IS THE INVESTIGATION AGAINST MY, EH, DAD, COMING?

AND IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING THIS, I HOPE IT'S COMING LOUSY.

THE STOREFRO

LEGAL SERVICE

I CAN UNDER-STAND THAT, HEATHER...

...AND SO FAR YOU'VE HIT THE PROVERBIAL NAIL-- IT IS COMING OFF LOUSY.

SOMEHOW, THE STATE RECORDS DEALING WITH YOUR FATHER'S ORGANIZATION WERE DESTROYED... IN A MYSTERIOUS FIRE.

BUT I WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT YOUR DAD.

KN

LEGAL

YOU KNOW SOMETHING, FOGGY?

NO, JUST INTUITION. I'M NOT SURE YOUR FATHER'S AWARE OF WHAT'S GOING ON IN HIS ORGANIZATION.

FOR INSTANCE, I WASN'T ALLOWED TO SPEAK WITH HIM. I HAD TO SEE HIS PRIVATE GORILLA... A NEANDER-THAL NAMED STONE.

AND SOME-THING ABOUT STONE SUGGESTS THAT HE MIGHT BE RUNNING THE WHOLE SHEBANG HIMSELF.

OF COURSE, WITHOUT HARD EVIDENCE, I CAN'T GO DIRECTLY TO YOUR DAD. NOT YET, ANYWAY.

GOSH, I SURE HOPE THAT'S TRUE, FOGGY. I LOVE MY DAD, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF HE ACTUALLY WERE INVOLVED IN SOMETHING SHADY.

OR WHAT WE WOULD DO. THE STOREFRONT IS FUNDED THROUGH HIS LEGAL OFFICES.

WE'RE JUST APPOINTED HERE, AND HE COULD CHANGE THAT ANYTIME HE WANTS TO.

WHICH MEANS IF WE GET ON HIS NERVES... AND IF HE IS GUILTY--

--WE COULD BE OUT ON THE STREET, WITHOUT EVEN A TIN-CUP TO BEG WITH.

HOLD IT, FOGGY, LISTEN TO THIS...!

WHAT! I'D KNOW THAT GRINNING HYENA ANYWHERE-- EVEN IN A NEW COSTUME! THAT MAN'S... THE JESTER!

... I'LL SPEND MY LIFE HUNTING DOWN DAREDEVIL. HE FRAMED ME, AND I'VE WASTED MY TIME IN PRISON BECAUSE OF THAT MURDERER!

CUBS

...AND PRESIDENT FORD SAID HE WOULD *VETO* THE BILL.

NOW, TURNING TO...

SO FAR *NOTHING* UNUSUAL, BUT--

WAIT! I THINK I SPOKE *TOO SOON.*

IT'S HAPPENING *AGAIN!* OUR TRANSMISSION IS BEING *INTERCEPTED.*

BLAST IT, MAN. THIS IS BECOMING *RIDICULOUS!*

BINGO! IT'S BEGUN AGAIN... JUST AS I *KNEW* IT WOULD...

...WHEN I *PLANTED* THE WORD THAT THERE WOULD BE AN *EXCLUSIVE* ON THE TV TRANSMISSION PROBLEMS.

AND THE JESTER, IF IT *IS* HIM, JUST *HAD* TO STOP THAT LITTLE NEWS SCOOP FROM BEING BROADCAST.

WHICH MEANS HIS SPECIAL TV *SIGNAL* SHOULD BE OPERATING NOW... LOUD AND *CLEAR!*

AND *THAT* MEANS, WITH *ANY* LUCK--

--*THIS* SWINGING SUPER HERO MIGHT JUST BE ABLE TO *HOME IN* ON THOSE SIGNALS.

LOOK, UP *THERE!* IT'S DAREDEVIL! THE *NERVE* OF THAT MURDERER-- SHOWIN' OFF LIKE THAT.

BUT THE PAPERS SAY HE *DIDN'T KILL* ANYONE!

LOOK, MAC-- I *SAW* 'IM ON THE TV. *I SAW 'IM KILL THE COPS!*

OKAY, HERO, YOU BETTER HANG ON *TIGHT* UP HERE--YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN KING KONG'S GONNA *RECLAIM* THIS TINKERTOY SKYSCRAPER.

BUT SINCE MOST TV AND RADIO TRANS-MISSION *STILL* ORIGINATES FROM THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, I'VE GOT TO PUT UP WITH BOTH *HIGH WINDS* AND THE POSSIBILITY OF *GORILLAS**, IF I WANT TO FIND WHAT I CAME FOR.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, PAT YOURSELF ON THE BACK, *JACK*--

**SEE F.F. #171 FOR A *RECENT* GORILLA-ON-A-BUILDING EPIC! -- M.W.

--OL' HORNHEAD'S DONE IT *AGAIN!*

THERE'S *DEFINITELY* ONE OUT-OF-*SYNCH* RADIO WAVE DANCING AROUND UP HERE...

...AND *SOMETHING* TELLS ME IT WILL PROBABLY LEAD DIRECTLY TO THE JESTER.

OKAY, TRUSTY *RADAR SENSES*-- *LEAD ON!*

AND IN CASE I FORGET-- *THANKS!* I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'D BE *WITHOUT* YOU.

BLAST! THE SIGNALS SUDDENLY *STOPPED*. WHICH MEANS, UNLESS THEY START UP AGAIN SHORTLY, I'M *BACK* WHERE I STARTED FROM...

...WHICH WAS ABSOLUTELY *NOWHERE*.

YOU'RE STILL BATTING A *THOUSAND* ON ROTTEN LUCK, HERO.

EH? HEART-BEATS...COMING THIS WAY.

THREE MEN APPROACHING ME, AND FROM THE *SMELL* OF THINGS, THEY'RE PROBABLY AS BESOTTED AS I AM *LOST*.

ALL RIGHT, FRIENDS, *BACK OFF!* I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO *FIGHT* YOU.

FIGHT? *HAH!* THAT'LL BE THE DAY, MASKED MAN.

I MAY BE PUNCH-DRUNK *NOW*, BUT I USEDTA BE "KILLER CROESUS," THE HEAVY-WEIGHT *CHAMP!*

AND BUM OR NO BUM, I AIN'T LOST *ANY OF MY STRENGTH!*

ROOMS

JEWELRY MUSICAL

CLOBBER THAT CREEP, BOYS. WE'LL *SPLIT THE REWARD* FER 'IM!

ALL RIGHT, FRIENDS. I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT YOU *ASKED* FOR THIS--!

ONE MINUTE LATER...

HEY! UNFAIR! YOU CHEATED!

NOBODY CAN BEAT "KILLER CROESUS" THAT EASY, NOBODY!

AND NO ONE CAN STOP DAREDEVIL WHEN HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE STOPPED, PUNK!

HALF AN HOUR AND NOTHING. SOMETHING TELLS ME TONIGHT'S A WASTED-- WAITAMINNIT--!

THEY'RE BACK! THE RADIO WAVES SUDDENLY SNAPPED ON AGAIN!

LEADING HERE--TO THIS WAREHOUSE BY THE PIER!

AND, AT LAST-- THE JESTER!

HOLD ON, HERO...UNLESS MY RADAR SENSES HAVE GONE ON THE FRITZ, THAT'S NOT LAUGHING-BOY DOWN THERE...

...BUT ANOTHER OF MY MORE RECENT SPARRING PARTNERS.

PERHAPS IT'S TIME FOR A CLOSER "LOOK-SEE!"

WELL, WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T LIEUTENANT ROSE--NEW YORK'S VERY OWN ANSWER TO THE BRAIN DRAIN!

DAREDEVIL?!? WHAT IN BLOODY BLAZES...?

THEN IT MUST BE TRUE! HE TRIED KILLING THE JESTER BEFORE--

--AND THIS TIME HE'S SUCCEEDED!

THAT'S ABOUT AS *STUPID* AN ACCUSATION AS I'VE EVER HEARD, ROSE.

I'M AS MUCH THE JESTER'S *KILLER* AS YOU ARE MOHAMMED ALI.

WE'LL CHECK THEM *BOTH* OUT, CLOWN...

...BUT NOT *HERE*. I'M TAKING YOU IN FOR *QUESTIONING*...

...AND I'LL BE GRINNING EAR-TO-EAR ALL THE WAY BACK TO *HEADQUARTERS*.

CUFF 'IM, O'MALLEY.

ROSE...

...DON'T DO IT, YOU *KNOW* I JUST GOT HERE. YOU *MUST* KNOW I DIDN'T KILL HIM.

I CAN *PROVE*--

YOU CAN PROVE *NOTHING*, CLOWN. WHO SAYS YOU DIDN'T *RETURN* HERE *AFTER* YOU KILLED HIM... TO ESTABLISH AN *ALIBI*?

BESIDES, I'M JUST BRINGIN' YOU *IN*...

...IT'S GONNA BE THE *JURY* THAT'LL *CONVICT*-- UHH?

SORRY, LIEUTENANT, BUT I JUST CAN'T *ALLOW* THAT.

NOT WHILE THE JESTER'S *TRUE* KILLER IS STILL OUT THERE.

YOU'VE JUST SIGNED YOUR *CONFESSION*--

--AS WELL AS YOUR *DEATH WARRANT!*

BLAM!

JUST CONSIDER YOURSELF *LUCKY* THAT I'M A MARKSMAN, CLOWN. OTHERWISE IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN YOUR *SHOULDER* I CLIPPED.

WE'LL GET YOU *PATCHED UP*... DOWNTOWN.

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

WHAT'S THE *STORY*, DD? DID YOU KILL THE JESTER?

MOVE ALONG. LET US *THROUGH!*

C'MON, DAREDEVIL-- THE PUBLIC WANTS *FACTS!*

DAREDEVIL, I'M *PETER PARKER* OF THE BUGLE. WE'VE MET BEFORE. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TELL *ME*...

NO COMMENT, KID. STRICTLY *NO COMMENT!*

HE'S UP TO SOMETHING... AND HE'S GOT MY *SPIDEY-SENSE* TINGLING. BUT IF HE WANTS TO HANDLE IT *ALONE*... THAT'S *HIS* BUSINESS.

GOOD WORK, ROSE. I'LL SEE YOU GET A *COMMENDATION* FOR BRINGING IN OUR FRIENDLY MASS MURDERER.

SEEMS YOU WERE *RIGHT* ABOUT HIM ALL ALONG.

I'M *NOT* HAPPY ABOUT THAT, MR. TOWER.

YOU WANT ME TO *STAY*, SIR?

NO, ROSE. YOU GO BACK TO HEADQUARTERS. I WANT TO SPEAK WITH DAREDEVIL-- *ALONE!*

ARE YOU *SURE?* HE MAY BE *DANGEROUS.*

I'M *SURE*, ROSE!

ALL RIGHT, DAREDEVIL-- LET'S TAKE THE TIME AND *TALK!*

AND THERE IS ***PLENTY*** FOR US TO TALK ABOUT.

I UNDERSTAND. ***YOU*** WANT TO BEGIN?

SURE! WHERE WERE YOU JULY 4th, 1776?

I WAS JUST A ***TWINKLE*** IN MY GREAT, GREAT, GREAT ***GREAT*** GRANDMOTHER'S EYE!

HA

HA

HA

HAHA

LISTEN, FRIEND, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? ROSE DIDN'T ROUGH YOU UP OR ANYTHING, DID HE?

FINE AS CAN BE ***EXPECTED***-- CONSIDERING I WAS ON THE ***RECEIVING*** END OF A LOW-IMPACT ***PLASTIC BULLET.***

AND ***NO***-- ROSE DIDN'T DO ANY-THING BUT READ ME MY ***RIGHTS.*** HE PLAYED IT ALL BY THE ***BOOK.***

JUST HOW MUCH DOES HE ***KNOW*** ABOUT OUR PLAN?

ALMOST ***NOTHING.*** WHEN WE RECEIVED THE ***TIP*** TO GO TO THAT WAREHOUSE, I JUST MADE SURE HE USED THE SPECIAL ***GUN.***

SO, AS FAR AS HE KNOWS, YOU'RE AS ***GUILTY*** AS A CHICKEN HAWK IN A ***HEN HOUSE!***

IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT HE'S KEPT IN THE ***DARK***...CONSIDERING WE HARDLY KNOW ANYTHING OURSELVES.

BUT I'M SURE OF ***ONE THING***--THAT ***WASN'T*** THE JESTER'S BODY YOUR MEN FOUND. IT'S JUST ***ANOTHER*** STEP IN HIS PLAN TO FRAME ***ME***...AND TO FURTHER WHAT-EVER HIS ***MAJOR*** GOAL IS.

I HOPE YOU'RE ***RIGHT*** ABOUT THIS, DAREDEVIL. I'M PUTTING ***MY*** JOB ON THE LINE--

--NOT TO MENTION COMPROMISING THE ***MAYOR'S*** POSITION AS WELL.

I'M ***NOT*** WRONG... AND FINDING THAT BODY ***PROVES*** IT.

THE JESTER ***HAS*** TO BE THE ONE BEHIND THIS ***CHARADE.***

YOU BETTER BE RIGHT, DD. ***BELIEVE*** ME--YOU ***BETTER*** BE RIGHT ABOUT THIS ONE.

AND DAREDEVIL HAS BEEN BROUGHT IN FOR ***QUESTIONING*** IN THE MURDER OF THE JESTER.

AH ***HA!*** IT WORKED... AS I ***KNEW*** IT WOULD.

AND TO THINK THAT HORNHEADED ***CLOD*** ACTUALLY ***BELIEVED*** I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS ***TRACING*** MY SIGNALS...WHICH LED HIM EXACTLY WHERE I WANTED HIM.

I SAY, THE FOOL DOTH TAKE ***ME*** FOR THE FOOL... AND THE JESTER IS ANYTHING ***BUT*** THAT. ***ANYTHING*** BUT THAT.

HEE! HEE! HEE!

FOR, WHO ***ELSE*** COULD HAVE LED THAT BUFFOON ON SUCH A ***MERRY CHASE***, WHILE CALLING THE POLICE AND SUMMONING ***THEM*** TO WHERE MY "***POOR DECEASED BODY***" LAY IN WAITING.

THE ***ANSWER***, MY FRIENDS, FOES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: NONE OTHER THAN THE MAN OF ***INFINITE JESTS***, MASTER OF ***RUSE*** AND ***COUNTER RUSE***, OF ***TRICKERY*** AND ***CHICANERY***.

AH YES, ROMANS AND COUNTRYMEN-- ***LET'S HEAR IT FOR***-- DRUMROLL, MAESTRO--

--THE JESTER! TA ***TA!***

YES, THE JESTER-- THE MAN WHO KILLED HIS TWO BIRDS... NELSON'S ALREADY ***LUDICROUS*** CAREER, AND DUMBDEVIL'S SO-SO ***STERLING*** REPUTATION.

YES, ***THE JESTER***-- THE MAN WHO WILL ***SOON*** BE SPEAR-HEADING THE GREATEST SINGLE CRIME-COUP OF THE ***CENTURY***...

...WHILE BEING ***HERALDED*** AS THIS CITY'S SANCTIMONIOUS ***SAVIOR***.

NOT BAD FOR ONE WHO WAS ONCE ***JEERED AND BOOED*** AS AN ACTOR, YET NOW HAS CREATED THE MOST SENSATIONAL ***DRAMA*** THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.

APPLAUSE WILL BE ACCEPTED, MY FRIENDS!

BEFORE AND ***AFTER*** THE FINAL CURTAIN CALL...

...WHICH BEGINS IMMEDIATELY ***AFTER*** ONE LAST ACT IN OUR PLAY!

THE CURTAIN NOW ***RISES***... THE LIGHTS ***DIM***... AND--

DOWNFALL OF A HERO. HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN. WHERE ONCE HE LED OTHERS DOWN THIS CORRIDOR NOW HE IS LED BY A STERN-FACED GUARDIAN OF JUSTICE.

HA! HA! HA! YOU FINALLY GOT YOURS, HORNHEAD!

THIS IS THE CELL, DAREDEVIL. AND I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS.

YOU PUT ME HERE YEARS AGO, CRUD.

SO THEY PUT YOU IN WITH ME, EH, CREEP. THEN GET THIS STRAIGHT-- YOU MAY'VE BEEN A BIG-SHOT OUT THERE...

...BUT HERE, I'M THE GUY YOU LISTEN TO. UNDER-STAND, PUNK?

OR D'YA GET A LESSON IN RESPECT NOW?

SORRY...

...CREEP, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

NOT AT ALL!

HEY!

WHAT IN THE WORLD--?!? GRAPPLING HOOKS?

CLANG!

LOOKS LIKE MY BOYS FINALLY GOT AROUND TO SPRINGING ME...

TOOK THEIR TIME ABOUT IT.

HUNH? HEY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

AN ESCAPE, CREEP...OR MAYBE YOUR RODENT-LIKE MIND CAN'T COMPREHEND WHAT YOU'RE SEEING!

SKA-RUNNCHA

MOVE IT, DD! I CAN'T KEEP THIS CHOPPER HERE FOREVER, Y'KNOW!

ON THE DOUBLE!

POUR ON SOME OF THAT LEGENDARY SPEED OF YOURS, MAN!

COPS-- TRYING TO STOP ME.

STUPID FOOLS! DO WHATEVER YOU WANNA, BUT NOTHIN'S GONNA KEEP ME HERE ANYMORE!

NOTHIN'!

HEY!!

AN' WHEN I COME BACK HERE, IT'LL BE WITH TANKS--TO GRIND THIS BASTILLE OF YOURS INTO SAND!

HE'S NOT STOPPING!

THAT MEANS IT'S UP TO US, FREDDY. WE GOTTA PUT THE HALT ON 'IM--

--ANY-WAY WE HAVETA!

QUIT GABBIN', JACKSON-- SHOOT!

NOT BAD, FOR PUNKS... BUT YOU GOTTA DO BETTER THAN THAT TO STOP DAREDEVIL!

BAM

BLAM

SEEYA ON SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE, KIDDIES!

BA-DAMM!

SORRY, HORNHEAD, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING *ANYWHERE!*

YOUR *"PILOT"* MAY HAVE BROUGHT YOU *THIS* FAR--

--BUT THE *JESTER'S* MAKING SURE YOU'RE GOING *NO FURTHER!*

HE SNAPPED MY *LINE!*

HAVE TO *ARC* MY BODY... MAKE A PERFECT *DIVE*--

--SLICE THE WATER LIKE A *KNIFE!*

AH *HA HA!* JUST AS I *TOLD* YOU, GENTLEMEN-- THERE, STANDING SLIGHTLY SOGGY BEFORE YOU--THE *STAR* OF THIS LITTLE *MURDER-GO-ROUND!*

THE MAN WHO TRIED KILLING ME *TWICE BEFORE...* ONLY TO *FAIL!*

THE *JESTER!* IT *CAN'T* BE! I THOUGHT I *KILLED* YOU IN THAT WAREHOUSE!

BUT--?

SHOCKED, SUCKER? SHAKING IN YOUR RED UNDERWEAR, FRIEND? *GOOD! VERY GOOD!*

GENTLEMEN OF JUSTICE, I PRESENT YOU WITH YOUR *PRISONER...*

...COMPLIMENTS OF... THE JESTER!

HA HA HA HA HA

THANKS, JESTER! YOU'VE DONE THIS CITY A TRUE *SERVICE!*

...AND SO, THE JESTER *FOILED* THE ATTEMPTED PRISON ESCAPE BY THE ONE-TIME CRIME-FIGHTER. IT'S A *SAD* DAY WHEN HEROES GO WRONG. BUT LET US *REJOICE*, FELLOW NEW YORKERS--THIS CITY HAS A *NEW* SUPER HERO... AND HIS NAME IS-- THE JESTER!

WHAT?!? IT CAN'T BE--!??

DAREDEVIL'S NO CRIMINAL! *DAREDEVIL'S NO CRIMINAL!*

ARE YOU *CERTAIN* OF THAT, FOGGY? ARE YOU SO *VERY* CERTAIN?

CONFUSED, PILGRIM? YOU *OUGHT* TO BE! BUT DON'T WORRY, *NEXT* ISSUE WILL *REALLY* SHOCK YOU. WE TRUST YOU'LL BE HERE FOR--

A HANGING FOR A HERO!

'NUFF SAID?

STILL ONLY 25¢

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™ 136 AUG 02459

DAREDEVIL

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

TM

DAREDEVIL'S BECOME A *KILLER*, MY FRIENDS. NOW, *HE* MUST DIE--

--AT THE *HANDS OF THE* JESTER!

NO DAREDEVIL

BROADWAY

MURDERER WITH A MASK

DAREDEVIL COP-KILLER!

STOP D.D.

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

A HANGING FOR A HERO!!

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JV387

MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR | JOHN BUSCEMA GUEST ARTIST | JIM MOONEY EMBELLISHER | JOE ROSEN LETTERER | MICHELE WOLFMAN COLORIST

EXPLANATION ONE:

CITY MORGUE.

THE JESTER'S *CORPSE* IS IN VAULT SEVEN, OFFICER.

WE'LL SEE.

D.A. TOWER SAYS HE *ISN'T* DEAD AT ALL!

HE *MAY* BE RIGHT, SIR.

IF *THAT* MAN ISN'T *DEAD*, OFFICER-- I'M PORKY PIG!

LOOK, I'VE BEEN A DOCTOR *THIRTY-TWO* YEARS. I'VE WORKED *HERE* IN THE MORGUE FOR SEVENTEEN...

...AND, IN *ALL* THAT TIME, I HAVEN'T EVEN CERTIFIED *ONE* MAN DEAD IF HE WASN'T.

I'M ONLY DOING WHAT I WAS *TOLD* TO DO, SIR.

THE D.A. INSISTS ON A COMPLETE *AUTOPSY.*

VERY WELL, OFFICER.

PLEASE HELP ME PLACE HIM ON THE *CART.*

SUDDENLY...

THE JESTER-- HE BURST INTO *FLAME!*

GOOD GRAVY!

FOOSH!

GONE! REDUCED TO *ASHES.* BUT HOW--??

I-I DON'T KNOW, SIR. I JUST *DON'T KNOW!*

HA! HA! HA! MY *TOY* STAND-IN DID ITS JOB *WELL*, MY PUZZLED FRIENDS. FOR, THOUGH IT COULD PASS *MANY* TESTS-- IT WOULDN'T HOLD UP TO AN *AUTOPSY.*

AH, WELL... POOR FELLOW. HE JUST *HAD* TO FLAME OUT.

TA *TA*, TOOTS!

EXPLANATION TWO:

CITY PRISON.

HEY, I JUS' HEARD OVER THE *GRAPEVINE* THAT YOU WUZ ON THE TV LAST NIGHT--

SAID YOU BUSTED *OUTTA* HERE... AND THE JESTER DRAGGED YA BACK!

WHAT'S GOIN' *ON*, HORNHEAD? YOU NEVER GOT OUTTA HERE. I WUZ HERE ALL NIGHT *WATCHIN'* YA.

I WISH I *KNEW*, FLETCHER!

FIRST, I WAS *ACCUSED* OF MURDERING THE JESTER, NOW IT SEEMS THAT *HE* CAPTURED ME.

EVEN *YOUR* SIMPLISTIC BRAIN SHOULD REALIZE THAT SOMETHING *SCREWY* IS GOING ON HERE.

YOU SURE YOU AIN'T A STOOLIE? 'CAUSE IF YOU ARE, I DON'T KNOW *NOTHIN'!*

I'M SURE *YOU* DON'T KNOW ANYTHING AT *ALL*, FLETCHER!

THOUGH *I'M* JUST BEGINNING TO PIECE A FEW THREADS OF THE JESTER'S CRAZY-QUILT TOGETHER NOW.

HA! HA! HA! IT WORKED... EVER SO *BEE--OO-TIFULLY!*

THE VIEWING *PUBLIC* SAW *DAREDEVIL* ESCAPING PRISON--AND *ME* RECAPTURING HIM.

AND, NO MATTER *WHAT* THE NEWSPAPERS PRINT, THE *PEOPLE* WILL BELIEVE THAT *I'M* THE HERO, AND THAT SCARLET-SAP THE *MURDERER!*

IT DOESN'T EVEN MAKE A DIFFERENCE THAT THE *POLICE* NOW KNOW DAREDEVIL'S *INNOCENT*-- EVERYONE *ELSE* IS POSITIVE HE'S *GUILTY.*

MY LITTLE MOVIE MASTERPIECE IS TURNING OUT *PERFECTLY*, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS--

--AND, AFTER ANOTHER *SCENE* OR TWO, THIS SENSATIONAL SHOW OF SARDONIC CINEMA WILL BE *OVER!*

YOU MAY *APPLAUD* NOW, IF YOU PLEASE.

WHILE...

HOPE YER GETTIN' THE *GALLOWS*, CREEP. YA *DESERVE* IT!

FRY THAT FINK, COP! FRY 'IM *GOOD!*

WHERE ARE WE GOING, OFFICER?

TOWER'S OFFICE, DD. HE WANTS TO *SEE* YOU.

I THANK YOU FOR YOUR *PATIENCE*, DAREDEVIL. AS YOU SAID... LOCKING YOU UP FOR THE NIGHT BROUGHT *RESULTS*.

OBSERVE, GENTLEMEN-- DAREDEVIL IS *HERE*. HE DID *NOT* ESCAPE LAST NIGHT... *DESPITE* WHAT YOU SAW ON TELEVISION.

AND THE MAN HE WAS *ACCUSED* OF MURDERING... DID *NOT* RECAPTURE HIM.

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN. GLAD TO BE HERE.

DAREDEVIL, YOU *MAY* BE INTERESTED IN THIS-- THE JESTER'S "BODY" WENT THROUGH *CHEMICAL ANALYSIS* AFTER IT SELF-DESTRUCTED LAST NIGHT.

AS PREDICTED, IT *WASN'T* FLESH AND BLOOD, BUT SOME SORT OF *MANIMATION*-- AN AUTOMATON.

CONSIDERING THE JESTER'S FONDNESS FOR *TOYS*, I SUSPECTED AS MUCH.

DO YOU HAVE ANY *IDEA* WHAT THIS MADNESS IS ALL ABOUT, DAREDEVIL?

ONLY THAT THE JESTER IS *DEFINITELY* BEHIND THIS, MR. MAYOR... AND THAT HE'S TRYING TO *CONFUSE* PEOPLE INTO BELIEVING *LIES*...

...NO MATTER WHAT THE *AUTHORITIES* TRY TELLING THEM.

TO TAKE IT FROM THE BEGINNING, SIR-- FOGGY NELSON'S RE-ELECTION CAMPAIGN WAS *SABOTAGED*.

WE *KNOW* THE JESTER WAS HIRED *YEARS* AGO TO RUIN FOGGY'S *FIRST* CAMPAIGN, AND HE *FAILED*.

PERHAPS, BECAUSE OF HIS OWN *WARPED* SENSE OF PRIDE, HE *HAD* TO RUIN THIS ONE.

THEN CAME THE TELEVISION *REVELATION* THAT THE KENNEDY BROTHERS WERE *ALIVE*. THIS WAS AN *OBVIOUS* LIE... BUT RIGHT AFTER WATERGATE AND SOME OF THE *CIA* SCANDALS, WELL, PEOPLE WERE JUST *TOO QUICK* TO BELIEVE *ANYTHING BAD* ABOUT THE GOVERNMENT.

THEN CAME THE MOST *OUTRAGEOUS* NEWS OF ALL-- THAT THE VIETNAM WAR HAD *NEVER* HAPPENED.

NOBODY COULD ACTUALLY *BELIEVE* THAT PACK OF LIES... YET, AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE THAT HAD BEEN DISCLOSED, THOSE T.V. REPORTS WERE NOT SO *EASILY* DISMISSED.

AND FINALLY, THE SUPPOSED *SECRET WARS* IN SAUDI ARABIA AND CHILE..., COMING RIGHT AFTER THE *REAL* EXPOSE OF THE WAR IN ANGOLA-- THIS NEWS *WAS* BELIEVED.

WE CAN BE SURE, GENTLEMEN, THAT THE JESTER ISN'T TAMPERING WITH THE NEWS JUST FOR *FUN*... IT ISN'T HIS STYLE.

HE HAS SOME *OTHER* GOAL IN MIND... AND IT *HAS* TO BE SOME-THING *BIG!*

NOW HE'S COMING AFTER *ME*...TRYING TO PROVE THAT I'M A KILLER. BUT I THINK THAT'S *ONLY* TO GET ME OUT OF HIS WAY.

HIS SCHEME IS SOMETHING *BIGGER* THAN A FRAME JOB.

WHICH MEANS...?

WHICH MEANS, MR. MAYOR, THAT WE'VE GOT TO START LOOKING FOR *ANY* SIGNS OF ACTIVITY. HE'S *ACCELERATED* THE PACE OF HIS NEW SPOTS--

THAT WHATEVER HE'S PLANNING--IS COMING *SOON*.

WE COULD BE IN FOR A VERY *ROUGH* TIME IF MY SUSPICIONS PROVE TO BE TRUE.

AND WHY IS *THAT*, DAREDEVIL?

MR. TOWER, IF THE JESTER CAN MAKE A FILM *PROVING* I'M A KILLER...IMAGINE IF IT HAD THE *MAYOR* TELL EVERYONE THAT THE POLICE HAD GONE *CRAZY*...

...OR THAT IT WAS NOW *LEGAL* TO *BREAK THE LAW!*

}GASP{ THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE!*

IS *IT*, SIR? DIDN'T YOU BELIEVE FOR JUST *ONE* MOMENT ANY OF HIS STORIES... ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU HEARD THEM ON THE *NEWS*?

NO, SIR--IF THE JESTER WANTED TO, HE COULD SEVERELY *DAMAGE* OUR SEARCH FOR HIM. WHICH IS *WHY* WE'VE GOT TO PLAN THIS *CAREFULLY*...AND IN *SECRET*.

DO TELL, HORNHEAD... *DO TELL?!!* LET US *ALL* HEAR YOUR PROFUNDITORY *PLANS*.

EVEN THOUGH THEY WON'T DO YOU ONE BIT OF GOOD... NO GOOD *AT ALL! HA! HA! HA!*

BECAUSE, MY DEAR DUMBDEVIL...MY SCHEME IS EVEN *WILDER* THAN YOUR PETTY MIND CAN IMAGINE.

AH YES...*YES!* THIS IS A SCHEME WORTHY *ONLY* OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE MIND OF ALL--*THE JESTER!*

HA! HA! HA! HA!

HEE! HEE! HEE! BUT YOU ARE CLOSE, MY FINE FRIEND... VERY CLOSE TO THE SINISTER SCENE I'M NEXT TO FILM.

DRUMROLL, PLEASE... LIGHTS-- CAMERA-- ACTION!

COMPUTER ON, MY FRIEND.

YOU SEE, DD-- YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT MY SCHEME... THE WARNING OF BERSERK POLICE...

SWIK

...JUST AS YOU WERE RIGHT THAT A RATHER IMPORTANT GENTLEMAN WILL ANNOUNCE THE SHOCKING REVELATION.

BUT YOU WERE WRONG WHEN YOU PICKED OUR POOR OVER-BURDENED MAYOR.

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN-- LET US HEAR A ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR--

--PRESIDENT GERALD R. FORD!

JUST THE LATEST OF MY INCOMPARABLE COMPUTER ESCAPADES--

--WHICH I MUST THANK MY DEAR, DEPARTED FRIEND, THE INVENTOR OF THIS DELIGHTFUL DEVICE FOR.

OH, THAT FOOL DESIGNED IT FOR REASONS FAR MORE MUNDANE THAN I HAVE DEIGNED TO USE IT FOR.

OH, YES, YES! ALL HE WISHED TO DO WAS MAKE MOVIES... FEATURE-LENGTH FRIVOLITIES STARRING HIS FAVORITE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES OF THE PAST.

IT'S AN AMAZING MACHINE, MY FRIEND HAD DESIGNED... HE WOULD SIMPLY STORE IN ITS MEMORY BANK EVERY MOVIE A STAR HAD MADE... IT CATALOGUES EVERY POSE, EVERY GESTURE, EVERY SYLLABLE OF SPEECH.

AND, WHEN HE WOULD FEED INTO IT A NEW SCRIPT, IT WOULD SELECT THE PROPER POSES AND WORDS TO FIT EACH AND EVERY SENSATIONAL SITUATION.

OH, IT COULD ALSO SYNTHESIZE NEW MOVEMENTS AND WORDS IF NECESSARY...

...AND VOILA! A NEW EPIC STARRING PERHAPS HUMPHREY BOGART AND ERROL FLYNN, CO-STARRING MARILYN MONROE...OR WHOEVER HE WOULD DESIRE...INCLUDING, MY FRIEND--DUMBDEVIL! TA TA!

ALL PICTURES COMPUTER PROGRAMMED AND CREATED... ALL VOICE AND COLOR MATCHED AND CORRECTED...

...ALL SHOTS SIMPLY PERFECT--

--ALL PERFECT TO CREATE MY OWN SPECTACULARS ...FOR MY OWN ENDS!

HA HA

HA HA HA HA HA HA

ELSEWHERE...

COULDN'T STAY WITH TOWER MUCH ***LONGER.*** MATT ***HAS*** TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE TODAY AT "THE STOREFRONT..."

...EVEN IF IT ***IS*** A SHORT ONE.

I'VE BEEN SO WRAPPED UP WITH ***THIS*** PROBLEM LATELY THAT I HAVEN'T SPENT MORE THAN ***MOMENTS*** AT WORK...

ALL RIGHT, HERO, PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A ***TONGUE-LASHING*** FROM FOGGY...

...NOT TO MENTION HEATHER.

OOOPPS... AN ***UGLY*** SCENE GOING ON ***BELOW*** ME--

LOOK! IT'S DAREDEVIL! ***GET 'IM!***

THE ***PRESIDENT*** SAID ***SHOOT*** ALL SUPER-HEROES!

WHAT? GOOD GRIEF--THE JESTER'S AT IT ***AGAIN!***

BAM

BAM

WHICH MEANS I BETTER MAKE MYSELF ***SCARCE.***

MATT'S APARTMENT IS ***AHEAD...*** ON THE ***NEXT*** BLOCK.

AND, SHORTLY...

HUNH? DOOR OPENING. FROM THE SMELL OF HER ***COLOGNE,*** AND THE WEIGHT OF HER FOOTSTEPS...IT CAN ONLY BE--***HEATHER!***

HI, LOVER! I ***THOUGHT*** I'D FIND YOU SULKING AROUND HERE.

C'MON, MY MISSING MYSTERY MAN. I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU ***ALL DAY.***

MMMMMMMMM!!

NICE KISSING, LOVER. SURE YOU WEREN'T OUT ***PRACTICING*** WITH SOMEONE ELSE?

THAT'S ABOUT THE ***FURTHEST*** THING FROM MY MIND, HONEY. I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A...UH... ***SPECIAL*** PROJECT.

YOU WOULDN'T BE DOING ANY ***PRIVATE*** INVESTIGATIONS ON MY DAD'S CASE, WOULD YOU?

DAD? OH RIGHT--! HEATHER, YOU JUST SUPPLIED THE PERFECT ***ALIBI!***

I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING, HEATHER. BUT, YOU ***GUESSED*** IT.

MATTHEW, YOU'RE BECOMING ***TOO*** GOOD A LIAR. DO YOU ***KNOW*** THAT?

OH, MATT-- I'M SO **WORRIED** ABOUT DAD... THAT HE MAY BE MIXED UP IN SOMETHING **SHADY.**

THOUGH FOGGY FEELS THAT HIS PERSONAL ASSISTANT, STONE, IS THE ONE BEHIND THE SLUM TENEMENTS, **NOT** DADDY.

FOGGY WOULDN'T SAY ANY-THING WITHOUT SOME **EVIDENCE,** LOVE.

LOOK, I'VE GOT TO **RUSH**... I ONLY CAME HERE TO PICK SOME-THING UP.

*THE YOUNG ATTORNEY **LEAVES**... LEAVING HEATHER GLENN ALONE... WITH HER THOUGHTS.*

MATT, DARLING... I **DON'T** WANT TO KNOW IF MY FATHER'S A CROOK.

WE'VE BEEN SO **CLOSE**... SO LONG NOW-- EVER SINCE THE **HOSPITAL**...

...SINCE MY-- **ACCIDENT.**

BUT...WHAT IF HE **IS** GUILTY. **WHAT DO I DO THEN?**

ELSEWHERE...

MURDOCK'S **GONE!**

I HAVE **ENOUGH** FOR THE MOMENT.

NO NEED FOR THE **TAPE** TO CONTINUE.

*A FEW MOMENTS **LATER**...*

YES, STONE? DO YOU WANT SOMETHING?

NO, MR. GLENN. I AM **LEAVING** NOW. DO YOU NEED ANYTHING **BEFORE** I GO?

NO, STONE. I HAVE SOME **CONTRACTS** TO GO OVER, AND THEN I'M GOING HOME.

HAVE A GOOD NIGHT.

DON'T WORRY, SIR. I **WILL!**

WHILE...

NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT THE JESTER HAD THE **PRESIDENT** SAY.

TOWER HAS BEEN **TAPING** ALL SPECIAL NEWSCASTS LATELY... AND THIS ONE **SHOULD** BE NO EXCEPTION.

I ONLY HOPE IT **ISN'T** WHAT I'VE BEEN FEARING ALL ALONG!

DAREDEVIL! YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME.

SEEMS YOU WERE *RIGHT* ABOUT THE JESTER'S LATEST MOVE.

I HAD A *HUNCH* I WAS, BLAKE-- CONSIDERING THE *RECEPTION* I GOT ON MY WAY HERE.

COME ON IN. WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO *LISTEN* TO THE VIDEOTAPE REPLAY.

PRESIDENT FORD? WHEW! THE JESTER *IS* PLAYING FOR KEEPS.

FELLOW AMERICANS, IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT THE *NEW YORK CITY POLICE* HAVE ALL GONE INSANE.

TOGETHER WITH YOUR SUPER-HEROES, THEY HAVE BANDED TOGETHER TO *LOOT* NEW YORK BLIND.

FURTHERMORE, THE POLICE AND SUPER-HEROES HAVE TAKEN TO *MURDERING* INNOCENT CITIZENS.

THEREFORE, I AM SENDING IN *FEDERAL TROOPS* TO SECURE THE PEACE. BUT, IN THE MEANTIME, I *URGE* ALL NEW YORKERS TO *TAKE TO THE STREETS--*

--WITH ANY AND ALL WEAPONS YOU CAN MUSTER!

AND, TO SAVE NEW YORK, TO *SAVE OUR COUNTRY, USE* YOUR WEAPONS IF YOU SEE *ANY* SUPER-HEROES *OR* POLICEMEN.

WOW! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. I JUST *CAN'T!*

I DOUBT IF *MOST* NEW YORKERS WILL, EITHER. BY THIS TIME THEY SHOULD BE *SUSPICIOUS* OF THESE CRAZY NEWSCASTS.

I'M SURE *MOST* OF THEM *ARE,* BLAKE. BUT WE ONLY NEED A *FEW* TO CREATE CHAOS.

I SUGGEST YOU DEPLOY *SOUND TRUCKS* IMMEDIATELY TO CAUTION PEOPLE TO STAY *INSIDE* THEIR APARTMENTS.

THAT WAY WE WON'T HAVE *EVERYONE* RUNNING AROUND TO CONTEND WITH.

BECAUSE ONE THING IS NOW *CLEAR*--THE JESTER'S PLANNING TO MOVE *TONIGHT.*

HOW'S *THAT,* DARE-DEVIL?

HE'S EFFECTIVELY FORCED UNIFORMED POLICE AND COSTUMED HEROES *OFF* THE STREETS-- IF *WE* DON'T WANT TO CREATE A MAJOR PROBLEM.

WHICH MEANS IT'S PROBABLY BEST THAT *I* TACKLE THIS *ALONE.* ONE MAN CREATES *LESS* OF A STIR THAN A *BATTERY* OF TROOPS.

SORRY, DD, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK *WITH* THE POLICE... *NOT* ON YOUR OWN.

HA! HA! HA! THAT *GLORIOUS* SCENE, THAT *MAGNIFICENT* MOMENT!

WOULDST THAT DAREDEVIL *WERE* TRULY DEAD BY MY HANDS.

AH WELL, THAT WILL WAIT FOR *LATER.* BUT NOW--

--IT IS TIME FOR THE *SHOW* TO START!

AND *YOU*, MY FIENDISH FRIENDS, YOU ARE THE *STARS* IN OUR LITTLE EXTRAVAGANZA!

HA

AND LET THERE BE *NO* MISTAKE ABOUT IT, MY COLLEAGUES IN CRIME--TONIGHT *IS* THE CROWNING MOMENT IN THE HISTORY OF VILLAINY. ALL CREATED AND ORCHESTRATED BY, TA *TA*-- YOURS TRULY!

HA HA

TONIGHT NO COP WILL *DARE* SHOW HIS FACE, LEST SOME POOR, *MISGUIDED* WORM IN THIS BIG APPLE *BLOW* THAT FACE TO KINGDOM COME.

FOR THIS NIGHT *NO* SUPER HERO WILL VENTURE FORTH, LEST THEY *AROUSE* THE ANGRY PASSIONS OF THE PLEBIANS THEY TRY SO PAINFULLY TO PROTECT!

FOR *ONE NIGHT* CRIME SHALL HAVE NO RESISTANCE.

YOU'RE A *SCREWBALL*, JESTER... AND ME, WELL, I DON'T *TRUST* YA.

EVERYONE OUT *THERE* IS BEIN' MANIPULATED. HOW DO *I* KNOW YER NOT DOIN' THE SAME TA *US*?

COUNT ME *OUTTA* THIS LOONY TUNE.

AH, MISTER JEFFERSON, YOU CUT ME TO THE *QUICK*.

YOU ABSOLUTELY *WOUND* ME WITH YOUR ACCUSALS.

BUT, THIS *IS* A FREE COUNTRY, AND, IF YOU WANT *OUT*...

...NO ONE *HERE* WILL STOP YOU.

IT WAS A *PLEASURE* ALMOST DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU, GOOD SIR.

PERHAPS SOME *OTHER* TIME, EH?

DON'T COUNT ON IT, KOOK!

HEY, WAIT! THIS *ISN'T* THE WAY OUTTA HERE.

WHAT'RE YOU *PULLIN',* JESTER?

HEE! HEE! HEE!

WHAT?!?

CRIPES! JUST A JACK-IN-THE-BOX!

SPING!

WHAT IN BLAZES IS THE JESTER DOIN'?

WELCOME TO THE *MURDER MAZE,* MORON! TEN TERRIFYING FLOORS FILLED WITH DELIGHTFUL *DEATH TRAPS* AWAIT YOU.

IF YOU MAKE IT THROUGH-- YOU'RE *FREE!* (YAY!)

BUT BE *WARNED-- NO MAN* HAS EVER SURVIVED! (BOO!)

WE'LL *SEE* ABOUT THAT, JESTER. JEFFREY JEFFERSON AIN'T A *EASY* MAN TO KILL.

SUDDENLY...

WHA--? *GUNSHOTS!*

BAM!

BAM!

I'M BEING *SHOT AT!*

HUNNNN. J-JUST MY *REFLEC-TION...* B-BUT THEY WERE SO *REAL.*

I-IT'S ALMOST AS IF I *WERE* SHOT. MY HEART'S *JACK-HAMMER-ING* AWAY LIKE CRAZY.

BUT AS LONG AS HE KEEPS SENDING *MIRAGES* AT ME, I'LL GET THROUGH THIS INSANE FUN HOUSE.

I-I HOPE.

THEN...

WAIT! THE *STEPS...* THEY'VE FOLDED *UNDER* THEMSELVES...INTO A *SLIDE!*

FALLING! *I'M FALLING!*

NOO!! A GIANT JESTER

AND IT'S *TEETH--* THEY'RE COMIN' *DOWN ON ME!!!*

YAAGGGGHHHHH!!!!

HUH? WHAT WUZ THAT?

SOUNDED LIKE AN ANIMAL SCREAMING!

LET US HAVE ONE MOMENT OF SILENCE FOR OUR POOR BRETHREN, MR. JEFFERSON... MAY HE REST IN PIECES!

A SHAME HE HAD TO SERVE AS WARNING TO ANY OTHER WHO MAY WISH TO WALK OUT ON THIS DEAL.

ARE YOU GENTLEMEN STILL WITH ME? PLEASE SPEAK. THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY. AND THE FIRST AMENDMENT GUARANTEES FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

SURE! W-WE'RE WITH YOU, JESTER.

I'M REALLY SO VERY HAPPY ABOUT THAT DECISION, GENTLEMEN.

NOW THEN, THE CITY IS WIDE OPEN TONIGHT--BEFORE FEDERAL TROOPS ACTUALLY ARE CALLED IN. AND YOU ALL HAVE OPTIONED SPECIFIC SECTIONS TO LOOT--

--WITH 50% OF THE PROFITS COMING TO ME.

I BELIEVE IT IS TIME TO BEGIN, GENTLEMEN...?

MEANTIME, OUTSIDE ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, PRIVATE CITIZENS; SOME BUSINESSMEN, SOME SHOP-KEEPERS, SOME HOUSEWIVES, PATROL THE SIDEWALKS...

...SEARCHING FOR AN OUTLET TO THEIR PENT-UP FRUSTRATIONS.

FRUSTRATIONS THAT CAN NOW BE RELEASED BECAUSE AN IMAGE ON A TELEVISION SCREEN GAVE THEM PERMISSION TO BREAK THE LAW.

YOU! YOU LOOK LIKE A COP!

I'M NOT! I SWEAR TO YOU-- I'M NOT!

YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, CREEP!

ALL RIGHT, FRIEND. PUT DOWN THAT GUN. YOU'RE LIABLE TO HURT SOMEONE.

AND WHAT'S IT TO YOU, PUNK? LOOKIN' FER TROUBLE?

I SUGGEST YOU GIVE ME YOUR GUN, SIR-- OR I MAY BE FORCED TO BREAK IT, AND YOU, IN HALF.

WELL...

HORNHEAD TO TOWER!

IT'S ***CRAZY*** DOWN HERE, BLAKE. THERE'S A COUPLE ***DOZEN*** MANIACS RUNNING AROUND FIRING OFF THEIR ***TEMPERS*** AS WELL AS GUNS.

FEWER THAN I MIGHT'VE ***EXPECTED***, BUT STILL ***MORE*** THAN ENOUGH.

JUST BE ***CAREFUL***, DAREDEVIL. IF THEY SEE YOU IN ***COSTUME***, THEY COULD POSSIBLY OPEN FIRE.

WHICH IS WHY I'M ***NOT*** IN UNIFORM, BLAKE. CIVVIES KEEP ME ***INNOCUOUS*** ENOUGH.

KEEP YOUR EYES ***OPEN***. WE'RE GETTING PROBLEMS ON ***THIS*** SIDE.

DOZENS OF ***ROBBERIES*** ALL OVER TOWN... A TOTAL ***FIELD DAY*** FOR CRIMINALS...

...AND WE'RE HELPLESS UNTIL THE STATE AND FEDERAL TROOPS COME IN.

OUR ***OWN*** MEN CAN'T EVEN SHOW THEM-SELVES WITHOUT ENDANGER-ING INNO-CENT ***LIVES***.

GOOD LUCK, BLAKE. I THINK WE'LL ***BOTH*** NEED IT.

AND PERHAPS I'LL NEED IT EVEN ***MORE***-- BECAUSE THE... STREET'S TOO ***CROWDED*** FOR BLIND MATT MURDOCK TO QUICKLY NAVIGATE THROUGH.

WHICH MEANS I'VE GOT TO SWING FREE AS DAREDEVIL-- ***DESPITE*** THE RISK.

MAN WITHOUT FEAR I ***MAY*** BE. MAN WITHOUT ***SENSE*** I MOST ***DEFINITELY AM!***

HEY! UP THERE! IT'S DAREDEVIL!

GET 'IM!

GOTTA MOVE ***FAST***... DUCK AND WEAVE ***BETWEEN*** THEIR SHOTS!

FORTUNATELY THEY'RE ***NOT*** MARKS-MEN, AND IT'S A ***SNAP*** FOR MY ***RADAR SENSES*** TO SHOW ME ***WHERE*** THEY'RE FIRING... ***BEFORE*** THEY ACTUALLY DO.

UH OH! CAR BURSTING THROUGH A ***WINDOW*** DOWN THERE...

...AND IF I REMEMBER MY ***GEOGRAPHY*** CORRECTLY--

--THAT'S THE FIRST NATIONAL RESERVE *BANK* DOWN THERE!

MAKE WAY, WORLD-- DD'S SWINGING THROUGH!

SONUVAGUN! THAT CAR'S A *SPECIAL MODEL*--

--OR ELSE DETROIT'S OUTFITTING *ALL* 76'S WITH BUILT-IN *CANNONS*...

...POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLOW *BANK VAULT DOORS OFF THEIR HINGES!*

MOVE IT, YOU TURKEYS. WE'VE ONLY GOT *FIVE MINUTES* AT MOST!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS. I GOT MY *PIECE* READY IF ANYONE BUGS US.

8-B-BOSS! LOOK OVER *HERE!!!*

DAREDEVIL!

IT CERTAINLY *ISN'T* YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN, CREEP!

BUT THE JESTER SWORE--

SPAM!

YOU ACTUALLY *BELIEVE* A GUY WHO TELLS TIME WITH A *COO-COO WRIST WATCH?*

SHAME ON YOU, PUNK! NEXT TIME YOU'LL *KNOW* BETTER.

HEY! LOOK IN THERE!

DAREDEVIL'S *ROBBIN'* A BANK!

LET'S *HELP* THEM GUYS *STOP 'IM!*

HEY! *WAIT! THEY'RE* THE CROOKS! *NOT ME!!*

SURE, CRUD! AN' I GUESS YA *DIDN'T* MURDER DEM COPS LIKE I SAW ON THE TEEVEE, EITHER?

WATTAYA TAKE ME FOR, DD? I GOT *BRAINS!*

SMASH DA CREEP! SMASH 'IM!

THE JESTER'S SCHEME *WORKS* AFTER ALL! NOW, *HURRY!*

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG THAT *MOB* WILL STAY WITH DAREDEVIL BEFORE *CATCHING ON* TO WHAT *WE'RE* DOIN' HERE.

BUT, AS THE MOB GROWS **THICKER** AND **ANGRIER** ABOUT DAREDEVIL...

GET 'IM!

...THE FIGHTING MAD MAN-WITHOUT-FEAR FINALLY **FALLS**...BENEATH THE **WEIGHT** OF THE UNSTOPPABLE INSANITY.

HE'S **DOWN!**

FINISH 'IM **OFF!**

TEACH 'IM TO MURDER COPS!

HE **DESERVES** WHAT HE GETS!

HEY, BOSS. THE **JESTER** CALLED IN... HAS AN **IDEA** WHAT TO DO WITH DAREDEVIL.

SAYS IT'LL MAKE IT **EASIER** FOR THE **REST** OF OUR HEISTS TO BE PULLED OFF.

YEAH? THEN WHAT ARE YOU **WAITING** FOR, SQUIRT? GIMME THE **PHONE!**

MOMENTS LATER...

STOP IT! STOP THIS IMMEDIATELY!

I HAVE WORD FROM **THE JESTER!**

HUNH? THE JESTER?

HE'S THE ONE DIS PUNK TRIED TA **KILL.***

THAT'S RIGHT, FRIEND. AND THE JESTER HAS AN **IDEA.**

AND HE **TRUSTS** THAT YOU WILL **CARRY IT OUT**-- TO THE LETTER!

*AS DECEPTIVELY SHOWN IN THE LAST TWO ISSUES.--MARV.

HE WANTS TO MAKE AN **EXAMPLE** OUT OF DAREDEVIL--

--TO SHOW THAT YOU CAN'T **MESS AROUND** WITH, AHEM, JUSTICE AND SUCH STUFF.

SO, HE WANTS TO STAGE A **FAIR TRIAL** FOR DD-- **BEFORE** WE KILL 'IM!

YEAH! WE GOTTA DO IT *LEGAL!* HANG 'IM FAIR 'N SQUARE!

C'MON! THE JESTER'S WAITIN' FOR US--

--ON TIMES SQUARE!

AND SO...

AH *HA!* DAREDEVIL'S *STILL* IN ONE PIECE, I SEE. VERY GOOD. I *WOULDN'T* WANT HIM DEAD BEFORE *WE* KILL HIM.

DUMP HIM ANYWHERE, MY GOOD MAN. I *DOUBT* IF HE'LL ESCAPE OUR THRONG.

WILL HE, MY FRIENDS?

NOW

Nooo!!

HEE! HEE! HEE! AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--THE *TRIAL OF THE CENTURY!*

MORE SENSATIONAL THAN THE *LINDBERG* CASE. MORE SPECTACULAR THAN *EICHMANN*, MORE TRAGIC THAN...MY OWN *LAST* TRIAL... WHICH THAT CREEP FORCED ON *ME!*

AND *HERE'S* THE GUILTY PARTY, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS--

HERE'S... DAREDEVIL!!

42ND ST TIMES SQUARE

HANG HIM! HANG HIM!

NOW NOW, FRIENDS... YOU *HAVEN'T* HEARD THE EVIDENCE YET.

BUT THEN, WE *ALL* KNOW THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER, *DON'T* WE?

WE *ALL SAW IT ON THE TELEVISION*, DIDN'T WE?

AND YOU CAN *ALWAYS* BELIEVE WHAT *THEY* TELL YOU! YOU CAN ALWAYS BELIEVE THE *NEWS!* THE *SHOWS! THE COMMERCIALS!!?!*

HA

HA

HA

HA! HA! HA! HA!

THE JESTER'S VOICE ECHOES FORTH WITH **ENTICING** WORDS...WORDS WHICH **MOVE** THE CROWD. FOR, THE JESTER IS AN ACTOR SUPREME, **MANIPULATING** HIS AUDIENCE WITH MEANINGLESS WELL-CRAFTED THOUGHTS. AND, AS HIS VOICE RISES AND LOWERS, AND THE TENSIONS **BUILD** AND **GROW**, AN UNCONSCIOUS DAREDEVIL STARTS TO SWAY WITH THE PULSATING **RHYTHMS** THAT ABOUND EVERYWHERE...

UNNGGG-HHHHH...

...WHERE AM--

WHAT?!?

AH, YOU'VE **AWAKENED** IN TIME TO **HEAR** THE VERDICT IN THIS LITTLE CHARADE OF JURISPRUDENCE. HOW **WONDERFUL!**

WELL, CITIZENS, **WHAT** DO YOU HAVE TO SAY TO YOUR **FORMER** HERO?

WHAT IS YOUR **VERDICT!**

DOES HE LIVE -- OR DOES HE...

...**DIE!!**

NEXT

THE CLIMACTIC CONCLUSION TO THE MOST **BIZARRE** DAREDEVIL SAGA OF ALL:

THE MURDER-MAZE STRIKES TWICE!

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

THE MARVEL EXPLOSION STARTS HERE!

STRUGGLE ALL YOU WISH, SCARLET FOOL!

BUT, IF I CAN'T DESTROY YOU--

--MY DEADLY MURDER MAZE WILL!

THE JESTER'S STEEL JAWS SPELL DEATH!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

THE MURDER MAZE STRIKES TWICE!

INSTANT SYNOPSIS DEPT: LISTEN CAREFULLY, MARVELITE, BECAUSE PLENTY HAS BEEN GOIN' ON, AND EVEN MORE'S COMIN' AT YA!

DAREDEVIL HAS FINALLY LEARNED THAT THE INSIDIOUS, JEERING JESTER, IS THE MANIACAL MASTERMIND BEHIND A SERIES OF BIZARRE AND DISTORTED TV NEWS SHOWS!

WELL, CITIZENS, WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY TO YOUR FORMER HERO?

DOES HE LIVE-- OR DOES HE--

--DIE!

DOWN WITH DAREDEVIL

STOP ALL SUPER-HEROES

HOLD UP HORNHEAD

THE JESTER, MEANTIME, CREATED TWO SPECIAL NEWSCASTS WHICH PROVED THAT HORNHEAD CALLOUSLY MURDERED THREE POLICEMEN, AND THAT ALL NEW YORK CITY'S COPS HAVE TURNED CROOKED!

THE PURPOSE: TO KEEP THE CITY CLEAR OF ALL LAW OFFICIALS, ALLOWING THE JESTER TO SELL TO OTHER CROOKS THE RIGHTS TO ROB NEW YORK CITY BLIND!

MEANWHILE, THE JESTER HAS MANAGED TO DEFEAT DD LONG ENOUGH TO DRAG HIM TO TIMES SQUARE WHERE HE HOLDS A MOCK TRIAL, WITH AN IRATE CITIZENRY (WHO STILL BELIEVE THE JESTER'S PHONEYED-UP NEWSCASTS) AS THE FEARLESS ONE'S JURORS!

GOT THAT ALL, PILGRIM? GOOD! 'CAUSE FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

marv wolfman / WRITER / EDITOR | john buscema & jim mooney / ARTISTS | joe rosen / LETTERER | don warfield / COLORIST

H-HEY! I THINK THIS IS GOING *TOO FAR!*

MAYBE THE *NEWSPAPERS* WERE RIGHT! MAYBE THE TV WAS *WRONG!*

WH-WHAT IF DAREDEVIL IS *INNOCENT!*

HUNH? I-I NEVER *THOUGHT* OF THAT.

YOU'RE *RIGHT!* WE *CAN'T* LET 'IM BE LYNCHED!

EH? THOSE FOOLS ARE BEGINNING TO *THINK!* THEY'RE NO LONGER ACTING ON *IMPULSE.*

MY PLAN'S IN *TROUBLE...* UNLESS I CAN STAGE A LITTLE *ACCIDENT...* BY *FORCING* DD TO MAKE A MOVE! *HA! HA! HA!*

AH, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS. YOU'RE RIGHT... *COMPLETELY* RIGHT.

THIS *ISN'T* A FAIR TRIAL, AND YOU *KNOW* THE JESTER WOULD *NEVER* STAND FOR ANYTHING UNFAIR.

OH, HOW *MISGUIDED* WE ALL WERE. THE SHAME OF IT ALL. THE *SHAME!*

IF THE JESTER'S PLAYING ALONG WITH THE CROWD, IT CAN ONLY MEAN HE'S *UP* TO SOMETHING SLIMY.

WHICH MEANS *I'VE* GOT TO MOVE EVEN *FASTER.*

UPSY-DAISY, HORNHEAD...

...AND YOU'D *BETTER* PULL OFF THIS STUNT RIGHT THE *FIRST* TIME.

NO STANDING

THANK YOU, FOOL. YOU'VE DONE WHAT I *HOPED* YOU'D DO.

AH-*HA!* HE'S ATTEMPTING TO *ESCAPE*, FRIENDS. THAT *PROVES* HIS GUILT!

ROPE'S CAUGHT IN MY *HANDS*-- WITH ENOUGH *SLACK* TO MAKE SURE I DON'T ACCIDENTALLY *HANG* MYSELF.

BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME I WAS BETTER OFF *BEFORE* I TRIED THIS STUNT.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS-- WE CAN'T LET A *MASS MURDERER* ESCAPE NOW, CAN WE?

VENTILATE 'IM!

I'VE BEEN *WAITIN'* FER YA TA SAY THAT, JESTER!

BAM

BAM

SORRY, GOONS, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO *BETTER* WITH THOSE PEA-SHOOTERS IF YOU HOPE TO TURN ME INTO *SWISS CHEESE!*

I HAVEN'T MUCH *LEEWAY* WITH THE ROPE, BUT IF I LET *GO*-- I'M DONE FOR.

AND IN *NO WAY* IS THAT A *CHEERY* THOUGHT.

MY *ONLY* HOPE IS THESE CREEPS DON'T HAVE MUCH IN THE *BRAIN* DEPARTMENT, AND MY SUDDEN *MOVES* KEEP THEM OFF GUARD.

HEY! HE'S COMIN' AT US!

SWAK!

REALLY? I WOULD *NEVER* HAVE GUESSED!

HEY! THOSE GUYS LOOK LIKE *PROFESSIONAL CROOKS* TO ME. SOMETHING *SCREWY'S* GOIN' ON.

UH-OH. THE MADDING CROWD IS GETTING *RESTLESS*. IT LOOKS LIKE A DEFINITE *THUMBS DOWN* ON THIS PERFORMANCE.

Y'KNOW, I *DON'T* TRUST THE JESTER! HE LAUGHS LIKE HE'S *CRAZY!*

BUT A GOOD PERFORMER KNOWS WHEN TO BOW OUT--AND TO TAKE THE SHOW *ELSEWHERE!*

I'VE HEARD THE JESTER *PLANS* TO CONFUSE PEOPLE. THAT HE'S BEEN *MAKING* US ALL BELIEVE DAREDEVIL'S BECOME A MURDERER.

YEAH! I REMEMBER DD *SAVING* MY MOTHER-IN-LAW ONCE FROM A HIT-AND-RUN. NEVER *FORGAVE* 'IM FOR THAT.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

FREE DAREDEVIL AND *STOP* THE JESTER!

PUBLIC OPINION'S *CHANGING*, GOOD FRIENDS. THE TIDE IS *TURNING!*

LET US *AWAY* WHILE WE CAN.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY *NO MORE*, BOSS.

TO THE *CHOPPER!*

THAT CROWD'S GETTIN' *UGLY!*

FAREWELL, FOOLS. I HOPE WE SHALL MEET AGAIN UNDER MORE *FAVORABLE* CIRCUMSTANCES.

TA TA FOR *NOW.*

C'MON! GET THIS THING *MOVING*, DOLT!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

YOU ALMOST **DESERVED** WHAT WOULD'VE HAPPENED, DD. I **TOLD** YOU NOT TO GO SWINGING THROUGH THE CITY IN **COSTUME.**

SORRY, BLAKE, BUT **UNTIL** I PIN A BADGE ON THIS COSTUME, I'M MY **OWN** MAN. AND I'LL DO WHATEVER **I** THINK BEST.

LIKE GETTING YOURSELF **HANGED?**

IF I WEREN'T IN **DISGUISE**, SWAYING THE CROWD **AGAINST** THE JESTER, YOU'D BE SWINGING FROM A **NOOSE** INSTEAD OF NURSING A SIMPLE PAIN IN THE NECK.

SORRY TO **DISILLUSION** YOU, BLAKE. BUT I ALREADY HAD MY **HANDS FREE** WHEN YOU CAME ALONG. ANOTHER MOMENT AND I WOULD'VE BEEN **OUT** OF THE NOOSE.

BUT SPEAKING OF A PAIN A LITTLE BIT **LOWER** ON THE ANATOMY, I NOW **KNOW** THAT CLOWN'S CAPER.

HE'S **SELLING** SECTIONS OF NEW YORK TO **OTHER** CROOKS TO ROB--AND HE'S USING THE TELEVISION NEWS SPOTS TO CREATE **DIVERSIONS. OUR** STOOLIES TOLD US, DD.

IT'S **CATCH 22** ALL OVER AGAIN. IF WE SEND TROOPS TO **STOP** HIS CRIMES, MISGUIDED CITIZENS WILL TURN NEW YORK INTO A WAR ZONE.

IF WE LEAVE THE JESTER **ALONE**, HE ROBS THE CITY BLIND.

WHICH IS WHERE **I** COME IN. I CAN MOVE FASTER THROUGH THE CITY THAN **ANY** POLICEMAN.

AND I CAN **TRACK** THE JESTER DOWN IN WAYS YOU'D **NEVER BELIEVE.**

JUST GIVE ME A **CHANCE** TO FIGHT THIS ONE **ALONE!**

NOT MUCH TIME, AND I **STILL** HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE STOREFRONT TO PICK SOMETHING UP.

WHICH MEANS I'LL BE **DELAYED** ANSWERING HEATHER'S **QUESTIONS** AS TO THE **WHEREABOUTS** OF A CERTAIN BLIND ATTORNEY.

NOT THAT SHE'S **NORMALLY** THAT POSSESSIVE ABOUT MATT, BUT IT'S **WORRYING** ABOUT HER FATHER THAT'S **GETTING TO HER.**

WORRYING IF HER DAD **IS** HOOKED UP TO SOMETHING CROOKED, OR IS JUST BEING TAKEN **ADVANTAGE** OF BY HIS AIDES.

AND I HAVEN'T EVEN HAD THE TIME TO **HELP** HER... WHICH IS WHY FOGGY'S ON THE CASE.

NOT THAT **HE'S** OPERATING WITH A CLEAR HEAD, EITHER--EVER SINCE HE LEARNED DEBBIE HARRIS HAS **VANISHED.**

MATTHEW, M'BOY, EVER GET THE FEELING THAT YOU'RE LIVING IN A **SOAP OPERA?**

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF **COMMERCIAL BREAKS** TO RELIEVE THE ANXIETY!

OH, WHAT **FUN** IT IS TO BE A SUPER HERO.

WHILE ELSE-WHERE...

I BELIEVE YOU VOICED A COMPLAINT, CARPENTER?

GENTLEMEN... GENTLEMEN! SHALL WE LISTEN TO MR. CARPENTER'S LITTLE GRIPE ABOUT THE WAY THINGS ARE RUN HERE?

CENTER STAGE IS YOURS, CARPENTER. THE SPOT-LIGHT IS ON. SPEAK!

I-I DON'T THINK I LIKE THIS, JESTER. I MEAN, YOU SCREWED UP GETTIN' DAREDEVIL BUMPED OFF.

WHY SHOULD I THINK YOU CAN HANDLE THIS ROBBERY GIMMICK ANY BETTER?

AH! A GOOD QUESTION, CARPENTER. ONE WHICH SHOULD GET AN ANSWER.

PSY-CHOLOGY, MY FRIENDS... PURE AND SIMPLE! GETTING FOOLS TO KILL IS ONE THING.

CONFUSING THOSE SAME FOOLS IS A TOTALLY DIFFERENT MATTER ALTOGETHER.

MY SCHEME WILL WORK, CARPENTER,-- FOR I CAN CREATE ANY DIVERSION I NEED WITH MY LITTLE TOY.

REMEMBER HOW FRIEND BIG MAX SCORED WITH HIS ROBBERY?

WELL, I'VE BEEN THINKIN' IT OVER, JESTER. AND ME AN' MY BOYS WANT OUT.

OUT? OF COURSE, CARPENTER. YOU WANT OUT? YOU HAVE OUT.

WHAT'S THE CATCH, JESTER? YOU WOULDN'T BE SO NICE UNLESS THERE WAS A CATCH TO THIS.

CATCH?

OH, YES. HERE! CATCH!

SKA-BLAM!

HA!

HA! HA! HA!

ANY FURTHER *DEFECTIONS?* ANYONE ELSE INTERESTED IN WALKING AWAY FROM THE *GREATEST CRIME CAPER THIS WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!?!*

THERE'S *MILLIONS* INVOLVED HERE, MY FRIENDS-- BECAUSE TONIGHT THE CITY IS *WIDE OPEN...*

...AND NARY A BLUE-BELTED BASTION OF JUSTICE WILL *DARE* SHOW HIS FACE--NOT WITHOUT SETTING OFF *WORLD WAR THREE.*

NOT *ME*, JESTER. I'M WITH YOU *ALL THE WAY!*

SAME HERE, JESTER. CARPENTER WAS JUST A *CREEP.*

EVEN *AFTER* I GIVE YA 50% OF MY LOOT, I'LL STILL BE ON *EASY STREET!*

AH, *VERY* GOOD, FRIENDS. IT SEEMS WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER... *PERFECTLY.*

WHICH MEANS IT'S NOW TIME FOR *ANOTHER* BROADCAST FEATURING EVERYONE'S *FAVORITE* PRESIDENT.

WHILE...

MATT, I *WON'T* ASK WHY YOU'VE KEPT THE TV ON ALL DAY, AND I CERTAINLY WON'T *PRY* ABOUT WHERE YOU'VE *BEEN* THESE PAST HOURS...

I MEAN, YOU *DON'T* HAVE TO TELL ME ANYTHING, UNLESS YOU *ENJOY* HAVING YOUR FAVORITE FRUIT-CAKE HOLD HER BREATH TILL SHE TURNS *BLUE!*

I'M SORRY, HEATHER...

...BUT I HAVE MY *REASONS* FOR EVERYTHING, AND I PROMISE... IF I CAN, I *WILL* TELL YOU...SOMEDAY.

IN THE MEANTIME, *PLEASE* HAVE PATIENCE WITH ME, ESPECIALLY *NOW.*

YOU ASK PATIENCE FROM SOME-ONE WHO *CAN'T* SIT STILL FOR THIRTY SECONDS WITHOUT GOING BANANAS?

I MAY BE *WONDERFUL*, MATT, BUT I'M NO MIRACLE WORKER. I--

QUIET! I THINK THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN *WAITING* FOR.

FELLOW AMERICANS, I HAVE *IMPORTANT* INFORMATION FOR ALL NEW YORKERS...

THERE IS A *MASS DISTURBANCE* ON WALL STREET. POLICE AND SUPER-HEROES ARE *DESTROYING* OUR SACRED BANKING INSTITUTIONS...

HUNH? WHY WOULD *HE* COME ON THE TELE-VISION TO TELL *US* THAT, MATT?

SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE.

WHAT'S WRONG, HEATHER, IS THAT MAN *ISN'T* THE PRESIDENT--

I *URGE* ALL NEW YORKERS TO *ARM* THEMSELVES AND *STOP* THIS MADNESS NOW.

--AND THAT NOT ONLY MAKES IT WRONG, BUT *TERRIFYING* AS WELL.

THAT *WAS* WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, HONEY.

I'VE *GOT* TO GO NOW.

MATT!?!

SOMETHING TELLS ME MY RELATIONSHIP WITH HEATHER WILL GO DOWN THE TUBES UNLESS I ***STOP*** WALKING OUT ON HER LIKE THAT.

SHE'S GOT ***PATIENCE*** BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY, BUT SHE'D BE ***INSANE*** TO TAKE THAT TREATMENT MUCH LONGER.

LOOKS LIKE HORNHEAD IS GETTING IN THE WAY OF MATT'S LIFE... ***AGAIN!***

AND I'M ***NOT*** ABOUT TO LET THAT ***CONTINUE*** TO HAPPEN.

YET, DD'S AS ***MUCH*** A PART OF ME AS MATT IS. I ***CAN'T*** GIVE UP BEING ONE ***OR*** THE OTHER.

FACE IT, HERO-- YOU'VE GOT A ***DEFINITE*** PROBLEM...

...AND YOU JUST ***DON'T*** HAVE THE ***WISDOM OF SOLOMON*** TO GUIDE YOU THROUGH IT SAFELY.

WELL, I'M ***HERE***... AND THERE'S ***NO SIGN*** OF THE JESTER ANYWHERE.

YET, HE ***WOULDN'T*** HAVE CREATED THAT PHONY NEWS SPOT LURING ALL OUR LOONIES DOWN HERE UNLESS HE ***MEANT*** TO STRIKE.

ALL RIGHT, HERE'S WHERE I GET TO TEST ***MY*** PATIENCE.

INTERESTING. THERE ARE ***FEWER*** PEOPLE RESPONDING TO THE JESTER'S BROADCAST THAN ***BEFORE.***

EVERYONE MUST BE ***WISING UP*** THAT SOMETHING IS ***WRONG***... AND STAYING ***INDOORS.***

NO STANDING

THAT SHOULD MAKE IT ***EASIER*** TO SWING FREE, AND FOR ***TOWER*** TO SEND SOME OF HIS MEN INTO ACTION.

I ***SHOULD*** GIVE HIM A CALL AND LET HIM ***KNOW*** THAT--

HOLD IT! MY INTERNAL SECURITY ALARM IS BEEPING OUT SIGNALS AGAIN! I HEAR ***THREE MEN*** RACING WILDLY TO THEIR CAR.

HOLD YOUR BREATH, KIDDIES. I THINK THIS MAY BE ***IT!***

LEAD ON, McDUFF--

--AND TAKE ME TO YOUR ***LEADER!***

THEY'VE *STOPPED* BEFORE THAT BUILDING.

BUT THE JESTER'S HIDEOUT *COULDN'T* BE IN *THERE!*

COULD I HAVE MADE SOME *MISTAKE?* MAYBE THEY *AREN'T* THE JESTER'S GOONS?!

IF SO, HORNHEAD-- YOU'VE *BLOWN* YOUR ONLY LEAD!

BETTER EAVESDROP ON 'EM, AND HOPE THEY SAY SOMETHING SINISTER!

LET'S GET UP *FAST*, GARY, THAT CREEPY JESTER'S PROBABLY WEARIN' OUT THE RUG WAITIN' FER US.

YA KNOW, FRANCIS-- WITH THE WAY THIS *GIMMICK* OF HIS WORKS, IF HE WEREN'T SUCH A *LOONY*, HE'D BE BRILLIANT. *SHEESH!*

THANK YOU, RADAR HEARING! YOU'VE SAVED SOME *RED* HAIR FROM TURNING *GRAY.*

AND, MOMENTS LATER, A SCARLET SWASHBUCKLER CREATES A RATHER *DRAMATIC* ENTRANCE INTO THE JESTER'S LAIR!

CRASH

HIYA, KIDDIES! I JUST CAME AROUND TO SEE IF ANYONE WANTED TO BUY SOME BOY SCOUT COOKIES!

DAREDEVIL?!?

BACK OFF, MEN. THAT SAWED-OFF SUPER HERO IS *MINE!*

DOES THAT MEAN YOU'RE *NOT* INTERESTED IN CHARITY, JESTER?

SURELY, WITH ALL YOUR *CURRENT* ILL-GOTTEN GAINS, YOU CAN *AFFORD* TO BE GENEROUS WITH A FEW *PALTRY* DOLLARS!

HA! HA! HA! YOU WANT A *CONTRIBUTION*, DD? VERY WELL-- HERE IT *IS*--

--WHIPPED UP *ESPECIALLY* FOR YOU IN THE JESTER'S VERY OWN *KITCHEN!*

MORE THAN THE MERE MEATBALL IT *RESEMBLES*--

--IT'S *REALLY* A MINIATURE *LAND MINE!*

HA HA HA

WHEW! SENSED THE *HEAT* GENERATING FROM THAT JUST IN *TIME.*

ANOTHER MOMENT MORE AND I'D BE MORE *OUT* OF IT THAN RED DYE NUMBER 2.

SKA-BAM!

NOT BAD, JESTER... BUT YOU'LL *NEVER* MAKE THE *BIG LEAGUES* WITH YOUR AIM.

WHICH *ISN'T* TO SAY THEY WON'T APPOINT YOU *PITCHER* FOR YOUR PRISON TEAM.

I HEAR THEY'RE *LOOKING* FOR A GOOD *SCREWBALL!*

YOU'RE *HUMOR* IS REVOLTING, DAREDEVIL--

THAT'S FUNNY! I WAS ABOUT TO SAY THE SAME OF *YOU!*

WE'VE *BATTLED* BEFORE, CREEP, AND EACH TIME YOU *DEFEATED* ME.

BUT THE SCENARIO TO *THIS* PRESENTATION HAS BEEN *RE-WRITTEN--*

--FOR, WHEN YOU ATTACK ME ON MY *HOME TURF*, YOU'RE FIGHTING ON ONE BIG *TRAP!*

BUT, I'VE *STILL* GOT TO *HAND* IT TO YOU, DD--

--WHEN YOU WALK INTO A TRAP... YOU WALK IN WITH *EYES WIDE OPEN!*

SLAM!

UNGGHHH!

GOOD NIGHT, SUCKER! *HA! HA! HA!*

BOK!

SORRY, CHARLIE, BUT I SENSED YOUR PUNCH COMING BY A *MILE...*

...MAKING IT A *SNAP* TO *ROLL WITH IT!*

WHAT A SHAME *YOU* CAN'T DO THE SAME... EH?

OH, SCARLET ONE. I'M *UNDONE!* I SURRENDER! CEASE! *DESIST!*

CLOWN THAT I AM, I CAN'T *HOPE* TO DEFEAT THE GREAT DAREDEVIL.

HUH? THE JESTER'S BRAIN'S ON THE *BLINK!*

WHAT'S HE *DOIN'?!?*

I *SURRENDER*, GOOD FIGHTER! I GIVE UP! TAKE ME *AWAY!*

ALL RIGHT, JESTER. WHAT'S YOUR *GAME?*

YOU *WOUND* ME, DAREDEVIL. YOU THINK I'M PLAYING SOME SORT OF *GAME* WITH YOU?

ME?

OH! I WOULD BE *MORTIFIED* IF IT WEREN'T TRUE.

YOU'RE *RIGHT.* I *DO* HAVE A *TRICK UP MY SLEEVE!*

AND *GAS* WHAT THAT LITTLE TRICK IS?

*UNN*GGGHHHH... CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH IN TIME... CAN'T...UHHHHHHH...

HA! HA! HA! DUMP HIM IN MY *MURDER MAZE*, MEN. LET HIM RUN THROUGH THE GAUNTLET OF DOOM.

WHY DON'T WE JUST *PLUG* 'IM HERE?

SILENCE, OAF! DON'T *DARE* ARGUE WITH GREATNESS.

DAREDEVIL'S A *WORTHY* FOE. AND, IF HE *SURVIVES* MY TEN FLOORS OF TERROR, HE *DESERVES* TO LIVE.

OF COURSE, SINCE *NO* MAN HAS EVER SURVIVED BEFORE, I *DOUBT* IF HORNHEAD WILL SET A *PRECEDENT!*

HA

HA

HA

SO, LET US BID A *FOND FAREWELL* TO OUR WOULD-BE PLAN-BUSTER.

YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND. *HA HA!*

*UNN*GGHHH. I FEEL LIKE A *TRUCK* IS RACING THROUGH MY HEAD.

BLAST IT! I FELL FOR HIS GAS GIMMICK LIKE A *NOVICE!*

WELL, *TEMPORARY* DEFEATS ARE ALWAYS GOOD FOR THE SOUL, OR SO THEY SAY.

BEFORE I WENT COMPLETELY UNCONSCIOUS, I HEARD THAT GRINNING DEVIL SAY SOMETHING ABOUT A *MURDER MAZE--*

WELL, WE'LL JUST *SEE* WHAT-- *EH?*

SOMETHING *SPRANG* UP BEFORE ME... A JESTER-IN-THE-BOX.

PROBABLY *DESIGNED* TO FRIGHTEN HIS INTENDED VICTIMS.

THERE'S **NO HEAT** FROM ANY LIGHT SOURCE, SO I GUESS THIS PLACE IS **PITCH BLACK.**

THAT **WOULD** FRIGHTEN MOST FOLKS...

...BUT FOR **ME**, IT'S WORK AS USUAL.

EH? **MACHINERY** CHURNING-- FROM **BELOW!**

WHAT? THE **STAIRS!**

THEY'VE FLATTENED THEMSELVES INTO A **RAMP!**

CAN'T KEEP MY **BALANCE!** I'M **SLIPPING...**

...BUT-- TOWARDS **WHAT?**

OBOY! I **DON'T** LIKE THE ANSWER.

A GIANT **JESTER-HEAD...** WITH MECHANICAL **JAWS...** WHICH ARE STARTING TO **CLOSE ON ME!**

HAVE TO **CANNONBALL** MYSELF **THROUGH** THEM... BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO GIVE ME INSTANT AIR-CONDITIONING!

NO! THEY'RE MOVING EVEN **FASTER** THAN I CALCULATED!

ONE OF THE SPIKED TEETH IS **SCRAPING** MY BACK.

CHOMP!

BUT ONE TOOTH DOES NOT A **MEAL** MAKE. AND, EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT BACK SCRATCH, IT LOOKS LIKE I **SURVIVED** THE JESTER'S **FIRST** TRAP.

BUT HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT HE HAS **PLANNED** FURTHER ON.

HAVE TO KEEP **ALERT**-- MY SENSES TUNED TO THEIR **SHARPEST. OOOPPS!**

CONGRATULATIONS, HERO--WHILE TELLING YOURSELF WHAT **TO** DO, YOU'VE STUMBLED INTO **ANOTHER** TRAP. NOT BRIGHT ON **MY** PART.

UNGGHH! CAN'T **MOVE** MY FEET. THEY'RE SHACKLED **TIGHT!**

EXECUTION SQUAD, READY! RAISE RIFLES! **ONE!**

AND HERE COMES THE **WELCOME WAGON!** TOY SOLDIERS... BUT I'LL BET THEIR GUNS **AREN'T** LOADED WITH CAPS.

SOLDIERS! **AIM RIFLES! TWO!**

CAN'T PRY MYSELF **LOOSE** IN TIME.

FACE IT, MATTHEW-- YOU'RE A **GONER.**

PREPARE YOURSELF, AND-- THREE--
UNLESS...
I HAVEN'T PULLED THIS TRICK SO LONG, I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT IT.
IT'S THE BOTTOM OF THE NINTH, THE PITCHER IS AT THE MOUND. HE WINDS UP, AND--

FIRE!
YOU'RE OUT!
SMAK!

I CAN FINALLY PULL MYSELF LOOSE, BUT THAT STILL GETS ME NOWHERE.
WHICH MEANS I CONTINUE TO PLAY HIS GAME UNTIL I SEE MY WAY OUT!

SOMETIMES I THINK I SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO BEING A FULL TIME LAWYER INSTEAD OF FREELANCING AS A SUPER HERO.
NOW WHAT, MATT? TWIN DOORS BEFORE ME... LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF "LADY OR THE TIGER!"

MY RADAR HEARING PICKS UP NOTHING BEHIND THIS DOOR, AND MACHINERY BEHIND THE OTHER.
AND SO, DESPITE THE THE FACT THAT I'M PROBABLY BEING SUCKERED ALONG AGAIN, I'LL TAKE DOOR B--

--BUT IF MONTY HALL IS BEHIND THIS, I'LL GIVE UP BEING A SUPER HERO FOR GOOD!
EH? NOTHING? NO HIDDEN MACHINE-GUNS HOMING IN ON ME... NO POISON SPRAY-GUNS CLICKING INTO PLACE.
COULD MY LUCK FINALLY BE CHANGING FOR THE BETTER?
BITE YOUR TONGUE, HERO. YOU WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH GOOD LUCK.

WHA?!?
SPRING-ACTIVATED TRAP DOOR!
I'M FALLING!

BUT NOT TOO FAR.
DID I EVER TELL YOU HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU, BILLY CLUB.
I UNDERSTAND WHY NO ONE EVER SURVIVED THIS FUN HOUSE BEFORE...
FORTUNATELY, DAREDEVIL'S NO ORDINARY NO ONE.

I'M GOING TO GO THE WHOLE WAY THROUGH THIS CRAZY-QUILT AND COME BACK--
--AND NAIL THE JESTER'S BUTT TO THE WALL.., FOR GOOD!

THEN MAYBE DAREDEVIL CAN *REST* WHILE MATT PICKS UP SOME OF THE *FALLEN* PIECES OF HIS LIFE.

I'VE JUST *GOT* TO SPEND SOME TIME AS M.M., OR I'LL GO STARK RAVING *BONKERS!*

EVERY SUPER-GUY HAS TO HAVE *SOME* NORMALCY IN HIS LIFE--OR YOU START THINKING *THIS* CRAZINESS IS ALL THERE IS TO LIVING.

WHAT WAS THAT LINE FROM THE MUSICAL, "CAMELOT?"

SOMETHING ABOUT "WHAT DO THE SIMPLE FOLKS DO?"

JUST *ONCE*, I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT.

OH, WELL, *HERE* WE GO AGAIN!

"FREEDOM"--LIT UP IN *BLAZING* NEON WHICH EVEN *I* CAN "READ."

FREEDOM

HIS WAY OUT

IF THE JESTER HAD JUST *PAINTED* THAT SIGN, I NEVER WOULD HAVE "*SEEN*" IT.

BUT KNOWING HE WENT TO SUCH *ELABORATE* MEASURES TO SET IT UP MAKES ME *SUSPICIOUS* OF WHAT LURKS *BEHIND* THAT DOOR.

ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT IS FOR DANIEL TO WALK *INTO* THE LION'S DEN.

AND *HOPE* THE LION'S HAD HIS FULL FEED FOR THE NIGHT.

AH *HA!!* THIS IS *IT*, CO-PLOTTERS IN CRIME! ANOTHER MOMENT MORE AND *TWENTY THOUSAND VOLTS* WILL DEEP-FRY OUR BOTHERSOME FRIEND.

IT HAD *BETTER* WORK, JESTER. *MY* TURN FOR ROBBERY COMES UP NEXT.

DON'T WORRY, FELIX--IT *WILL* WORK.

THERE'S *NO CLUE* FOR DD TO SPOT... THE ELECTRICITY SNAPS ON *ONLY* WHEN THE DOORKNOB IS TOUCHED.

REJOICE! REJOICE! THE SIGNAL LIGHT!!

DAREDEVIL'S DEAD! HA! HA! HA!

SORRY TO *DISAPPOINT* YOU, JESTER--BUT DON'T GO PUTTING FLOWERS ON MY GRAVE, YET.

CRASH!

WHAT? OH NO! IT *CAN'T* BE. I'M SEEING *GHOSTS!*

NO GHOST, JESTER-- JUST THE FLESH AND BLOOD *ME!*

SPOK

I WAS *SUSPICIOUS* OF THAT DOOR FROM THE *BEGINNING*, SO I LET MY *BILLY-CLUB* TAKE THE BRUNT OF YOUR ELECTRIC SHOCK.

THEN I DOUBLED BACK *PAST* YOUR TRAPS. Y'SEE- YOU HAD THEM SET UP ONLY *ONE WAY*--TO CATCH SOME GOING *DOWN* THE DEATH COURSE...NOT COMING BACK *UP.*

HA *HA!* YOUR *LUCK* WON'T HOLD MUCH LONGER, CLOD.

THE JESTER MAY BE *DOWN*-- BUT HE'S NOT OUT!

MY *SONIC YO-YO* SHOULD DISORIENT YOU UNTIL I CAN *ESCAPE.*

ZWEEE

DAREDEVIL'S **BUSTING** 'EM UP... WHICH MAKES **THIS** THE MOST APPROPRIATE TIME TO MAKE MY EXIT.

WHAT A **SHAME**. THE PLAY WAS GOING SO **WELL** FOR AWHILE.

BUT A GOOD DIRECTOR **ALWAYS** HAS CONTINGENCY PLANS.

FAREWELL, FOOLS. I'LL WRITE TO YOU IN **PRISON!**

JESTER!

TOO LATE, SAP! I'M ON THE **ONLY** PLATFORM FOR THIS POLE...

...AND BY THE TIME IT **RETURNS**, I'LL BE LONG GONE.

TA **TA!** I'D LIKE TO SAY IT'S BEEN **FUN** ...BUT IT **HASN'T.**

CAN'T GET TO HIM--HE'S TOO FAR **BELOW** ME.

BUT IF I CAN'T GET DOWN FROM **INSIDE** THE BUILDING, I'LL DO IT ON THE **OUTSIDE.**

GRIN ON, JESTER... BUT YOU **HAVEN'T** ESCAPED, YET.

IF I **TIME** THIS CORRECTLY, WE'LL **BOTH** HIT GROUND LEVEL SIMULTANE-OUSLY.

HA! HA! I'VE **DONE** IT! I'M **FREE** AND READY TO START ALL **OVER AGAIN!**

HELLO, BROADWAY. I'M **HERE!**

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, HAPPY-BOY-- BUT THE CRITICS SAY **FORGET IT!**

YOUR SHOW IS **CLOSED**--

--FOREVER!

KRAK!

UNGGGHHH!

BUT I'M **SURE** YOU'LL GET THE LEAD IN THE NEW "JAIL FOLLIES OF '76!"

BAH!

EPILOGUE:

EVENING THE FOLLOWING DAY, AND AN ANXIOUS CITY IS GLUED TO THEIR FAVORITE TELEVISION STATIONS...

THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING. THERE WERE SOUND TRUCKS CRUISING AROUND THE CITY SCREAMING FOR US TO WATCH THE NEWS TONIGHT.

I THINK IT HAS TO DO WITH THOSE WEIRD STORIES.

AND SO IT HAS BEEN LEARNED THAT THE JESTER WAS BEHIND THOSE PHONY NEWSCASTS WHICH HAVE BEEN PLAGUING OUR CITY AND CONFUSING OUR CITIZENS FOR MONTHS NOW.

EARLIER TODAY WE TAPED AN INTERVIEW WITH DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WHO CAPTURED THE JESTER AND EXPOSED HIS CRIMINAL SCHEMES.

DAREDEVIL? GOOD FOR HIM! HE'S BEEN DUMPED ON ENOUGH LATELY.

I UNDERSTAND THE JESTER FIRST DAMAGED FORMER D.A. FRANKLIN NELSON'S RE-ELECTION CAMPAIGN.

TRUE, WALLY. HE TRIED IT ON THE D.A.'S LAST CAMPAIGN, BUT THIS TIME HE SUCCEEDED.

ONCE HIS PERSONAL VENDETTA WAS OVER, HE CREATED THOSE OTHER NEWS SPOTS...

...DESIGNED TO CONFUSE THE PUBLIC...TO MAKE THEM QUESTION EVERYTHING THEY BELIEVED IN--

--TO THE POINT OF BELIEVING ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN! INCLUDING MY BECOMING A MURDERER, AND THE CITY POLICE GOING INSANE.

AND THE DEVICE HE USED TO CREATE THOSE FILMS?

THE POLICE HAVE IT, HOPING TO LEARN HOW TO PREVENT ANY SUCH THING FROM HAPPENING AGAIN.

I CAN'T VOUCHER FOR THE ACCURACY OF TV NEWS REPORTING, WALLY, BUT AT LEAST THE NEWS WON'T BE ALTERED BY CRIMINALS.

THOUGH, I THINK ALL PEOPLE SHOULD LEARN TO GET THEIR NEWS FROM MANY SOURCES -- TV, RADIO, NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES -- TO PREVENT THIS SORT OF THING FROM HAPPENING IN THE FUTURE.

A *WELL-INFORMED* PUBLIC IS THE *BEST* WEAPON AGAINST BLATANT LIES-- FROM *WHEREVER* THEY ORIGINATE.

THANK YOU, DAREDEVIL.

WOW.

AND NOW FOR THE *OTHER* STORIES FOR TODAY...

A *SCARY* STORY, MATT. WHO KNOWS WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THE JESTER'S IDEA HAD *SUCCEEDED.*

THAT'S THE *POINT,* FOGGY-- IT *DIDN'T.*

MOST PEOPLE WERE *SHOCKED*... AND *CONFUSED* TO THE POINT THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE IN--

--BUT THEY *WEREN'T* ABOUT TO LET THEMSELVES BE *FORCED* INTO DOING SOMETHING WRONG--LIKE *MURDER.*

I THINK THE JESTER WAS BANKING ON *EVERYONE* BEING AS CORRUPTIBLE AS *HE* IS.

FORTUNATELY, MOST PEOPLE ARE GOOD AND HONEST CITIZENS.

JUST LIKE *YOU,* HANDSOME.

HOWEVER, IF WE GET *AWAY* FROM HERE FOR AWHILE, I WANT TO *SEE* IF I CAN CORRUPT YOU...JUST *SLIGHTLY.*

HOLD ON-- WHAT'S HE SAYING *NOW?*

AND FROM HOLLYWOOD COMES THE *SHOCKING* NEWS THAT ACTRESS *KAREN PAGE* HAS BEEN *KIDNAPPED.*

KAREN--!?

I HADN'T HEARD FROM HER IN *MONTHS,* BUT *THIS*--?

WASN'T KAREN YOUR *OLD* GIRL FRIEND, MATT?

SHE WAS, HEATHER, BUT I *STILL* CAN'T SIT BACK WITHOUT TRYING TO HELP *FIND* HER.

I'VE *GOT* TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD. I'VE *GOT* TO *FIND* OUT...

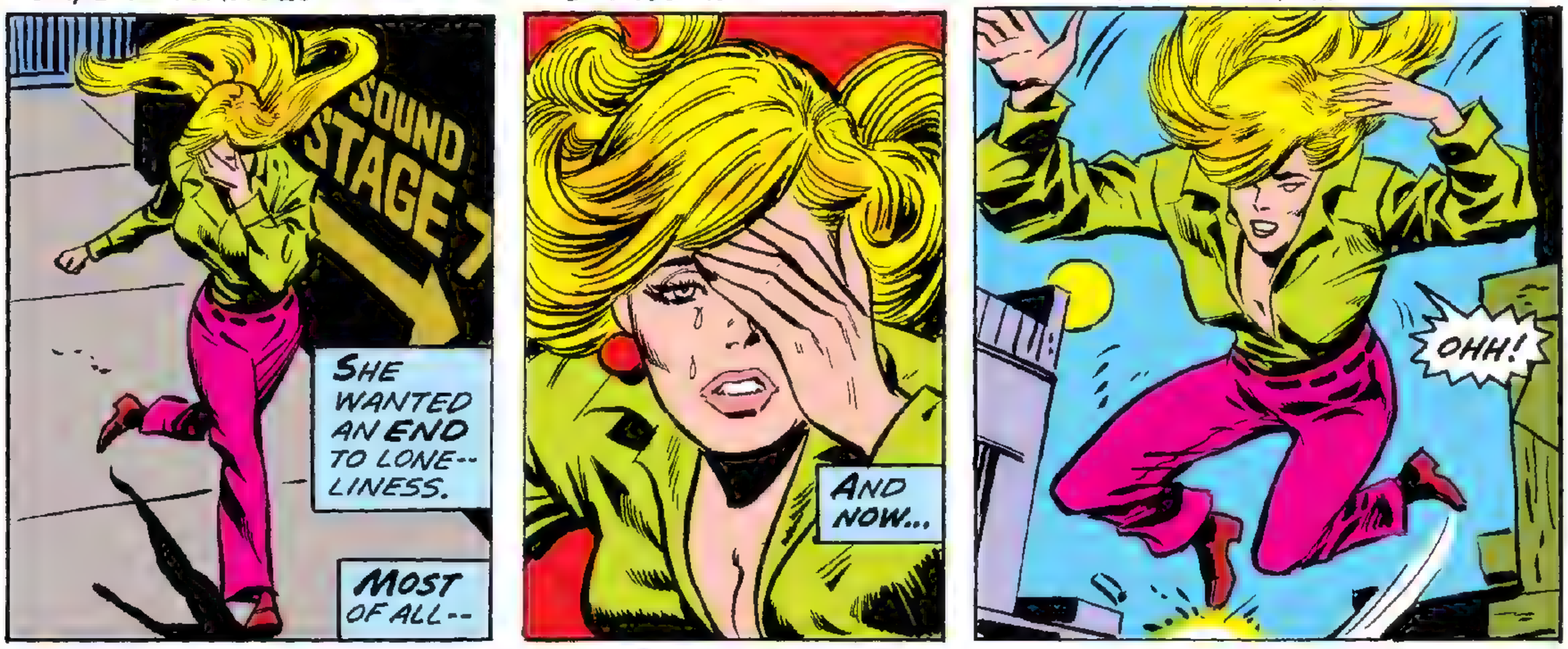
...WHERE IS KAREN PAGE?

Ghost Rider #19, August 1976

SHE DIDN'T LOVE HIM, BUT, OH, SHE WANTED TO.

--SHE WANTED NOT TO GET HURT AGAIN.

...SHE ONLY WANTS TO RUN AWAY FROM IT ALL.



Writer: Tony Isabella
Penciler: Frank Robbins
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KAREN PAGE RETURNS TO CONSCIOUSNESS **SLOWLY**; SHE HEARS THE SOUND OF A HORSE'S THUNDERING **HOOVES**, AND OPENS HER EYES TO A SCENE OF BLAZING **LIGHT** AND INDESCRIBABLE **HORROR!**

AWAKEN, OFFSPRING OF **PAXTON PAGE!**

I SEEK INFORMATION ONLY **YOU** POSSESS!

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO **DEFY** ME, WOMAN!

FOR I AM HE WHO HAUNTS THE DARKENED BYWAYS OF **REALITY!**

I AM DEATH'S-HEAD!

BUT MY **FATHER** WAS DEATH'S HEAD--

--AND HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS!

NEXT: THE STORY TOO **BIG** FOR ONE COMIC MAG! SO, JOIN US IN **SIXTY DAYS** WHEN **BOTH DAREDEVIL #138** AND **GHOST RIDER #20** PRESENT:

THE COBALT CONNECTION!

IT'S ANOTHER MARVEL CLASSIC-IN-THE-MAKING!

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

YOU CAME HERE TO *RESCUE* KAREN PAGE, DAREDEVIL--

--BUT YOU'VE *ONLY* SUCCEEDED IN **DESTROYING** YOURSELF!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT *THAT, DEATH'S HEAD!*

EXTRA! SPECIAL GUEST STAR: THE GHOST RIDER! THE MOST SUPERNATURAL HERO OF ALL!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR | JOHN BYRNE GUEST ARTIST | JIM MOONEY INKER | JOE ROSEN LETTERER | COLORIST:

WHERE IS KAREN PAGE?

FIRST THINGS FIRST, MARVELITE! YOU ARE **NOT** COMING INTO THE MIDDLE OF A STORY. WHAT YOU ARE SEEING IS HAPPENING **NOW!**

THE PLACE IS **LOS ANGELES**, AND THIS BUILDING ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED IS THE L.A. SCIENCE INSTITUTE.

REMEMBER ALL THAT, PILGRIM. THERE WILL BE A **TEST** LATER!

I WUZ **TOLD** TA WATCH OUT FER YOU BY **DEATH'S HEAD!** BUT I DON'T KNOW **WHY!**

THE WAY **I** SEE THINGS, YER GONNA BE A **PUSHOVER!**

'CAUSE THE **SMASHER'S** GONNA PULVERIZE YA RIGHT INTO THE **GROUND!**

MUSCLE-BREATH ISN'T **KIDDING!** HE SIMPLY **BRUSHED** HIS HAND AGAINST ME--

--AND I FEEL AS IF MY **RIBS** HAVE GONE THROUGH AN **EARTHQUAKE!**

BUT, SINCE I GOTTA GO THROUGH THE *FORMALITIES* OF WIPIN' YA OUT--

--I'LL DO IT THE *EASY* WAY!

SORRY, CHARLIE, BUT EVERYONE'S FAVORITE HORN-HEAD *DOESN'T* WIPE OUT EASILY!

NOT WHEN I STILL HAVE *KAREN PAGE* TO FIND.

AND *CERTAINLY* NOT WHEN I KNOW *HE'S* SOMEHOW INVOLVED WITH HER KIDNAPPING.*

BY SMASHIN' THIS *TEN TON SAFE* THROUGH YOUR HEAD!

GHOST RIDER 19--MW.

KAREN ONCE MEANT THE *WORLD* TO ME. SHE WAS MY *FRIEND*, MY *LOVER*... MY CONFIDANT-- THE ONLY *OTHER* PERSON WHO KNEW MATT MURDOCK WAS DAREDEVIL.

WHICH IS WHAT *BROKE* US UP-- BECAUSE *SHE* COULDN'T ACCEPT MATT CONSTANTLY BEING IN *DANGER*...AND *I* COULDN'T GIVE UP BEING DAREDEVIL... NOT EVEN FOR *HER*.

BUT, FOR WHAT WE *WERE*, FOR WHAT WE *MEANT* TO EACH OTHER... I *HAD* TO COME OUT HERE AND *FIND* HER.

BETTER GET YOUR *ACT* TOGETHER, CHARLIE, DAREDEVIL WANTS *INFORMATION*, AND I'LL GET IT FROM YOU--

--EVEN IF I HAVE TO *DISSECT* YOUR BRAIN TO GET IT.

PROVIDING I CAN *FIND* YOUR BRAIN IN ALL THAT SEWAGE UP THERE.

WHAM!

I GAVE HIM MY BEST SUNDAY KICK, AND HE HARDLY *BUDGED!*

THIS MIGHT NOT DO ANY BETTER, BUT I'VE *GOT* TO TRY.

I DON'T HAVE ANY *OTHER* CHOICE!

OBOY! I THINK I *BROKE* IT!

MY *HAND*, THAT IS-- *NOT* HIS CHIN.

SKUNCH!

WHAT'S PAUL BUNYAN MADE OF ANYWAY--? *TITANIUM STEEL!*

DONE YET, PUNK?

I'M GETTIN' *TIRED* OF YOU TRYIN' TO *HURT* ME!

AND *NO ONE* HURTS THE SMASHER. *NO ONE!*

BUT I WANNA HURT *YOU* FOR AWHILE!

SWAK!

SHOW YOU *WHY* THEY CALL ME THE SMASHER!

SHOW YOU WHY I'M GONNA *CRUSH* YOU LIKE AN INSECT!

BUT I DON'T GOT THE TIME TO PLAY *MORE* GAMES WITH YOU, CREEP.

DEATH'S HEAD TOLD ME I HADDA *DO* SOMETHIN'.

THAT I HADDA GET A *BOX* FOR HIM OUTTA THIS SAFE.

AN' I GOTTA DO WHAT DEATH'S HEAD TELLS ME TO DO, 'CAUSE I SEEN WHAT *HE* DOES TO PEOPLE WHO *DISOBEY* HIM!

I SEEN HIM *TOUCH* PEOPLE AND I WATCHED 'EM *DIE!*

SKRUNCH

SO, I DO WHAT DEATH'S HEAD *TELLS* ME TO DO, AND HE TREATS ME REAL GOOD FOR DOIN' IT.

HERE! THIS IS THE BOX HE WANTED!

PRIVATE

BUT WHAT DO I DO WITH THE CREEP?

I COULD SMASH 'IM SOME MORE, BUT MAYBE DEATH'S HEAD *WOULDN'T WANT* ME TO.

I BETTER *TAKE* HIM TO DEATH'S HEAD. LET *HIM* DECIDE WHAT TO DO.

MAYBE HE'LL *WANT* THE CREEP.

BUT I DON'T KNOW *WHY!*

YOU HAVE COMPLETED YOUR TASK WELL, SMASHER!

AND I SEE YOU HAVE BROUGHT A SPECIAL DIVIDEND FOR ME AS WELL!

VERY GOOD, SMASHER! YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR MASTER WELL TONIGHT!

THANK YOU, MASTER. THE SMASHER DOES HIS *BEST* FOR YOU.

LET US **SHIFT** OUR ATTENTIONS ELSEWHERE AND INTRODUCE JOHNNY BLAZE (BETTER KNOWN AS--THE **GHOST RIDER**), AND THE LOVELY ROXANNE SIMPSON, TO ONE AND ALL...

JOHNNY...

DON'T SAY IT, ROXY. I **KNOW** WHAT'S IN YOUR HEART, 'CAUSE IT'S FORCIN' **MINE** TUH DO SOME SOMERSAULTS, TOO.

I **MISSED** YOU, HONEY. I **REALLY** DID.

I **STILL** DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED TO ME, OR WHO THIS KATY MILNER YOU MENTIONED IS.

WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THAT **YOU** WEREN'T ACTIN' YOURSELF FOR A SPELL...

...BUT **NOW** YOU'RE BACK WITH ME, AN' **NOTHIN'S** EVER GONNA TAKE US APART AGAIN.

BUT, Y'KNOW, EVEN **WITH** YOU BACK, I **STILL** GOT PROBLEMS, WHICH IS PROB'LY **PAR** FOR MY LIFE.

KAREN PAGE IS MISSIN' AND THE **STUNT MASTER'S** THE SLIMY CROOK WHO KIDNAPPED HER.

NEVER **DID** TRUST THAT HOMBRE.

I SENSE SOMETHING, JOHNNY. WHEN YOU MENTIONED **KAREN PAGE**, THERE WAS SOMETHING IN YOUR **VOICE** WHICH SAID YOU CARED DEEPLY FOR HER.

DO YOU, JOHNNY? DO YOU **LOVE** HER?

SHE'S A **FRIEND**, ROXY. PURE AN' SIMPLE.

AN' I **CARE** FER HER LIKE I CARE FER **ALL** MY FRIENDS.

BUT I **LOVE** ONLY YOU, ROXANNE SIMPSON. **ONLY** YOU.

YOU'RE **NERVOUS**. **WHY**, JOHNNY? **WHY?**

'CAUSE I'M WONDERIN' WHERE KAREN WAS **BUSHWHACKED**, AN' I'M WONDERIN' WHEN THE STUNT MASTER AN' ME IS GONNA HAVE A FINAL HIGH-NOON **DUEL**.

THEN **GO**, JOHNNY. DO WHAT YOU MUST.

AND COME BACK TO ME WHEN YOU'RE DONE. I'LL BE **WAITING** HERE FOR YOU.

I **WILL** BE BACK, HONEY.

IF I'M THE ONE STILL **BREATHIN'** AFTER ME AND THE STUNT MASTER CLASH.

THERE HE GOES, PROBABLY *SEARCHING* FOR ME.

VERY WELL, JOHNNY BLAZE. LOOK *WHEREVER* YOU CAN. BUT I *GUARANTEE* THAT NO ONE CAN FIND THE STUNT MASTER--

--IF HE *DOESN'T* WANT TO BE FOUND.

GOT NO CLUES, ONLY *GUESSES*. BUT I GUESS THAT'S *BETTER'N* NOTHIN'!

STILL, I-- *EH?!*

I'M BECOMIN' THE *GHOST RIDER* AGAIN!

AN' THAT MUST MEAN THERE'S SOMETHIN' *ROTTEN* BREWIN' NEARBY.

SOMETHIN' ONLY THE GHOST RIDER KIN TACKLE AND *LIVE!*

TIME TA ABANDON MY *REAL* BIKE AND WHIP UP A *FLAME CYCLE!*

ROBBERY! COUPLE OF DUDES PILIN' *RUGS* ON A TRUCK!

KINDA *WEIRD* SORTA HOLD-UP, BUT I RECKON A CRIME'S A CRIME!

GUESS IT'S TIME TO PUT ON MY *SPOOK* ACT AGAIN.

HEY! LOOK *THERE!*

WHO'S THE *DUDE?*

MISCREANT! I AM THE *GHOST RIDER!* SCOURGE OF EVIL!

BAM!

DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE "BERT D'ANGELO-- SUPERSTAR!"

LEAD'LL PUT YOU AWAY LIKE IT DOES *EVERYONE ELSE!*

SHOOT AT ME ALL YOU WISH, HUMAN FOOL.

AND *LEARN* WHY THE GHOST RIDER IS *MORE* THAN MORTAL!

ALL RIGHT, BLAZE-- HERE'S A CHANCE TO BACK UP THEM WORDS WITH *ACTION!*

TRY A TASTE OF *HELLFIRE*, HUMAN!

HEY! YOU *MELTED* THE TARMAC! MY FEET ARE *STICKIN'* IN THE GROUND!

MAYBE YOU GOT ***FREDDY***, MISTER, BUT ***FORGET*** ABOUT PULLIN' THOSE CRAZY STUNTS WITH ***ME***.

TRY USIN' YOUR HIDDEN ***FLAME THROWER*** ON THIS ***ASBESTOS CARPET!***

JUST ***MY*** LUCK. NO ONE QUESTIONS SPIDER-MAN'S POWERS, OR EVEN ***IRON MAN***, BUT EVERYONE'S SURE ***I'VE*** GOT TO HAVE SOME CONCEALED ***GIMMICKS!***

AH, WELL, THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR NEVER MAKIN' IT INTO THE ***BIG TIME.***

BUT I ***DON'T*** NEED NO POWERS TO TAKE CARE A' ***THIS*** BUNDLE!

A LITTLE ***CYCLE-PLAY--***

--IS ENOUGH TO ***DUCK UNDER*** THAT FLYING CARPET!

AND LAY ***INTO*** THIS CREEP!

MORTAL FOOL! YOUR PETTY ATTEMPTS AT MURDER ARE ***LAUGH-ABLE*** TO THE GHOST RIDER!

SMAK!

HARDLY WORTH USING THE ***FULL HELL-BORN POWER*** OF ONE WHO IS ***BEYOND*** LIFE AND DEATH!

TWO DOWN AND ONE HOMBRE LEFT.

HE'S MAKIN' FOR THAT ***TRUCK***... TRYIN' TO ***OUTRUN*** ME.

GUESS I'LL HAVE TA GIVE 'IM ANOTHER LITTLE LESSON--

--GHOST RIDER STYLE!

GOTTA REMEMBER THAT ***LAYOUT*** JUST RIGHT!

YEAH! THIS CURB IS ANGLED JUST RIGHT TO BOUNCE OFF AND GET MY FLAME CYCLE ***AIRBORNE--***

--AN' PROPEL ME RIGHT *OVER* THE TRUCK...

...WHERE I KIN USE A LITTLE HELLFIRE AN' *BURN* MY WAY THROUGH THE CANVAS RIGGING.

BUT SOMETHIN' STILL SMELLS LIKE *STINKWEED* 'BOUT HERE, OTHERWISE I'D'VE CHANGED *BACK* TO JOHNNY BLAZE.

HMMM. MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHIN' *MORE* THAN JUST *RUGS* BEIN' RUSTLED OUTTA HERE.

BETTER TAKE A CLOSER *LOOK-SEE* AT THEM CARPETS.

PAT YOURSELF ON THE BACK, BLAZE. *YOU FOUND IT!*

THOSE SCUM WEREN'T ONLY STEALIN' *RUGS*...

AN' FINALLY COME OUT *HERE*, DOWN THE *RAMP* THEY SO KINDLY SET UP...

...WHERE I KIN *SMASH* INTA ABDUL THE RUG RAT!

SKUNG!

--THEY WERE GOIN' AFTER THESE BAGS O' *HEROIN* WHICH WERE SEWN INTA THE LININ'!

SONUVAGUN!

YOU SEEM TO HAVE FOUND YOURSELF A **PRIZE**, BLAZE.

BUT THE STUNT MASTER STILL **ELUDES** YOU. WHICH IS HOW I **INTEND** TO KEEP THINGS...

...UNTIL I AM **READY** TO MEET YOU FACE-TO-FACE.

*NEW YORK--THE **BIG APPLE**.*

*THEY SAY THAT TO **LIVE** HERE, YOU'VE **GOT** TO BE CRAZY...*

*...CRAZY FOR **LIFE**!*

*THEY'RE **HALF** RIGHT ABOUT THAT.*

*AND A CHROME-PLATED NO-PRIZE WILL BE YOURS IF YOU GUESS **WHICH** HALF THEY'RE RIGHT ABOUT.*

STORE

FOGGY, I'M **WORRIED** ABOUT MATT. I HAVEN'T **HEARD** FROM HIM SINCE HIS JET LANDED.

AND **I'M** BECOMING **FRANTIC** ABOUT DEBBIE HARRIS, MY FIANCEE.

SHE'S **GONE**-- VANISHED WITHOUT A **TRACE**. AND THOUGH I **WASN'T** SURE OF FOUL-PLAY--

--TODAY I GOT A **LETTER** IN THE MAIL.

AND THERE WAS A **LOCK OF HER HAIR** INCLUDED WITH IT.

OH, LORD. I **CAN'T** BELIEVE THAT. I JUST **CAN'T!**

BETTER BELIEVE IT, HEATHER.

I WAS DISTRICT ATTORNEY LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THERE ARE **ALL** KINDS OF RATS OUT THERE, WAITING TO--

RRING

H-HEATHER. THIS **MAY** BE THE CALL I'M WAITING FOR.

FRANKLIN NELSON SPEAKING.

18th STREET AND **SIXTH** AVENUE, NELSON. BE THERE AT **MIDNIGHT**. AND **NO** COPS OR THE GIRL DIES.

HEY! WHO ARE--

CLICK!

TH-THAT WAS **HIM**... HE WANTS ME TO **MEET** HIM.

HEATHER... FRANKLY, I'M **SCARED**. **VERY** SCARED.

GLENN INDUSTRIES, RUN BY MAXWELL GLENN, HEATHER'S FATHER...

HOWEVER, THIS MAN IS NOT MAX GLENN. RATHER, HE IS SIMPLY KNOWN AS STONE.

THERE ARE REASONS WHY.

DONE! NELSON KNOWS WHAT HE MUST DO.

AS DO I.

THREE HOURS TO KILL.

APPROPRIATE WORDS-- "TO KILL."

GLENN INDUSTRIES

VERY APPROPRIATE.

AND BACK IN LOS ANGELES, LET US JOIN THE STAR OF THIS MAG AS HE SITS IN THE PROVERBIAL DARK, THINKING...

ALL RIGHT, HERO, LET'S RUN THAT THROUGH AGAIN.

YOU COME OUT TO L.A. TO FIND YOUR EX-GIRL WHO'S BEEN KIDNAPPED. YOU LEARN THE STUNT MASTER TOOK HER, AND HIS TRAIL LEADS YOU TO DEATH'S HEAD.

OR I SHOULD SAY, TO A NEW DEATH'S HEAD. THE ORIGINAL WAS KAREN'S FATHER--

--A SCIENTIST WHOSE WORK WITH COBALT RADIO-ACTIVITY DROVE HIM INSANE--

--AND MORE, DROVE HIM TO HIS DEATH!*

*DD#57.--MARV

AND NOW I'M THIS NEW DEATH'S HEAD'S CAPTIVE, AND I'M TRAPPED IN A PITCH-BLACK ROOM COMPLETE WITH MACHINE GUNS POINTING AT ME FROM ALL FOUR WALLS.

THEY'RE OBVIOUSLY PRIMED TO START FIRING SHOULD I MOVE BEYOND A CERTAIN POINT.

FORTUNATELY, MY RADAR SENSES PICKED THEM UP. A NORMAL MAN WOULD NOT HAVE HAD THE WARNING, AND THEREFORE NOT THE TIME TO PLAN A LOGICAL ESCAPE.

WHICH PUTS ME ONE STEP AHEAD OF THIS DEATH'S HEAD, WHOEVER HE IS, BECAUSE HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M BLIND...

...OR THAT I POSSESS SPECIAL RADAR SENSES.

THOUGH NONE OF THAT WILL DO ANY GOOD, UNLESS I CAN ESCAPE FROM HERE-- IN ONE PIECE.

MEANTIME, A FEW **YARDS** AWAY, THE **TARGET** OF DAREDEVIL'S SEARCH ANGRILY PACES ABOUT A RATHER **LUXURIOUS** PRISON.

I'M **WAITING** FOR YOU. COME OUT OF THE **WOODWORK** AND PLAY YOUR **HAND.**

IT'S TIME FOR THE FAMOUS **CONFRONTATION** SCENE, AND AND I WANT TO KNOW **WHY** YOU'RE PRETENDING TO BE MY **FATHER.**

AND **WHY** YOU'VE DRESSED UP AS **HE** DID BEFORE HE **DIED.**

IF IT'S **MONEY** YOU WANT, I'M **INSURED.** THE **STUDIO** WILL PAY YOUR ROTTEN RANSOM.

A RATHER **MELODRAMATIC** SPEECH, MISS PAGE. YOU **ARE** A GOOD ACTRESS.

QUITE A CHANGE FROM WHEN YOU WERE MERELY A LOW-PAID SECRETARY, IS IT NOT?

EH --

SO **THERE** YOU ARE, STILL IN THAT **COSTUME.**

ALL RIGHT, MISTER. WHAT'S YOUR STORY? WHAT DO YOU **WANT** FROM ME?

YOU LEARN YOUR LINES WELL, MISS PAGE. WASN'T THAT SPEECH THE SAME ONE YOU PLAYED IN "THE FORGET-ME-KNOT?" STRONG WOMAN VERSUS BIG BUSINESS?

BUT **THIS** ISN'T A PLAY, MISS PAGE. WELL-SPOKEN DIALOGUE WILL NOT HELP HERE.

YOUR FATHER ONCE WORE THIS GUISE, AND I WEAR IT NOW, BUT UNLIKE YOUR FATHER'S, **THIS** ISN'T **MERELY A COSTUME.**

IT IS A DEVICE, HOWEVER, TO FORCE THE INFORMATION I NEED FROM YOU.

I NEED TO KNOW OF YOUR FATHER'S RESEARCH INTO TIME DISPLACEMENT AND HIS COBALT THEOREM OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION!

NO! I CANT ANSWER ANYTHING! I'M **NOT** GOING TO TAKE PART IN THIS INSANITY!

I WANT **OUT** OF HERE-- **NOW!**

YOU'RE GOIN' NOWHERE, LADY. NOT WHILE THE SMASHER GUARDS THIS DOOR.

OHHHHHHH

THERE IS NOWHERE FOR YOU TO GO, KAREN PAGE, NO HOPE OF RESCUE, NO FREEDOM IN THE OFFING--

--UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHAT I WISH TO KNOW!

MEAN-WHILE...

I THINK I'VE WORKED IT *OUT.*

THOSE MACHINE GUNS ARE ON A LIMITED *SWIVEL,* WHICH MEANS...

...IF I CAN *UPSET* JUST *ONE* OF THEM, THE CHANCES ARE I CAN *FORCE* MY WAY THROUGH THEIR BARRAGE.

PROVIDING I'M BOTH *FAST* AND *AGILE* ENOUGH.

THEN AGAIN, I *WOULDN'T* BE CALLED DAREDEVIL IF I WEREN'T!

AH-*HA!* THE TURNING *RADIUS* FOR THOSE GUNS IS *TEN FEET...*

AFTER THAT, A *DIFFERENT* GUN STARTS FIRING.

WHICH MEANS I'VE GOT TO GO *THROUGH* THE TEN-FOOT SPAN OF ONLY *ONE* MACHINE GUN, AND I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE IT'S FIRING *AWAY* FROM ME AS I DO.

YOU REALLY PICK ALL THE *EASY* JOBS, DON'T YOU, HORNHEAD!

WHICH IS WHERE MY EVER-FAITHFUL *BILLY-CLUB* COMES IN HANDY.

I *BLESS* THE DAY I ADDED IT TO MY ARSENAL.

OF COURSE, *SINCE* THAT TIME, I'VE STREAM-LINED IT, TAKEN OUT ALL THE *EXTRANEOUS* STUFF I FIRST CRAMMED IN THERE.

UNTIL IT BECAME THE SLEEK AND PERFECTLY BALANCED *WONDER-WEAPON* WE ALL KNOW AND LOVE TODAY!

WHICH GIVES ME ENOUGH TIME TO SOMERSAULT *PAST* ITS RANGE...

...AND *SMASH* THROUGH THE OUTER *DOOR!*

SWIK!

DID IT! THE MACHINE GUN'S OFF-BALANCE-- EVEN IF IT *IS* JUST FOR A MOMENT.

NOW TO FIND KAREN AND GET HER *OUT* OF HERE.

I'LL RETURN *AFTER* SHE'S SAFELY OUT OF THE WAY!

I'M **CERTAIN** KAREN IS HERE, WHICH RAISES THE **QUESTION:** HOW WILL I ACT WHEN WE MEET AGAIN?

I'VE ALWAYS **WONDERED** WHAT FEELINGS I STILL HAVE FOR HER, AND **IF** SHE STILL CARES FOR ME.

CALM DOWN, HERO, TAKE THINGS AS THEY **COME.**

*AND, SPEAKING OF THINGS COMING, HERE COMES **JOHNNY BLAZE**, A.K.A. **THE GHOST RIDER!***

BLAST! THE TIP PANNED OUT LIKE A SPENT **MINE!**

BUT--HUNH? I'M **CHANGIN'**, BECOMIN' THE GHOST RIDER AGAIN!

THAT MEANS THERE'S **DANGER** LURKIN' NEARBY.

KEEP AN EYE-SOCKET OPEN, HANDSOME.

CYCLE ROARIN' UP **BEHIND** ME.

WHAT? IT **CAN'T** BE!

STUNT-MAN! THE DUDE I'M LOOKIN' FOR!

HERE WE GO AGAIN.

CRETIN! YOU HAVE MOCKED THE **FRIENDSHIP** YOU HAD WITH JOHN BLAZE!

FOR THAT, YOU MUST FEEL THE FULL FURY OF **HELLFIRE!**

PREPARE TO **SUFFER** THE STING OF THE GHOST RIDER'S **POWER!**

PREPARE TO KNOW THE **TRUE MEANING OF HELL!**

HOLY CROW! HE MELTED MY CYCLE!

HE MUST HAVE A **FLAME THROWER** RIGGED UP IN THAT COSTUME.

JOHNNY-- **PLEASE!** I **DON'T** WANT TO FIGHT YOU!

I'VE BEEN **FOLLOWING** YOU, WAITING FOR YOU TO BE ALONE, SO I COULD **EXPLAIN** IT ALL.

I WAS **FORCED** TO KIDNAP KAREN-- **FORCED** BY SOME CREEP NAMED **DEATH'S HEAD!**

KAREN TOLD ME HER **FATHER** CALLED HIMSELF THAT BEFORE HE **DIED!**

SPEAK FAST, MORTAL! GHOST RIDER WILL LISTEN **ONLY** AS LONG AS YOU **INTEREST** ME!

THIS DEATH'S HEAD HAS *POWERS*... AND HE USED THEM ON *ME*-- FORCING ME AS IF HE WERE IN *CONTROL* OF MY MIND.

BUT I CAN *PROVE* WHAT I'M SAYING, JOHNNY-- BY TAKING YOU TO HIS *HIDEOUT!*

I DO NOT TRUST YOU, MORTAL. YET, I WILL *FOLLOW* YOU, IF ONLY TO *EXACT* MY VENGEANCE WHEN YOUR WORDS HAVE PROVEN FALSE.

BUT, IF THEY ARE *NOT* LIES, YOU WILL HAVE THE GHOST RIDER'S HAND IN FRIENDSHIP.

I'LL *LEAD* YOU TO KAREN.

BUT YOU *DON'T* HAVE TO SOUND SO *SPOOKY!*

I'LL DO IT BECAUSE I'M YOUR *FRIEND*, AND NOT BECAUSE YOU'RE REHEARSING SOME NEW *ACT* ON ME.

SAY, YOU'RE *NOT* THINKING OF QUITTING *MY* SHOW AND STARTING YOUR OWN, ARE YOU?

*COUNTRY HOPPING TIME AGAIN, FOLKS. THIS TIME **BACK** TO NEW YORK!*

I'M *WHERE* I'M SUPPOSED TO BE, AND AT THE RIGHT TIME.

BUT NO ONE'S SHOWN UP YET.

IT *COULDN'T* HAVE BEEN A SHUCK, BECAUSE THERE'S *NO WAY* A CRANK COULD HAVE KNOWN ABOUT DEB.

RRING!

EH--? THE PHONE!

NELSON?

YEAH, IT'S ME. WHERE THE HECK ARE *YOU?*

QUIET, NELSON...

...AND LOOK *ACROSS* THE STREET!

HUH? NO ONE'S TH--*HOLD IT!* A MAN--STEPPING OUT OF THE *SHADOWS*--

--*FIRING AT ME!!*

NOOOOO!!!

BLAH!

AND, BACK IN LOS ANGELES...

I'LL NEVER FORGET KAREN'S HEART BEAT, AND UNLESS I'VE BLOWN A FUSE IN MY RADAR SENSES--

--SHE'S DEFINITELY INSIDE HERE!

MA--! DAREDEVIL!

I-I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU AGAIN, DAREDEVIL.

ESPECIALLY UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.

I-I'M BEING HELD PRISONER HERE BY SOMEONE DRESSED AS MY FATHER!

I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, KAREN, AND THAT'S WHY I'M HERE!

WHATEVER HAPPENS FROM THIS POINT ON, YOU'LL BE SAFE WITH ME, I GUARANTEE IT.

YOU GUARANTEE NOTHING, FOOL!

NOTHING EXCEPT THAT YOU WILL MOST DEFINITELY DIE!

AND DEATH'S HEAD SHALL BE YOUR MURDERER!

THAT VOICE--?! I KNOW IT.

I KNOW WHO DEATH'S HEAD REALLY IS!

BUT YOU WILL NEVER LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REVEAL THAT INFORMATION, MORON!

WE'LL *SEE* ABOUT THAT, SOUR-PUSS.

AFTER ALL, WE'VE GOT A COUPLE *OTHER* SCORES TO SETTLE, DON'T WE NOW?

NAMELY, YOUR PULLING THAT *DISAPPEARING* ACT ON ME A TIME OR THREE!

THE ONLY SCORE I MUST SETTLE IS YOUR DEATH!

THE ONLY SOUND I WISH TO HEAR FROM YOU ARE YOUR FINAL GASPS OF BREATH!

COLD-- SHOOTING THROUGH ME.

MY ARM'S BECOMING *NUMB!*

CRASH!

YOU ARE SO SMALL IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS, DAREDEVIL--

--THAT BEFORE I TAKE THE LIFE FROM YOUR LUNGS, I SHALL MAKE YOU SUFFER!

CAN'T ATTACK HIM DIRECTLY. HIS MEREST *TOUCH* COULD KILL ME.

BLAST! MY SHOULDER'S *THROBBING* WITH PAIN...

BUT I *CAN'T* LET HIM KNOW THAT. I *CAN'T* GIVE HIM THE UPPER HAND!

ATTACK ONE LAST TIME, FOOL. USE YOUR LAST IOTA OF STRENGTH IN ONE FINAL ATTEMPT AT BRAVADO!

PROVE YOUR METTLE THAT I MAY KNOW YOU WERE A WORTHY FOE.

ATTACK NOW, SCARLET ONE! ATTACK!

WHILE...

ATTACK AND DIE!!

HE'S CAUGHT ME... AND MY *LIFE'S BEING DRAINED AWAY!*

HORNHEAD, IT LOOKS AS IF *THIS* TIME YOU'RE *NOT* GOING TO MAKE IT!

IT LOOKS LIKE *THIS IS YOUR FINAL BATTLE!*

KRASH!

I'VE FINALLY *FOUND* KAREN PAGE, BUT I *NEVER* EXPECTED I'D ALSO FIND *THAT!*

DAREDEVIL'S BEING *MURDERED BEFORE MY EYES--*

--AND I DON'T KNOW IF EVEN THE GHOST RIDER CAN *STOP IT!*

TO BE CONTINUED IN **GHOST RIDER** *#20! ON SALE* ***NEXT WEEK!***

AND, BE SURE TO BE WITH US ***NEXT ISSUE*** *WHEN THE EXCITEMENT MOVES* ***BACK*** *TO NEW YORK FOR--*

A NIGHT OF FEAR!

GHOST RIDER **MARVEL COMICS GROUP™**

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

30¢ CC | 20 OCT 02900

THE MOST *SUPERNATURAL* SUPERHERO OF ALL!

GHOST RIDER™

CO-STARRING DAREDEVIL!

KAREN PAGE KIDNAPPED...

...DEATH STALKER ENRAGED!

AND NOT EVEN THE GHOST RIDER CAN STOP HIM!

TWO AGAINST DEATH!

THE SAGA OF JOHNNY BLAZE: Once, not so long ago, he was the pawn of Satan. He has since been freed. But, for reasons he cannot yet comprehend, he still possesses Satan-spawned strength and the searing touch of hellfire. Whether these supernatural powers are a blessing or a curse, he does not know. Yet.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE GHOST RIDER! TM

MARV WOLFMAN / WRITER/EDITOR | JOHN BYRNE & DON PERLIN / ARTISTS | DENISE V. WOHL / LETTERER | PETRA GOLDBERG / COLORIST

TWO AGAINST DEATH!

JUST A FEW MOMENTS AGO...*

JOHNNY BLAZE! I WANT TO *TALK* TO YOU!

*OR AS IT APPEARED IN *DAREDEVIL #138*. STILL ON SALE. --MARV.

STUNT MASTER ? JUST THE *CRITTER* I WAS SEARCHIN' FOR.

HUMAN FOOL, YOU *KIDNAPPED* KAREN PAGE.

FOOSH!

...AND THE *GHOST RIDER* DEMANDS HER RETURN --

NOW!

YOU *PRETENDED* TO BE A FRIEND OF THE GHOST RIDER.

YOU USED YOUR *POSITION* TO STEAL THE WOMAN AWAY FROM ME.

W- WAIT, JOHNNY-- *HOLD ON!*

I- I WAS *FORCED* TO KIDNAP HER-- *HYPNOTIZED* BY SOME DUDE NAMED *DEATH'S HEAD*.

I TRIED FIGHTING HIM, BUT I *COULDN'T*. I SWEAR THAT'S TRUE.

THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE, TO *BRING* YOU TO WHERE HE'S *KEEPING* KAREN.

THAT'LL *PROVE* I'M LEVELING WITH YOU, JOHNNY.

YOU'VE *GOT* TO BELIEVE ME.

I WILL GIVE YOU THE *CHANCE* TO PROVE YOURSELF, MORTAL.

BUT, *SHOULD* YOU FAIL ME, KNOW THAT THE GHOST RIDER'S VENGEANCE IS SWIFT--

--AND *UNMERCI-FUL!*

DON'T WORRY NONE, JOHNNY. I'M TALKIN' STRAIGHT.

SAY, WHAT'S WITH THIS *SPOOK ACT* YOU'RE DOING?

YOU THINKIN' OF *LEAVING* MY TELEVISION SHOW AND BEGINNIN' ONE OF YOUR OWN?

MEANTIME, AT THE SITE OF THE GHOST RIDER'S DESTINATION...

I WAS *RIGHT*. I *KNEW* I SENSED KAREN'S HEART BEAT IN HERE.

MATT? YOU'RE *HERE!**

* ONLY KAREN PAGE KNOWS MATTHEW MURDOCK IS DARE-DEVIL. --MW.

I-I WAS *FRIGHTENED*, MA--*DARE-DEVIL!* I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO DO WITH ME.

YOU *DON'T* HAVE TO WORRY ANYMORE, KAREN, I'M HERE *WITH* YOU.

THAT WILL NOT SAVE EITHER OF YOU, FOOLS!

LOOK! IT'S A *PRO-JECTION* OF DEATH'S HEAD ON THAT VIEW SCREEN, DARE-DEVIL.

YOU NEEDN'T *BELABOR* THE OBVIOUS, WO-MAN. DARE-DEVIL SEES ME FOR HIMSELF!

JUST AS HE NOW SEES ME GALLOPING THRU THE VIEW SCREEN AT HIM!

YOU ARE EXPENDABLE NOW, DARE-DEVIL!

AND BECAUSE OF THAT, YOU WILL *DIE!*

BACK OFF, KAREN, I THINK I CAN HANDLE *ROCK-HEAD* MY-SELF!

YOU'RE *NOT* KAREN'S FATHER --THE *ORIGINAL* DEATH'S HEAD-- SO I *WON'T* HESITATE TO *SMEAR* YOUR FACE OVER THE GROUND.

YOU WILL NOT GET THAT CHANCE, SCARLET CLOWN!

DEATH'S HEAD WILL DESTROY YOU BEFORE YOU CAN RAISE A FIST AGAINST ME!

SOMETHING *FAMILIAR* ABOUT HIS *VOICE!*

HOLD IT! HE'S *NOT* DEATH'S HEAD AT ALL. I *KNOW* WHO HE IS NOW. *I KNOW.*

THEN, SUDDENLY...

THIS IS *IT*, JOHNNY. ONLY I *DIDN'T* EXPECT *THAT!* DAREDEVIL'S FIGHTING *DEATH'S HEAD!*

I CAN *SEE* THAT FOR MYSELF, MORTAL. AND *WHAT* I THOUGHT WAS JUST A SIMPLE *KIDNAPPING...*

... NOW *PROVES* TO BE A *GREATER* CRIME AGAINST *HUMANITY* THAN EVEN THE GHOST RIDER ANTICIPATED.

CUT THE *CHARADE*, MISTER I *KNOW* WHO YOU ARE.

THEN YOU ALSO KNOW YOU CANNOT DEFEAT ME WITH PHYSICAL FORCE.

YOU CAN NOT TOUCH ME, FOOL, WHILE I CAN RIP THE LIFE FROM YOU!

BUT YOUR FRIENDS SEEK TO RESCUE YOU, FOOL, AND IT WOULD BE A SHAME IF THEY DO NOT GET THE CHANCE!

HERE THEN, GHOST RIDER! HERE IS DAREDEVIL...

...TAKE HIM! HE IS YOURS!

HEY! TAKE IT *EASY*! I'M *NOT* A BASEBALL...

... AND *YOU'RE* NOT CATFISH HUNTER!

HOWEVER, YOU *WILL* NOTE THIS COSTUME WAS SEWN FROM *BOOM-ERANG* CLOTH!

YOU *THROW* IT AWAY, AND IT COMES RIGHT BACK *AT YOU*!

SURPRISE! LONG TIME NO SEE, CHUCKLES!

MISS ME?

CRETIN! HAVE YOU NOT LEARNED THAT I CAN NOT BE TOUCHED --THAT I CANNOT BE STOPPED!

HE'S RIGHT! I'M GOING RIGHT *THROUGH* HIM AGAIN!

HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING *ELSE*--BUT ONLY *AFTER* I GET KAREN OUT OF HERE AND TO *SAFETY*.

SHE'S *GOT* TO BE MY FIRST CONCERN!

THIS BATTLE HAS BEEN STALEMATED, DAREDEVIL.' YOU CAN TAKE THE GIRL WITH YOU-- FOR NOW.

BUT KNOW I AM NOT DONE WITH HER... AND I WILL CLAIM HER AGAIN LATER!

FAREWELL, FOOLS.'

I WON'T BE *WAITING* UP NIGHTS FOR YOU, SMILEY!

AND WHEN YOU ATTACK AGAIN, REMEMBER IT'S *ONE* IF BY LAND.

NO! YOU WILL *NOT* ESCAPE THE GHOST RIDER SO EASILY.

WE'RE NOT THROUGH WITH *OUR* FIGHT YET, VILLAIN.'

HEY, HOLD ON THERE, FRIEND. LET'S GET KAREN OUT OF HERE *FIRST.*

YOU TAKE CARE OF THE WOMAN, HUMAN.

THE GHOST RIDER STILL HAS A *MISSION* TO PERFORM.

LAY OFF WITH THAT GHOST BIT, GUY. YOU'RE AS *HUMAN* AS I AM.

LEAVE ME, MORTAL. OR YOU SHALL *LEARN* HOW *INHUMAN* I CAN TRULY BE.

HATED TO KEEP THAT ACT UP WITH DAREDEVIL, BUT I JUST *HADDA.'*

MAYBE *HE* WANTED TO CALL OFF THE FIGHT WITH THAT DEATH'S HEAD CRITTER, BUT I AIN'T DONE, YET'

I GOTTA *GET* 'IM FOR WHAT HE DID.' *GOTTA* MAKE HIM PAY.'

ALSO GOTTA PROVE TO *MYSELF* THAT JOHNNY BLAZE AIN'T NO LOSER.

THAT IF HE GOES *AFTER* SOMETHIN' HE *GETS* IT!

AN' THAT SLIMEY POLECAT'S THE CREEP I'M AFTER *NOW!*

AN' *ONE* WAY OR ANOTHER, I GOTTA GET HIM AN' *PIN* HIS STINKIN' TAIL TO THE *WALL.*

THOUGH, FROM THE WAY HORNHEAD WAS TALKIN' BACK THERE, I JUST MAY'VE PICKED THE *ONE* DUDE STRONG ENOUGH TO PIN *MY* TAIL DOWN-- *PERMANENTLY!*

BUT I *CAN'T* STOP TILL I GET MY *MITTS* 'ROUND HIS THROAT--

HEY--*HOLD ON!* HE'S *LEAPIN'* OVER THE LAKE-- *DISAPPEARIN'!*

I SAID FAREWELL, FOOL... AND I MEANT THAT!

BUT WE WILL MEET AGAIN, AND, WHEN WE DO, WE SHALL HAVE THE BATTLE YOU CRAVE FOR...

...AND THEN DEATH'S HEAD SHALL EMERGE VICTORIOUS!

HE'S REALLY *GONE!* AN' MY *CHANGIN'* BACK TO JOHNNY BLAZE *PROVES* IT.

I *REMAIN* GHOST RIDER ONLY AS LONG AS THERE IS TROUBLE BREWIN' NEARBY.

WHICH MEANS SOMEHOW HE'S *LONG* GONE FROM HERE.

DON'T KNOW IF I SHOULD *SCREAM* OR RAISE M'HEAD AND SHOUT *THANKS.*

IT'S *OVER*, KAREN. YOU CAN *REST* NOW. DEATH'S HEAD IS *GONE...*

...AND I'LL MAKE SURE HE *DOESN'T* RETURN.

I *HOPE* SO, M-- *DAREDEVIL!* I REALLY HOPE SO.

I *DON'T* KNOW IF I COULD *COPE* GOING THROUGH SOMETHING LIKE THAT AGAIN.

I KNOW *I* COULDN'T, KAREN, WHICH IS WHY I'M GETTING *OUT* OF HERE RIGHT NOW.

I ONLY STAYED LONG ENOUGH TO TELL YOU I'M *SORRY* FOR WHAT I DID, AND TO TRY TO EXPLAIN *WHY* I DID IT.

YOU DON'T *HAVE* TO. I *KNOW* WHAT DEATH'S HEAD'S POWERS ARE LIKE!

KAREN, YOU'RE *ONE* IN A MILLION. *THANKS!*

I REALLY MEAN THAT-- THANKS.

YOU MADE IT *EASIER* FOR ME TO GO NOW.

BUT GO *WHERE*? YOU HAVE YOUR TELEVISION SHOW, YOUR *CAREER*.

ALL OF WHICH MEANS *NOTHING* IF YOU DON'T HAVE YOURSELF, KAREN.

I'M GOING TO TAKE *OFF*, RIDE IN THE MOUNTAINS FOR AWHILE.

AND, WHEN I GET BACK, IF I THINK I'M READY, I'LL START THE SHOW OVER AGAIN.

I GUESS WE'LL *SEE*. BYE!

TAKE CARE, STUNT RIDER. AND I WISH YOU *MY* BEST. YOU'VE *PROVED* YOURSELF TO ME.

FROM AN OLD ENEMY, DAREDEVIL, THAT'S A *COMPLIMENT* I'LL REMEMBER A LONG TIME.

GOOD LUCK, ALL OF YOU.

AND TO *YOU*.

*STUNT MASTER TURNS AND LEAVES WHILE DAREDEVIL AND KAREN WATCH HIS RETREAT. HE PAUSES FOR A SECOND AS IF TO **TURN BACK**, BUT IT IS **ONLY** FOR THE BRIEFEST OF MOMENTS--AND THEN HE CONTINUES ONWARD UNTIL HE **VANISHES** INTO THE NIGHT.*

ALWAYS MY *SAVIOR*, ALWAYS MY KNIGHT IN SCARLET ARMOR, AREN'T YOU, MATT?

IF KAREN PAGE IS IN TROUBLE, *YOU* ALWAYS COME TO MY RESCUE.

IS *THAT* THE WAY IT IS, MATT?

IT *HASN'T* BEEN THAT WAY FOR QUITE AWHILE. NOT SINCE YOU *WALKED* OUT ON MY LIFE, KAREN.

ARE YOU GOING TO BRING *THAT* UP AGAIN, MATT? I *DIDN'T* LEAVE YOU, *YOU* REALLY LEFT ME.

YOUR LIFE WAS *ALREADY* CROWDED... AND THERE WASN'T ANY ROOM FOR *ANOTHER* PERSON... NOT WHILE MATT MURDOCK WAS BUSY BEING *MARRIED* TO DAREDEVIL

LET'S FACE IT, THAT'S *ALL* YOU WERE INTERESTED IN THEN, MATT

KAREN, I--

NO, MATT. DON'T SAY ANYTHING. *PLEASE* LET ME FINISH.

YOU *MAY* HAVE CARED SOMEWHAT FOR ME, BUT-- THERE WAS *ALWAYS* THE SHADOW OF DAREDEVIL BETWEEN US.

AND, MATT-- FOR *YOUR* SAKE, I HOPE THAT HAS *CHANGED*.

BUT, SOMEHOW, I *DOUBT* THAT IT HAS.

YOU'RE *RIGHT*, KAREN. I *WAS* WRONG THEN, BUT, I *HAVE* CHANGED.

I--I *CARE* FOR SOMEONE *BESIDES* DAREDEVIL.

BUT, I'M *NOT* WILLING TO STOP BEING WHAT I AM... AND THAT IS SOMETHING *YOU* NEVER UNDERSTOOD.

KAREN, I *STILL* CARE FOR YOU. MAYBE *NOT* AS LOVERS CARE, BUT AS *FRIENDS* CARE.

NO, MATT. *DON'T* SAY IT. I UNDERSTAND, I *TRULY* DO.

AND...

MATT, I HOPE YOU DO *LOVE* SOMEONE ELSE, AND I HOPE SHE LOVES *YOU*.

BECAUSE I *DO* LOVE YOU-- TOO MUCH FOR WHAT WE *ONCE* MEANT TO EACH OTHER TO EVER SEE YOU HURT.

YOU *DESERVE* THE BEST, MATT. YOU *ALWAYS* HAVE.

KAREN, *WHEREVER* YOU ARE, *WHENEVER* IT MAY BE, *IF* YOU NEED ME, MATT *OR* DAREDEVIL, I'LL BE THERE BESIDE YOU.

HEY, YOU GUYS, I--

OOOPS! HAVE I INTERRUPTED SOMETHIN', FRIENDS?

NO, JOHNNY, WE WERE JUST SAYING IT WAS GOOD *SEEING* EACH OTHER AGAIN.

I *KNEW* DAREDEVIL WHEN I LIVED IN NEW YORK!

DAREDEVIL, THIS IS JOHNNY BLAZE, THE STUNTMAN ON MY T.V. SHOW.

PLEASED TO *MEET* YOU, JOHNNY. I *HEARD* ABOUT YOU, AND YOUR *WORK* WITH *THE CHAMPIONS*.

THANKS, PARDNER 'CAUSE I'VE HEARD *PLENTY* 'BOUT YOU!

BUT SEEMS WE *BOTH* NEED SOME PRACTICE, 'CAUSE THAT HORSE AN' RIDER OUTDISTANCED ME LIKE I WAS *NAILED* TO THE GROUND.

HE JUST UP AND *VANISHED* ON ME.

I KNOW, I EXPECTED HIM TO DO THAT. YOU SEE, WE'VE FOUGHT BEFORE.

SO, WHAT DO WE DO NOW 'SIDES TWIDDLIN' OUR THUMBS.

WE DO NOTHING, JOHNNY. I CAME HERE TO HELP FIND KAREN, AND I HAVE.

NOW I'VE GOT TO SETTLE A SCORE WITH OUR VANISHING FRIEND AND EXPOSE HIM FOR WHAT HE TRULY IS.

AND I USSALLY FIGHT ALONE IF YOU DON'T MIND.

I DO MIND, PARDNER. WE BATTLE TOGETHER. BUT ONLY AFTER I TAKE CARE A' SOME PRIVATE BUSINESS.

"WITH A PRETTY LITTLE FILLY BY THE NAME OF ROXANNE SIMPSON."

WAL

ROXY...

YOU'VE FOUND KAREN, JOHNNY? I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES.

I CAN'T KEEP TOO MANY SURPRISES FROM YOU, CAN I, HONEY?

NOT MANY, LOVE.

SEE, JOHNNY, I TOLD YOU THINGS WOULD BE GOING WELL FOR YOU NOW.

THAT'LL BE THE DAY, ROXY. I'M THE ORIGINAL LOSER.

HECK, I'VE DONE THINGS THAT'LL MAKE ME DAMNED A THOUSAND TIMES OVER.

INCLUDING WORKING RIGHT ALONGSIDE THE DEVIL FOR A SPELL.

NO, LADY, THIS HOMBRE'S LUCK IS NEVER GONNA CHANGE LESS IT GOES EVEN FURTHER DOWNHILL.

AN' MAYBE YOU SHOULD REALIZE THAT AN' FIND YOURSELF A REAL GUY TO SETTLE DOWN WITH.

YOU'RE TOO GOOD FOR A HARD LUCK CASE, ROXY. MUCH TOO GOOD FOR THE LIKES OF JOHNNY BLAZE.

I-I DON'T WANT ANOTHER MAN, JOHNNY. I DON'T WANT TO SETTLE DOWN WITH YOUR BASIC NINE-TO-FIVER.

I WANT YOU, JOHNNY, AND THERE'S NO ONE ELSE WHO WILL DO.

COME TO ME, JOHNNY. PLEASE COME TO ME NOW.

LET US TAKE LEAVE OF JOHNNY BLAZE AND ROXANNE SIMPSON FOR A WHILE AND TURN OUR ATTENTIONS TO EVERYONE'S FAVORITE MAN WITHOUT FEAR...

IT'S ALMOST LIKE OLD TIMES, MATT, BEING WITH YOU, WALKING THRU THE PARK.

YOU HAVE BEEN AWAY FROM THE BIG APPLE FOR AWHILE, KAREN THE PARK ISN'T THAT DANGEROUS ANYMORE.

ONLY THIS ISN'T CENTRAL PARK AND WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY SO MUCH ABOUT MUGGERS.

FACT IS, THERE'S TOO MUCH GOING ON THERE NOW WITH CONCERTS, SHOWS AND SPECIAL EVENTS FOR THE MUGGERS TO FIND ANYONE ALONE THESE DAYS.

IT'S A WONDER WE DON'T FIND MORE MUGGERS ON THE UNEMPLOYMENT LINE--

HOLD IT!

KAREN, MY RADAR SENSES ARE PICKING UP THAT HORSE AND RIDER... COMING THIS WAY.

THERE YOU ARE, WOMAN. IT HAS TAKEN DEATH'S HEAD A WHILE TO FIND YOU!

BUT NOW THAT I HAVE, YOU ARE MINE!

TAKE HER, SMASHER!

HEY!

SORRY, LADY, BUT I TOLD YOU THE LAST TIME--WHAT DEATH'S HEAD WANTS--

--THE SMASHER GIVES HIM!

GET AWAY FROM ME, MISTER AN' YOU WON'T GET HURT.

WOP

LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT TO GO ANOTHER ROUND WITH MUSCLE MOUTH.*

NOT THAT I'M LOOKING FOWARD TO IT, YOU UNDERSTAND.

I'M STILL SORE ABOUT THE STOMACH FROM HIS LAST ATTACK.

BUT A JOB'S A JOB!

STILL UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS, HAPPY BOY?

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU THE LAST TIME IT ISN'T POLITE TO STEAL...

...ESPECIALLY SOMEONE'S EX-GIRL FRIEND!

BAH! I BEAT YOU INTA THE GROUND THE LAST TIME WE FOUGHT, AN' I'LL DO IT AGAIN!

THE SMASHER CAN SMASH ANYONE!

WELL, MAKE THAT *ALMOST* ANYONE, SMILEY!

HEY! YOU TRIPPED ME!

I'M FALLIN' *BACK!*

YOU HAVE FORCED DEATH'S HEAD TO ENTER THIS BATTLE, DAREDEVIL!

YOU HAVE FORCED ME TO USE MY FULL POWERS ON YOU!

OBSERVE AS I REMOVE THE BANDAGES FROM MY HAND...

HEY, YOU PROMISED ME I COULD TAKE THIS CREEP *MYSELF*.

YOU PROMISED ME I COULD *SMASH* 'IM FOR FUN.

I *DON'T* NEED YOUR HELP, DEATHS HEAD. I CAN CLOBBER 'IM *ALONE*.

BROTHER, YOU NEED *ALL* THE HELP YOU CAN GET.

YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO FIGHT WITH YOUR *HEAD* AND NOT JUST YOUR MUSCLE!

WHAAA? YOU'RE FLIPPIN' ME OVER!!!

AH, YOU'RE *CATCHING ON*, BRIGHT EYES!

KEEP THIS UP AND YOU'LL SOON BE THINKING RIGHT ALONGSIDE THE *NEANDERTHALS!*

FOOL! I SAID I WOULD END THIS FIGHT!

AWAY FROM ME!

HUH? Y-YOU TOUCHED ME... AN' SUDDENLY MY ARM'S ALL COLD!

I--I'M HURTIN'--HURTIN' REAL BAD. WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?

I--I CAN'T FIGHT... CAN'T--

FWUMP!

YOU'VE KILLED HIM. THE SMASHER DIED FROM YOUR TOUCH.

WHICH ONLY REMOVES ANY DOUBT I MAY HAVE HAD ABOUT YOUR TRUE IDENTITY

HE WAS ONLY A MENIAL, DAREDEVIL. HIS DEATH MEANS NOTHING TO ME.

BUT NOW THAT MY TRUE SELF HAS BEEN REVEALED, I NEED WEAR THESE RAGS NO LONGER! THEY HAVE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE IN MY PRETENDING TO BE KAREN PAGE'S FATHER.

NOW, WHEN I FACE HER AGAIN, SHE WILL GREET ME WITH MY TRUE NAME-

--DEATH STALKER!*

WHOSE VERY TOUCH BRINGS INSTANT AND MOST PAINFUL DEATH TO ONE AND ALL!

ARE YOU READY TO FEEL MY TOUCH, DARE-DEVIL? ARE YOU READY TO--

-DIE!

*LAST APPEARED DD #128.--MW.

OR WOULD THE TERROR IN YOUR HEART GROW IF FIRST I ATTACK KAREN PAGE?

AND FORCE HER TO REVEAL THE INFORMATION I NEED.

TELL ME, WOMAN, REVEAL THE FACTS OF YOUR FATHER'S WORK TO ME. I NEED THE INFORMATION HE GAVE YOU OF HIS TIME-DISPLACEMENT FACTORS... OF HIS COBALT EXPERIMENTS.

BUT, I TOLD YOU *BEFORE*... I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING.

HE *NEVER* TALKED TO ME ABOUT IT-- *EVER!*

THAT IS A LIE, WOMAN. I HAVE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE IMPLANTED KNOWLEDGE IN YOUR MIND. I HAVE PROOF THAT HE--

YOU HAVE *NOTHING*, DEATH STALKER! KAREN WENT THROUGH F.B.I *DE-BRIEFING* AFTER HER FATHER DIED. *

SHE *DOESN'T* HAVE THAT KNOWLEDGE, MISTER. IT *DOESN'T* PAY TO THREATEN HER ANY MORE.

THEN I SHALL THREATEN YOU, SCARLET CLOWN. AND MORE THAN THREATEN--

--I SHALL *DESTROY* YOU!

FWIP

SORRY, BUT THIS SUPERHERO ISN'T READY TO JOIN THE *CHOIR INVISIBLE* JUST YET.

I'VE *STILL* GOT A FEW GOOD YEARS AHEAD OF ME *BEFORE* I RETIRE TO HERO-HEAVEN.

STAND STILL, CRETIN!

AND MAKE THINGS *EASY* FOR YOU, *DS*? TSK, TSK. THAT'S A *DEFINITE NO-NO!*

I'M SUPPOSED TO MAKE IT AS *DIFFICULT* FOR YOU AS--*HEY!*

HE'S GONE-- *NOTHING* UNDER HIS CLOAK!

I ALMOST *FORGOT* HOW HE CAN MAKE HIMSELF *VANISH*.

*D.D. #57 -- MARV.

VANISH LIKE A GHOST, DAREDEVIL!

FOR THAT IS WHAT I AM, FOOL!

EH, BEHIND ME...?

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU ATTEMPTED TO STOP ME? HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU FAILED TO EVEN TOUCH ME?

I CAN NOT BE STOPPED! I CAN NOT BE TOUCHED!

BUT I CAN KILL... AND I WILL KILL YOU!

YOU WILL KILL NO ONE, NOT AS LONG AS THE GHOST RIDER CAN STOP YOU!

BY BURNING THE EVIL FROM YOU WITH MY HELLFIRE!

FWIKA!

YOU HAVE ATTACKED THE GHOST RIDER'S FRIENDS ONCE TOO OFTEN, EVIL SPAWN!

AND NONE MAY DARE THAT WITHOUT FEELING THE GHOST RIDER'S WRATH!

RUN, KAREN -- AS FAST AS YOU CAN.

THE TWO OF US ARE GOING TO NEED SOME FIGHTING ROOM.

THEN LET US TAKE ON THIS EVIL ONE, DAREDEVIL.

BUT, DAREDEVIL, I--

LET US COMBINE OUR STRENGTHS AND END HIS EXISTENCE FOREVER.

NOW!

DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, KAREN--NOT NOW!

WHAT? I'VE GRABBED YOU WITH MY DEATH GRIP, AND YOU DO NOT DIE?

HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE? HOW!!

I AM NO MERE *MORTAL*, TO *WITHER* AT YOUR TOUCH!

YOU *CAN'T* DESTROY ME!

THIS HAS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE! MY TOUCH HAS ALWAYS BROUGHT DEATH TO ALL!

I MUST RETREAT-- LEAN WHY I FAILED!

AWAY, GHOST RIDER!

I SAID AWAY FROM ME, FOOL!

HUNH? HE TOSSED ME ASIDE LIKE I WAS A *RAG DOLL*!

THAT DUDE'S GOT *STRENGTH* HE HASN'T EVEN *STARTED* USIN'!

HEY, YOU FORGOT ABOUT HORNHEAD, STALKER! AND YOU *KNOW* WHAT THAT DOES TO MY *INFERIORITY COMPLEX*.

FOOL! I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO END YOUR FRIEND'S LIFE, BUT I STILL CAN TAKE YOURS!

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, *DD*. WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE WELL ENOUGH *ALONE*?

YOU ARE NOTHING COMPARED WITH ME. YOUR POWERS ARE LAUGHABLE WHEN MATCHED WITH MINE!

ATTACK ME ALL YOU WILL, DAREDEVIL, AND YOU WILL ACCOMPLISH NOTHING!

BUT, SHOULD I TOUCH YOU, YOU WILL DIE. CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY THAT I HAVE DECIDED NOT TO END YOUR LIFE THIS TIME.

AND SUFFER WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I CAN RETURN AT ANY TIME AND SNUFF THE LIFE FROM YOU WITH EASE!

HE'S RIGHT... I STILL CAN'T EVEN TOUCH HIM.

THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO STOP HIM

PERHAPS WE CAN NOT USE PHYSICAL FORCE TO END YOUR FIGHTING, DEATH STALKER, BUT TRY AVOIDING MY HELLFIRE!

SEE IF YOU CAN ESCAPE ITS COMPLETE CLEANSING OF YOUR EVIL!

LET YOUR FLAMES WRITHE ABOUT ME, GHOST RIDER... LET THEM DANCE TO MY VICTORY!

BUT EVEN AS I FADE BENEATH THEM, KNOW I DO NOT VANISH. YOU CAN NOT DESTROY ME SO SIMPLY...

DEATH STALKER WILL RETURN SOME DAY... HE WILL RETURN...

...WHEN LEAST YOU EXPECT IT...

HE'S **GONE,** VANISHED WITHIN THE FLAME

BUT I'VE SEEN HIM DO **THAT** STUNT BEFORE.

HIS **UNIFORM** IS CHARRED, **BURNT** TO A CRISP.

BUT I'M **NOT** WILLING TO BELIEVE THAT HE'S GONE FOREVER.

SOMEWHERE THE DEATH STALKER STILL WALKS... AND **WHEREVER** THAT IS MANKIND WILL TREMBLE.

HEAVEN HELP US, FOR HE MAY **JUST** BE THE **ONE** VILLAIN ON EARTH THAT CAN **NOT** BE STOPPED.

BUT HE'S NO LONGER 'ROUND **HERE,** HORN-HEAD, WHICH IS WHY I'M CHANGIN' **BACK** TO JOHNNY BLAZE.

ALL THIS HAS PROVEN WHAT I **KNEW** TO BE TRUE IN NEW YORK.

I **CAN'T** TAKE BEING IN THE CENTER OF THIS SORT OF **TROUBLE.** I **DON'T** HAVE THE **STAMINA** FOR IT ALL.

I'M **NOT** A SUPER-HERO LIKE YOU TWO ARE. I'M JUST AN **ORDINARY** PERSON.

YOU WON'T EVER HAVE TO GO THROUGH THIS AGAIN, KAREN. I **GUARANTEE** IT.

HOW CAN **YOU** BE SO SURE, DARE-DEVIL, WHEN EVEN **I** CAN'T BE.

HECK, I DON'T WANNA BREAK UP THIS MUTUAL **CRYIN'** SOCIETY, BUT I'VE GOT A HANKERIN' TA GET BACK INTA **TOWN.**

AN' I GOT ROOM FOR ONE MORE ON MY **CYCLE,** KAREN.

COMIN'?

GOOBYE, KAREN, AND **REMEMBER**-- I'LL ALWAYS BE HERE IF YOU **NEED** ME.

FOR **BOTH** OUR SAKES, DAREDEVIL, I HOPE I **NEVER** WILL NEED YOU AGAIN

I DON'T THINK I COULD **SURVIVE** ANOTHER MEETING

TAKE CARE, PARDNER.

MAY YOUR **HORNS** NEVER WILT, BUDDY.

NEXT ISSUE **ENTER: THE GLADIATOR!**

DAREDEVIL ANNUAL

4 | 1976 02427

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MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

KING-SIZE ANNUAL!

ALL NEW!

DAREDEVIL

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR TRAPPED IN A THREE-WAY FIGHT TO THE FINISH WITH THE BLACK PANTHER AND NAMOR, THE SAVAGE SUB-MARINER!

WIN OR LOSE--
THE NAME OF THE GAME IS DEATH!

Stan Lee presents: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

CHRIS CLAREMONT, SCRIPT / GEORGE TUSKA & F. CHIARAMONTE, ART / ANNETTE KAWECKI, letters / MARV WOLFMAN, EDITOR
MARV WOLFMAN, PLOT / BONNIE WILFORD, colorist

THE NAME OF THE GAME IS... DEATH!

KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, NEW YORK. 9:00 AM...

IT'S A FIVE-HOUR FLIGHT FROM LOS ANGELES TO NEW YORK--TIME ENOUGH TO SIP A DRINK, EAT A MEAL, WATCH A MOVIE, READ A BOOK (PART OF ONE, ANYWAY)...

TIME ENOUGH FOR A MAN TO BID FAREWELL TO PART OF HIS LIFE, AND TO A WOMAN HE ONCE LOVED.

TWA

TWA

YOU'RE TAKING A CHANCE, LITTLE LADY, COMING DOWN HERE TO J.F.K. TO MEET MATT...

...BUT HE SOUNDED SO STRUNG-OUT WHEN HE CALLED FROM L.A., LIKE SOMETHING INSIDE OF HIM HAD... DIED.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN YOU AND KAREN PAGE, FELLA--I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO KNOW--BUT IF YOU NEED A SHOULDER TO LEAN ON, MATTHEW MURDOCK...

...THEN HEATHER GLENN'S IS READY AND WAITING.

TRANS-WORLD FLIGHT 900 FROM *LOS ANGELES*--NOW ARRIVING AT GATE 3...

I WONDER IF THIS IS HOW A *SARDINE* FEELS, ALL SQUASHED IN WITH *NOWHERE* TO GO...

THIS *CROWD* IS EVEN TAXING MY *RADAR SENSE*--EH?!?

SOMEONE *CALLING* ME?

MATT! OH, *MATT*-!!

AND THAT'S A VOICE I'D KNOW *ANYWHERE*--

HEATHER!

SCORE ONE FOR THE *RED-HEAD!*

OH, MATT, HOW *ARE* YOU?

AND IF YOU'D SAID ANYONE *ELSE'S* NAME, I'D HAVE *KILLED* YOU.

IS THAT ANY WAY TO GREET AN *OLD FRIEND?*

NOT REALLY, THIS ANY *BETTER?*

MMMMM--NOT BAD, LADY, NOT BAD AT ALL.

SO HOW'D THINGS GO IN L.A.?

OH, HEY, MATT, I'M *SORRY;* REALLY I AM. I DIDN'T MEAN TO *PRY.*

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, HEATHER.

THINGS... WORKED *THEMSELVES* OUT.

MATT...I...HATE TO *SPOIL* YOUR HOMECOMING, BUT SOMETHING *HAPPENED* WHILE YOU WERE GONE--SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW...

SOMEONE TRIED TO *KILL* FOGGY!

WHAT?!

IT'S OKAY--HE'S *UNHURT.* BUT THE POLICE HAVE NO CLUES TO HIS *ASSAILANT!*

DAREDEVIL WILL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT *THAT*--SOON!*

**AND HE WILL; KEEP AN EYE ON DD'S OWN MONTHLY MAG --MARY.*

*BUT RIGHT NOW, EVENTS ARE TRANSPIRING THAT ARE FATED TO **DELAY** THAT INVESTIGATION.*

*HOLMSFORD, CONNECTICUT: THE ESTATE OF **ROBERT TREVANIAN MALLORY**, CRACKPOT INVENTOR, MAVERICK INDUSTRIALIST, **MULTI-MULTI-MILLIONARE**...*

OKAY, JOJO, THE *KID'S* LEAVIN' THE HOUSE--

--WHICH MEANS THAT THE *KIDNAPPIN'* BEGINS...*NOW!*

ROBERT MALLORY--CALLED "THE GOLDEN MAN" ON WALL STREET. A MAN WHO STARTED WITH NOTHING AND MADE HIS FIRST MILLION BY AGE 23.

A MAN TO BE ENVIED...

...AND HATED.

SO LONG, KEITH!

HAVE A NICE DAY AT SCHOOL, SON!

YOU HAVE A GOOD SON, ROBERT MALLORY.

HM--? YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT, PRINCE T'CHALLA I HAVE. JUST BEEN LUCKY, I GUESS.

IT'S NOT EASY BEING FATHER AND MOTHER TO THE BOY, AND RUNNING MALLORY INTERTECH ALL AT THE SAME TIME.

BUT I DIDN'T ASK YOU UP HERE TO LAY A PERSONAL RAP ON YOUR HEAD, PRINCE--

I PREFER BLACK PANTHER-- OR PANTHER-- IF YOU DON'T MIND.

WHATEVER.

I NEED YOUR HELP, PANTHER. BADLY.

ROBERT MALLORY--A MAN WHO OWNS MANY THINGS, BUT LOVES ONLY ONE. HIS SON.

AND THAT MAKES HIM TERRIBLY VULNERABLE.

WHICH IS WHY THE CHAUFFEUR (EX-SECRET SERVICE) CARRIES A GUN, AND WHY THE LIMO ITSELF IS ARMORED.

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT KIND OF INFORMATION CAN BE BOUGHT, THE PRECAUTIONS DEALT WITH.

CASE IN POINT:

GET YOUR BAZOOKA READY, JOJO-- THE CAR'S ALMOST IN RANGE.

GET READY...

...GET SET...

FIRE!

KH!

VOOOM

BULLSEYE!

THOMAS! SOMETHING HIT THE CAR!

GAS! SPREADING FAST... GETTING HARD TO... BREATHE...

...CAN'T SEE THE ROAD.

KEITH--I'VE LOST CONTROL OF THE CAR!

GET YOUR HEAD DOWN, BOY--

--WE'RE GOING OFF THE ROAD!

SCREEE

WHOMP!

HEY, BERNIE, WHAT ABOUT THE DRIVER? HE DON'T LOOK SO GOOD...

LEAVE 'IM FOR THE COPS, YA DOPE! WE AIN'T NO FREAKIN' RED CROSS!

ALL WE WANT IS THE KID--

--AN' THE KID IS WHAT WE GOT.

MEANWHILE.

THERE IT IS, PANTHER. MALLORY MARK I, THE WORLD'S FIRST TIDAL POWER STATION, DESIGNED TO EXPLOIT THE VAST ENERGIES CONTAINED IN THE DEEP OCEAN CURRENTS.

VERY IMPRESSIVE. BUT HOW DO I FIT IN?

MY CIRCLE OF FRIENDS INCLUDES REED RICHARDS, PANTHER.

AND HE INFORMED ME OF A RARE ORE FOUND IN YOUR AFRICAN KINGDOM WHICH CAN ABSORB VIBRATIONS!

I WANT TO USE THIS VIBRANIUM AS A FOCUSING AGENT WHEN THE POWER IS BROADCAST FROM THE UNDERWATER STATION...

...TO RECEIVING COMPLEXES ON THE SURFACE. AND FROM THERE TO THE SHORE.

EXCUSE ME A MOMENT.

RINNG!

ROBERT MALLORY, HERE--*WHO'S THIS?*

HEY, BACK OFF A MINUTE, FELLA-- WHO *IS* THIS? WHAT D'YOU *MEAN* YOU'VE GOT MY *SON?*

LISTEN, BUSTER, IF THIS IS SOME SORT OF *JOKE--!*

THEY HUNG UP!

MR. MALLORY-- WHAT'S *WRONG?*

PANTHER, MY SON'S BEEN *KIDNAPPED--*

--AND IF I DON'T COUGH UP THE *PLANS* TO THE TIDAL STATION BY *MIDNIGHT TONIGHT,* HE'S GOING TO BE *MURDERED!*

BONDOLPHI'S RESTAURANT, GREENWICH VILLAGE. *NOON.*

HMMMM, REMIND ME TO BUY YOU BRUNCH *MORE OFTEN...*

MY PLEASURE, LOVER.

WHERE TO, NOW--MY PLACE OR *YOURS?*

HEATHER, I *HATE* TO TELL YOU THIS--

BUT YOU'RE ABOUT TO *SHOO* ME ON MY WAY AND YOU DON'T WANT TO HURT MY *FEELINGS.*

I *UNDER-STAND,* MATT.

LOOK, WHEN YOU WANT *COMPANY* AGAIN, YOU KNOW WHERE TO *REACH ME.*

AND WHEN THAT TIME *COMES,* MS. GLENN, I MOST DEFINITELY *WILL.*

BUT *FIRST,* IT'S TIME A CERTAIN SWINGING SUPER-HERO MADE HIS *ROUNDS...*

...AND SAID *HELLO* TO THE BIG APPLE.

OR, TO PUT IT *ANOTHER* WAY...

HEY, YOU GUYS, *LOOK--!*

DAREDEVIL'S BACK IN TOWN!

YOU *GOT* IT, JACK.

AND FROM THE *LOOKS* OF THINGS, I CAME BACK NOT A *MOMENT TOO SOON.*

POLICE

NO SIGN OF ANY AMBULANCES OR *SUPPORT UNITS.*

...SO WHATEVER *TOTALED* THESE COPS MUST HAVE JUST *DONE IT.*

WHICH MEANS THE *FASTER* I HELP OUT HERE, THE FASTER I CAN GET *AFTER HIM.*

LUCKY ME.

DAREDEVIL! MAN, AM I... *GLAD* TO SEE YOU! NEVER... *BELIEVED* WHAT THEY SAID...ON *TELEVISION...**

TAKE IT EASY, FELLA-- WHO *DID* THIS?

SUB...MARINER ...SCREAMIN' FOR SOME MAN NAMED... *MALLORY.*

...OH, MAN, I HURT...

**AN OBLIQUE REFERENCE TO THE EVENTS OF DD #'s 139-137 -- MARV.*

HAS ANYONE CALLED AN *AMBULANCE?* THESE MEN ARE *BADLY HURT!*

MY NAME'S SULLIVAN, DAREDEVIL-- I'M A *DOCTOR.*

CAN I LEND A *HAND?*

DO WHAT YOU *CAN* FOR 'EM, DOC...

'CAUSE, RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT A *DATE* WITH AN "AVENGING SON"--

NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER!

"MAN WITHOUT FEAR," RIGHT, HORNHEAD? BOY, *THAT'S* A LAUGH-- MAN WITHOUT *BRAINS* IS MORE LIKE IT,

WHILE YOU'RE NOTHING MORE THAN A *GLORIFIED ACROBAT.*

AND A *BLIND* ONE TO BOOT.

NAMOR'S ONE OF THE MOST *POWERFUL* BEINGS ON THIS PLANET, A MAN WHO GOES *ONE-ON-ONE* WITH THE *THING* JUST FOR THE *FUN* OF IT.

THERE HE IS, *FLYING* OVER THE CITY LIKE HE *OWNS* IT. AND MAYBE HE *DOES*.

YOU'RE *CRAZY* TO TO TAKE HIM ON *ALONE*, DD--

--THE *LAST* TIME YOU TRIED HE BEAT YOU TO A *PULP.**

**BACK IN DD #77--MARV.*

SO I'M CRAZY. BELIEVE ME, IF THE F.F. OR THE AVENGERS OR EVEN THE DEFENDERS WERE *AVAILABLE*, I'D LET THEM *HANDLE* THIS *SO FAST--!*

BUT THEY'RE *NOT* AVAILABLE.

AND I'VE REALLY GOT *NO CHOICE*.

HIYA, SUBBY--*LONG TIME, NO SEE!*

WHA--?!

I AM ATTACKED FROM *BEHIND!* BUT WHO WOULD *DARE--?!*

YOU--!!

I *REMEMBER* YOUR GARB FROM OUR LAST ENCOUNTER, SURFACE-MAN.

YOU ARE THE "HERO" MEN CALL *DAREDEVIL!*

WALKER SCHOOL

RIGHT THE *FIRST TIME*, WING-FOOT.

GLAD TO HEAR I'M NOT *FORGOTTEN*.

BUT I HAD REMEMBERED YOU AS AN *HONORABLE* FOE, HUMAN...

...AND AN HONORABLE FOE DOES NOT STRIKE FROM *AMBUSH*, NOR SEEK TO TAKE HIS ENEMY *UNAWARES!*

GORDONS

:OBOY.:

GORDONS...

IF YOU WILL *NOT* FIGHT WITH *HONOR*--

--THEN EXPECT *NO QUARTER* FROM THE *AVENGING SON!*

BONDS

WOOLWORT

NO TIME TO BE *FANCY*...

I'LL ONLY HAVE *ONE* CHANCE AT THIS--

-- SO *BILLY-CLUB*, DO YOUR STUFF!

AND LET'S *BOTH* PRAY THAT THIS ISN'T A *BREAK-AWAY* LIGHT POLE.

42ND ST

BINGO!

OKAY, HORN-HEAD, YOU'RE DOWN AND IN *ONE PIECE*...

...BUT THIS *CROWD*... TOO MANY IMAGES... *JAMMING* MY RADAR SENSE.

BLAST IT, I CAN'T FIND *SUBBY*!

DON'T WORRY, DD! HE'S FOUND YOU!

WHAM!

TOO LONG HAS THE REGAL SUB-MARINER PLAYED THE *LACKEY!*

EVEN *NOW*, WHEN THIS DAY IS *ENDED*, I MUST SERVE *DR. DOOM'S* MEREST WHIM ONCE MORE--

--OR *DIE!*

YOU'RE NOT MAKING ANY *SENSE*, BUBBIE!

I *READ* ABOUT DOOM'S *ANTI-AGRESSION* PACT WITH THE U.S.

YOU TRYING TO TELL ME HE'D JEOPARDIZE *THAT* JUST TO SEND YOU ON A VENDETTA AGAINST THIS *MALLORY* GUY?

FOOL! THIS DAY NAMOR FIGHTS FOR NO *HUMAN* MASTER!

I STRIKE FOR THE *REALM ETERNAL*, FOR FAIR *ATLANTIS*-- AND FOR THE *OCEANS OF THE WORLD!*

THE OCEANS THAT ROBERT MALLORY WOULD *DESTROY FOREVER!*

LORD--I'D FORGOTTEN HOW TRULY *STRONG* NAMOR IS!

I *ROLLED* WITH HIS PUNCH... BUT HE STILL ALMOST TOOK MY *HEAD* OFF!

HARRY, DAREDEVIL'S FALLIN' RIGHT IN *FRONT* OF US!

SAINTS PRESERVE US--I'M GONNA *HIT HIM!*

EVERYTHING'S BLURRY... *UNFOCUSED...*

THE HUMAN SEEMS STUNNED, *UNAWARE* OF THE VEHICLE *HURTLING* TOWARD HIM...

IT WOULD BE A *SIMPLE* THING TO LEAVE HIM TO HIS *DEATH.*

BUT SUCH WILL *NEVER* BE NAMOR'S WAY--EVEN AGAINST HIS *BITTEREST FOES.*

WHATEVER I AM--WHATEVER FATE *MAKES* ME--NAMOR OF ATLANTIS IS NO *MURDERER.*

WHAT--?

SANITATION

SANITATION 23C1714AB

FAREWELL, DAREDEVIL--MY *QUARREL* IS NOT WITH YOU--

--BUT WITH *ROBERT MALLORY.*

NAMOR! WAIT A MINUTE!

WE'VE GOT TO *TALK!*

MY *GRAB*--IT *OVER-BALANCED* HIM!

WE'RE FALLING!

KRASH

I HAVE HAD *ENOUGH* OF YOUR *INTERFERENCE,* DAREDEVIL!

WAY TO GO, MURDOCK--YOU'VE MADE NAMOR *MADDER* THAN EVER!

HE'LL *NEVER* LISTEN TO REASON NOW...

;UNNGNH!;

AND I WILL HAVE *NO MORE!*

GOT TO *STOP* HIM...BUT--FOR PITY'S SAKE, *HOW?*

HE BRUSHES ASIDE MY *PARRIES* LIKE THEY WERE *NOTHING*...

RUK!

...AND MY *STRONGEST PUNCHES* ARE EVEN *LESS!*

CHAK!

...FIGHT...

...SO *FIGHT*...YOU UNION-SUITED CLOWN...

CAN'T...*GIVE UP*, THOUGH--*LIVES* ARE AT STAKE...

YOU ARE *BEATEN*, DAREDEVIL. YET IT IS A VICTORY THAT GIVES ME *NO PLEASURE.*

TWICE I HAVE HUMBLED YOU THUS,* AND TWICE I HAVE GRANTED YOU YOUR *LIFE.*

DO NOT TEMPT FATE A *THIRD* TIME.

**THE FIRST TIME WAS IN DD#7.--A.G.*

AND NOW, NAMOR TAKES HIS *LEAVE*...

MY *FREEDOM* IS A FLEETING THING, AND I AM *SWORN* TO RETURN TO DOOM'S CURSED SERVICE BY *SUNRISE TOMORROW.*

IF THE OCEANS ARE TO BE *SAVED*, IT MUST BE DONE BY *THEN.*

THE KIDNAPPERS HAVE *PLANNED WELL*--BY THE TIME THE POLICE OR FBI CAN BE *INVOLVED*, THE RANSOM WILL HAVE BEEN *PAID.*

NOTHING'S WORTH MY SON'S LIFE, PANTHER--NOT EVEN THE *TIDAL STATION.*

WHEN THEY CALL BACK, I'M GOING TO *PAY.*

VERY WELL, MR. MALLORY.

BUT IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL USE MY *OWN* METHODS--

--AND SEE IF *I* CAN'T SAVE BOTH YOUR STATION *AND* YOUR SON.

PART 2:

AND WHO SHALL SAVE THE PANTHER?

MANHATTAN ISLAND. 7:30 PM...

HE USED TO KNOW THIS ISLAND **WELL**--BUT THAT WAS A **LONG TIME** AGO, WHEN THE BLACK PANTHER WAS AN ACTIVE **AVENGER** AND WALKED THE STREETS OF HARLEM AS A **SCHOOL-TEACHER** NAMED **LUKE CHARLES**...

-- LIKE THE **KIDNAPPING** OF A **MILLIONAIRE'S SON**.

STILL, HE'D MADE **FRIENDS** IN THOSE DAYS, AND THOSE FRIENDS HAD FRIENDS WHO WORKED **BOTH SIDES** OF THE LAW-- FRIENDS WHO KEPT THEIR **EARS** OPEN FOR WORD OF ANY **BIG MONEY CAPERS**...

IT HAD TAKEN TIME, AND MONEY, BUT IN THE **END**, THE LONG HOURS OF LEG-WORK HAD PRODUCED **RESULTS**--

--A **NAME**. AND AN **ADDRESS**.

SUCH **LITTLE** THINGS ON WHICH TO HANG THE **THREADS** OF A YOUNG BOY'S **LIFE**...

UPPER WEST SIDE...BETWEEN *BROADWAY* AND *AMSTERDAM*-- NOT ONE OF NEW YORK'S *FINER* NEIGHBORHOODS.

GOT TO MOVE *FAST* NOW, FOR *KEITH'S* SAKE.

TIME'S RUNNING *SHORT*...

I ONLY *PRAY* THAT THE INFORMATION BILLY CARVER*GAVE ME WAS *ACCURATE*...

**ANYONE REMEMBER HIM FROM DD#69?--MARV.*

YOU WERE *WELL PAID*, BERNARD.

AND FROM THE SOUNDS OF THINGS *INSIDE*--

--I THINK IT *IS*.

BULL!

WE WERE HIRED TO SNATCH A *KID*, TOLD THERE'D BE *NO PROBLEMS*...

SO ALL OF A SUDDEN I HEAR ON THE *STREET* THAT MALLORY'S GOT THE *BLACK PANTHER* AFTER US!

COPS ARE *ONE THING*, COSTA--AN *AVENGER'S* SOMETHING ELSE!

STOP ACTING LIKE A *FOOL*, BERNARD--

--*RUFFIO COSTA* IS MORE THAN ABLE TO DEAL WITH THE PANTHER.

FINE! *YOU* DEAL WITH HIM--BUT I WANT TO BE *OUTTA* THE COUNTRY WHEN THE AVENGERS STOMP YOU INTO THE *GROUND*.

I WANT WHAT'S *COMIN'* *TO ME*, COSTA-- *NOW!!*

KAHOM!

AND YOU SHALL *HAVE IT*.

BUT FIRST, *I* INTEND TO HAVE MY AFTER-DINNER *TEA*.

WILLIS...

GOT'CHA, BOSS!

BERNIE!!

AARGH!

BHROOM!

MR. COSTA, *PLEASE*--WE DIDN'T MAKE NO *TROUBLE*-- THIS WAS ALL *BERNIE'S* IDEA!

DON'T SHOOT-- *PLEASE!!*

MR. COSTA--?

SUCH LOYALTY IS *ADMIRABLE*, WILLIS-- LET THEM *LIVE*.

BUT *UNDERSTAND*, YOU MEN--THE *FAMILY* HAS ITS EYE ON YOU NOW.

GET OUT OF LINE *ONCE* AND YOU'LL GET JUST WHAT *BERNIE GOT*.

NICE MAN, THIS RUFFIO COSTA--

--A MAN I'D *ENJOY* PUTTING *OUT OF BUSINESS*.

BUT MY *PRIMARY* RESPONSIBILITY IS THE BOY-- *EH?!!*

DON'T MOVE, BUDDY, DON'T EVEN *BREATHE*...

...OR I'LL *BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!*

THE RESPONSE IS INSTINCTIVE...IMMEDIATE...

...DEADLY!

I TRUST YOU GENTLEMEN WILL *EXCUSE ME*--

--IF THE BLACK PANTHER DOES NOT GO *MEEKLY* TO THE *SLAUGHTER*.

GET HIM!

IF YOU CAN, MY FRIEND.

THAT FIRE ESCAPE LADDER-- ITS LOCK IS ALMOST RUSTED THRU--

--SO ONE GOOD TUG SHOULD BREAK IT FREE--

--LIKE SO!

KOOK

ONE MAN DOWN...

...AND NOW THE SECOND.

BRAK!

WHICH LEAVES ME FREE TO...

FREEZE, BLACK BOY!

THAT IS, UNLESS YOU'RE REAL EAGER TO DIE!

MANHATTAN... THE UPPER EAST SIDE... 8:00 PM...

IT'S BEEN QUIET ALL AFTERNOON... ALMOST TOO QUIET.

I JUST CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT THE SUB-MARINER IS STILL OUT THERE... WATCHING... WAITING...

I'VE DONE SOME QUICK RESEARCH ON MALLORY'S TIDAL ENERGY PROCESS, THOUGH...

...AND EVEN A LAYMAN CAN SEE THAT NAMOR'S FEARS ARE JUSTIFIED.

MALLORY PLANS TO BEAM THE ENERGY TO THE SURFACE, AND THEN TO SHORE-- A TIGHTLY-FOCUSED BEAM, TRUE, BUT ONE THAT GENERATES PHE-NOMENAL AMOUNT OF HEAT--

--HEAT THAT COULD EVENTUALLY AFFECT THE CURRENTS THEMSELVES, PERHAPS ALL LIFE IN THE OCEAN--AND ON EARTH.

MALLORY SAYS THE EFFECTS WILL BE *MINIMAL...*

...BUT THIS IS NEW, *UNTRIED,* TECHNOLOGY--*NOBODY* KNOWS FOR *SURE.*

WHAT--THE *PHONE!*

RRRNNG!

MATT MURDOCK'S RESIDENCE.

WHO *IS* THIS?

BELT UP, COUNSELOR --AN' *LISTEN GOOD!*

WHO *I* AM DON'T MATTER--IT'S WHO I GOT *PRISONER.*

I'M LISTENING.

I'M HOLDIN' THE *BLACK PANTHER.*

NOW YOU GOT *ONE HOUR* TO GET THE AVENGERS TO ANTE UP *FIVE MILLION DOLLARS*--OR THE PANTHER'S A *DEAD HERO. CAPISH?*

HERE'S *WHERE* YOU BRING THE *MONEY...*

"WASHINGTON SQUARE AT NINE... COME ALONE...NO COPS AND NO AVENGERS--OR THE PANTHER'S HAD IT!"

SOUNDS *FOOL-PROOF.* AFTER ALL, WHAT HAVE *THUGS* TO FEAR FROM A *BLIND LAWYER?*

THAT'S WHY YOU TOLD THEM TO CALL *ME,* WASN'T IT, T'CHALLA?

BECAUSE YOU KNEW *MATT MURDOCK* WOULDN'T BE THE ONE WHO *DELIVERED* THE MONEY--

--YOU KNEW HE'D "SEND" *DAREDEVIL* IN HIS PLACE.

I ONLY HOPE YOUR *FAITH* IN ME IS *JUSTIFIED,* MY FRIEND.

IN THE MEANTIME, AS THEY SAY IN THE *FUNNY PAPERS--*

--UP, UP AND AWAY!!

NOPE--DOESN'T QUITE *SOUND RIGHT.*

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE TRIED SOMETHING *CONTEMPORARY,* LIKE--

"FLAME ON!"

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE *QUIT* WHILE I WAS *AHEAD.*

FIRST THINGS *FIRST*, HORNHEAD.

RESCUE THE PANTHER, *THEN* WORK ON YOUR *SNAPPY PATTER.*

STRANGE, THOUGH, I HADN'T *EXPECTED* T'CHALLA TO POP UP IN NEW YORK--THE LAST *I* HEARD, HE WAS INVESTIGATING A *MURDER* DOWN SOUTH--*

--AND HE'S *NOT* THE KIND OF MAN TO LEAVE A THING *HALF-FINISHED.*

*THE GRIM DETAILS OF WHICH CAN BE FOUND IN CURRENT ISSUES OF **JUNGLE ACTION**--MARV.

OH, WELL, IF T'CHALLA WANTS TO *TELL* ME ABOUT IT, HE *WILL.*

IF *NOT,* IT'S NONE OF MY *BUSINESS* ANYWAY.

WHAT *IS* MY BUSINESS IS COLLECTING THE PANTHER'S *RANSOM--*

--AND THERE'S ONLY *ONE MAN* I KNOW WHO CAN COME UP WITH THAT AMOUNT OF CASH *THIS QUICKLY...*

FOGGY NELSON!

DAREDEVIL! WHAT BRINGS *YOU* TO THIS NECK OF THE MIDTOWN WOODS?

DON'T HAVE A *SEIZURE,* COUNSELOR, BUT I NEED *FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.*

WHA-A-AT?!?

RELAX, FOGGY, IT'S FOR A *GOOD CAUSE.*

BESIDES, I DON'T WANT *REAL* MONEY.

I WANT TO USE THE *BOGUS, MARKED BILLS* THAT THE D.A.'S OFFICE HAS ON HAND FOR *KIDNAPPINGS.* I FIGURED YOU STILL HAD ENOUGH *INFLUENCE* TO GET THEM FOR ME, *NO QUESTIONS ASKED.*

AND SO, ONE PHONE CALL, ONE CASHED-IN I.O.U. AND TWENTY-ODD MINUTES LATER...

THANKS, FOGGY!

I'LL *EXPLAIN* ALL THIS TO YOU WHEN I *RETURN* THE MONEY.

AND STAY *LOCKED* IN YOUR APARTMENT UNTIL I GET A CHANCE TO INVESTIGATE YOUR *ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION!*

SURE THING, DD.

AND *GOOD LUCK!*

THE QUEENSBORO/59th ST. BRIDGE...8:37 PM...

A DAY OF *FRUITLESS SEARCHING* AND I AM *NO CLOSER* TO MY QUARRY NOW THAN WHEN I *STARTED*...

...AND *STILL* THE SURFACE-MEN *HOUND ME!*

THE *FOOLS*--WHY WILL THEY NOT LEAVE ME IN *PEACE?* DO THEY NOT REALIZE THAT I AM FIGHTING FOR *THEIR* FUTURE AS WELL AS THAT OF *ATLANTIS?*

HAVE A CARE, HUMANS--LEST YOU *GOAD* THE TRUE SUB-MARINER *BEYOND ENDURANCE!*

STUFF IT, FISH-HEAD! YOU STOMPED *TWO GOOD MEN* TODAY--AN' SUPER-DUDE OR NO--

--YOU'RE GONNA *PAY* FOR IT!

BOOM!

I AM NOT BOUND BY YOUR *LAWS,* DRYLANDER--BUT I ALSO DO NOT BATTLE *WITH-OUT CAUSE!*

THOSE POLICEMEN FIRED AT ME *WITHOUT WARNING*--THEY THOUGHT ME AN *ENEMY,* AS *YOU* DO NOW!

AND *LIKE THEM,* YOU WILL *SUFFER* FOR IT!

THUS SPEAKS THE AVENGING SON!!

WOOM!

ERNIE, YOU SLAMMED INTO ME--!

LORD IN HEAVEN, *I'M GOIN' OVER THE RAILING!*

ERNIE!!

AGAIN, NAMOR MUST *CHOOSE* BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH FOR *ANOTHER...*

LIKE *DAREDEVIL,* THIS MAN DID ONLY WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS HIS *DUTY*--

--AND NAMOR WILL NOT LET HIM DIE FOR THAT!!

BUT PERHAPS I SPOKE TOO SOON-- I THINK OF DAREDEVIL AND HE APPEARS...

COULD THE POLICE HAVE SUMMONED HIM?

ARE THEY THAT DESPERATE?

GET YOU FROM MY SIGHT, DAREDEVIL-- TOO MANY OBSTACLES HAVE KEPT ME FROM MY GOAL THIS DAY!

MY TIME IS SHORT AND I AM IN NO MOOD TO BE FORGIVING!

OH, BROTHER-- OF ALL THE PEOPLE TO RUN INTO...

...AND, JUDGING FROM THE SOUND OF HIS HEART-BEAT, SUBBY'S READY TO BLOW ANY SECOND NOW!

NAMOR, WAIT A MINUTE...

I HAVE NO MORE MINUTES LEFT, HUMAN!

KLYO!

ROLL WITH THE PUNCH, DD-- MOVE IT, MAN, BEFORE--

UNNGNH!

NO RESPITE, HORNED ONE-- NO QUARTER!

BECAUSE WHEN I STRIKE YOU, I STRIKE ALL THOSE WHO HAVE HUNTED AND KILLED EVERYTHING THE SUBMARINER HOLDS DEAR...

...THOSE WHO WOULD USE AND EXPLOIT THE MOTHER OCEAN, WHATEVER THE COST--THOSE WHO WOULD USE ME!

WHEN I STRIKE *YOU*, DAREDEVIL, I STRIKE THE HUMAN I *HATE* ABOVE *ALL OTHERS*--

DOCTOR DOOM!

VOOK!

GREAT--NAMOR TAKES OUT ALL HIS *FRUSTRATIONS*...

...AND I GET *PULVERIZED.*

BRAM!

HERE HE COMES *AGAIN*...

NO WAY I CAN BEAT HIM *PUNCH-TO-PUNCH*...SO MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO USE MY *BRAIN*, MY SPEED AND MY *AGILITY.*

I'VE GOT TO *LURE* HIM IN BY *PLAYING POSSUM*...

...AND LET *SUBBY'S* OWN POWER DO THE *REST!*

I HOPE IT *HURTS*, BUSTER.

FOOM!

HE'S *STUNNED,* THANK HEAVEN--

--WHICH GIVES ME *TIME* TO MAKE A HURRIED-- BUT *GRACEFUL*--EXIT.

MY *PRIDE* MAY SUFFER SOME...

...BUT WHAT DOES MY PRIDE *MATTER*--

--COMPARED TO THE *BLACK PANTHER'S LIFE?*

BLAST! I JUST REALIZED--

--THE *BRIEFCASE* WITH THE RANSOM MONEY INSIDE IS FLOATING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE *EAST RIVER!*

BUT THAT'S THE *LEAST* OF MY PROBLEMS.

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SPOT THE *UNIQUE RADIATION PATTERN* OF THE MARKED BILLS WITH MY *RADAR SENSE...*

...AND THEN CUT LOOSE WITH A *ROPE TRICK* THAT WOULD DO *ROY ROGERS* PROUD.

VOILÀ!

COME TO *PAPA,* LITTLE CASE.

S-SNAK!

NOW GET *MOVING,* DD-- YOU'VE LESS THAN *TWENTY MINUTES* TO GET DOWN TO *WASHINGTON SQUARE*--

--AND THAT'S A LOT OF *TRAVELLING* IN ANYONE'S BOOK!

AYE, RUN, *COWARD!* HIDE YOURSELF IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY-- FOR ALL THE *GOOD* THAT WILL DO YOU!

FOR I WILL *HUNT YOU DOWN,* DAREDEVIL, AND WHEN I FIND YOU, OUR BATTLE WILL END *ONCE AND FOR ALL*--

THIS NAMOR SWEARS!

UPTOWN... 8:30 PM...

NOT A *BAD HAUL*, EH, BOXER?

WE GET THE *TIDAL STATION* FROM OLD MAN MALLORY--WHICH WE THEN SELL TO THE *OIL CARTELS* FOR A VERY COOL *FIFTY MILLION*...

...AND WE GET A FIVE MILLION DOLLAR *BONUS* FROM THE AVENGERS FOR THE *BLACK PANTHER*.

NOT BAD AT ALL.

AND WITH THAT FIFTY-FIVE MILLION, *RUFFIO COSTA* BECOMES THE MOST POWERFUL *MAGGIA CAPO* ON THE EAST COAST.

TODAY THE *EAST COAST*, MY FRIENDS--TOMORROW, THE ENTIRE *COUNTRY!*

C'MON, BOYS--LET'S GO SEE ABOUT THE PANTHER'S *RANSOM*.

ONE FINAL THING, HERO--I WOULDN'T TRY TO *ESCAPE*, IF I WERE *YOU*.

ONE FALSE MOVE AND THOSE *ELECTRIC CHAIRS* YOU'RE SITTING ON WILL FRY YOU AND THE BOY *BOTH*.

DO TELL.

PANTHER! WHAT'RE YOU *DOING!?*

WHAT DOES IT *LOOK LIKE?*

BUT THE *CHAIR ARM*--IF YOU *JAR IT*--!!

YOU WERE *SAYING?*

NOW *DON'T MOVE*, KEITH--IT WOULD BE A *SHAME* TO GET ELECTROCUTED AT *THIS STAGE*.

JUST STAY *CALM*--AND I'LL HAVE YOU *FREE* IN A MOMENT OR TWO.

AND TRUE ENOUGH, A MOMENT OR TWO LATER...

I SAW A STORE ROOM WHEN COSTA BROUGHT US IN HERE--

--YOU OUGHT TO BE SAFE THERE UNTIL I GET BACK.

I HATE TO LEAVE THE BOY IN THIS DEN OF THIEVES, BUT I REALLY HAVE NO CHOICE...

COSTA HAS TOO MANY MEN--IF I TRIED TO BREAK OUT WITH KEITH SLOWING ME DOWN, I'D ONLY GET US BOTH KILLED.

INTERESTING. BARELY AN HOUR AGO, I WAS WISHING I HAD A CHANCE TO PUT COSTA BEHIND BARS...

KA-TA-SH!

...AND NOW IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL GET THAT CHANCE.

THAT BREAKING WINDOW MADE A LOT OF NOISE--

--THOUGH IN THIS NEIGH-BORHOOD, WHO WOULD NOTICE?

A LONE TREE--SUCH A CHANGE FROM WAKANDA...

...OR FROM MONICA LYNN'S HOME IN GEORGIA.

NEW YORK IS SO...ALIEN TO ALL THAT I KNOW AND LOVE...

...AND YET, SOMETHING ABOUT THIS CITY KEEPS DRAWING ME BACK...

ENOUGH MUSING.

IT SEEMS MY ESCAPE WAS NOTICED AFTER ALL.

NO MATTER-- IT IS *TIME* I WAS MOVING.

POOR MAN-- HE ACTS AS IF HIS *GUN* MAKES HIM *LORD* OF ALL HE SURVEYS...

WELL, MY FRIEND, IF YOU THINK THAT, YOU ARE *WRONG!* YOUR GUN IS *NOTHING*--

--AS YOU YOURSELF ARE.

WHAM!

BE *SILENT*, PANTHER--THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR *RHETORIC*.

COSTA MENTIONED THAT HIS MEN WERE GOING FOR MY RANSOM IN A *VAN*...

...AND UNLESS MY EARS ARE *DECEIVING ME*--

--THAT SHOULD BE THEM *NOW!*

IT IS!

HEY, GIL, YOU *HEAR* SOMETHIN'?

I COULD'A *SWORN* I HEARD SOMETHIN' LAND ON THE *ROOF*.

SO *BEWARE*, RUFFIO COSTA--FOR TONIGHT THE BLACK PANTHER *HUNTS!*

HE HUNTS *YOU!*

YEAH? WITH ALL THE *PILLS* YOU POP, JUNIOR, I'M *SURPRISED* YOU CAN STILL HEAR *AT ALL*.

ME, I HEARD *NOTHIN'*.

MIDTOWN... 8:54 PM...

LOST HIM!

IT SEEMS I HAVE *UNDERESTIMATED* DAREDEVIL'S AGILITY.

HE WAS OUT OF MY SIGHT FOR ONLY A FEW *SECONDS*, BUT IN THOSE SECONDS, HE *DISAPPEARED*.

NO MATTER--I HEARD HIM MENTION HIS *DESTINATION*--

--WASHINGTON SQUARE. IT SHALL BE *MINE* AS WELL.

SPEAKING OF WHICH...

MADE IT!

BUT ONLY *JUST...*

IF T'CHALLA'S KIDNAPPERS ARE *PROMPT*, I'LL *BARELY* HAVE TIME TO GET SET BEFORE THEY *ARRIVE*.

WHA--THAT *VAN!*

MY RADAR SENSE TELLS ME IT'S THE *RIGHT STYLE*-- AND IT'S IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME. IT *COULD* BE THE ONE...

...AND *THAT'S* MY CUE TO MAKE MY *MOVE!*

OKAY, GENTS, *PARTY'S OVER!*

CRIPES-- IT'S *DAREDEVIL!*

WHAT'S *GOIN' ON* HERE?! YOU AIN'T NO *BLIND SHYSTER!*

NICE OF YOU TO *NOTICE.*

THOK!

YOU'RE *CRAZY!* IF YOU *STOP US*, THE PANTHER'S A *DEAD MAN!*

JUS' LIKE *YOU'RE* GONNA BE A DEAD MAN, HERO--

--FROM THIS RANGE, THERE'S *NO WAY* I CAN *MISS!*

BAK

I'M *IMPRESSED*, PAL--

--BUT *NOT* SCARED. PUT UP OR *SHUT UP!*

YOU *ARE* CRAZY-- YOU AIN'T *BULLET-PROOF--*

HEY!!

BE *SILENT*, LITTLE MAN.

PANTHER!

BUT IT *CAN'T* BE! *NOBODY* COULD'A GOTTEN OUTTA MR. COSTA'S MACHINE! *NOBODY!*

BUT YA *DONE* IT, JUS' THE SAME--AN' *I* GET TA SNUFF *TWO* HEROES T'NIGHT, 'STEAD'A...

:GNNGKH:

KRAM!

AND *HOW* WILL YOU DO THAT, PRAY TELL...

...WHEN YOU ARE *UNCONSCIOUS?*

I'VE GOT TO *ADMIT*, PANTHER--FOR A WHILE THERE, YOU HAD ME *WORRIED.*

UNTIL I *SPOTTED* YOU ON THAT VAN, I WAS FIGURING ON HANDLING THIS CAPER *ALONE.*

BDOW!

YOU KNOW--PAYING THE *RANSOM*, FOLLOWING THESE CLOWNS BACK TO THEIR *HIDEOUT*, BUSTING YOU *FREE--*

--ALLEZ-OOP!!

A *FITTING* RECEPTACLE FOR THESE "GENTLEMEN."

THEY SHOULD BE *OUT OF THE WAY* HERE UNTIL THE *POLICE* COLLECT THEM.

BUT *TELL ME*, DAREDEVIL--HOW DID YOU PLAN TO *FOLLOW* THEM WITHOUT BEING *DETECTED?*

I WOULDN'T BE FOLLOWING *THEM*--I'D BE FOLLOWING THE *MONEY.*

RADIO-ACTIVELY IMPREGNATED, MARKED BILLS--OF *COURSE!*

AND THESE COULD NO DOUBT BE *EASILY* TRACED BY YOUR *RADAR SENSE.* MOST INGENIOUS.

NOTHING *TO* IT, REALLY.

SO WHAT DO WE DO *NOW?*

TWO THINGS, MY FRIEND...FIRST, WE *RESCUE* YOUNG KEITH MALLORY--

--AND *THEN*, WE PUT *RUFFIO COSTA* OUT OF BUSINESS. *PERMANENTLY.*

DAREDEVIL!

WHOOM!

SUBBY! RADAR SENSE SPOTTED HIM AT... LAST MOMENT!--COULDN'T EVEN ROLL WITH THE IMPACT...

...BUT IF THIS SLACK-BRAINED UNDER-SEA MONARCH THINKS I'M GONNA GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT--

--BOY, IS HE IN FOR A SURPRISE!

BY NEPTUNE'S TRIDENT! HOW COULD ANY SURFACE-MAN MOVE THIS QUICKLY?!

EXERCISE, SUBBY, CLEAN LIVING...

...AND GOOD OLD, ALL-AMERICAN THOUGHTS--

--SOME OF WHICH I WILL TRY TO IMPART INTO YOUR THICK, AMPHIBIOUS SKULL--

--WHETHER YOU WANT TO HEAR THEM OR NOT!

KROK!

WHATEVER HAPPENS, PANTHER, DON'T INTERFERE-- THIS IS BETWEEN NAMOR AND MYSELF.

WELL, SUBBY, WHAT'LL IT BE? WILL YOU LISTEN...OR WILL YOU CONTINUE YOUR INSANE RAMPAGE?

I WILL... LISTEN, HUMAN...

...FOR NOW.

THAT'S ALL I ASK OF YOU.

I KNOW WHY YOU'RE IN NEW YORK, AND I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFRAID OF--THE ENVIRONMENTAL DAMAGE MALLORY'S TIDAL ENERGY PROJECT CAN DO.

BUT THREATENING HIM ISN'T THE ANSWER.

NOW I HAVE A GOOD FRIEND, A LAWYER--MATTHEW MURDOCK-- WHO THINKS THERE'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO STOP MALLORY'S PROJECT IN THE ONLY PLACE IT REALLY MATTERS--IN THE COURTS!

...TO STOP HIM BY USING THE LAW, NOT DESTROYING IT!

WHAT *GUARANTEE* IS THERE THAT MURDOCK WILL BE *SUCCESSFUL?*

NONE.

YOU ASK *MUCH* OF ME, DAREDEVIL.

I ASK ONLY THAT YOU NOT ACT IN *SENSELESS RAGE...*

...FOR SUCH RAGE COULD LEAD TO A *TRAGIC ENDING!*

IS THAT *SO MUCH?*

WHO CAN SAY, MY FRIEND? BY *SPARING* ROBERT MALLORY MY WRATH THIS NIGHT--

--WE MAY HAVE *DOOMED* OUR DESCENDANTS TO DISASTER AND *EVENTUAL EXTINCTION.*

HAVE MURDOCK FIGHT THE *GOOD FIGHT* IN YOUR COURTS, HUMAN. BUT SHOULD HE *FAIL--*

--THE SUB-MARINER WILL *RETURN.* AND HE WILL *NOT* BE STOPPED BY *WORDS.* FAREWELL.

YOU KNOW, MATT, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I THINK THAT ONE OF THE *REQUIREMENTS* OF BEING BORN TO THE *BLOOD ROYAL--*

--IS THAT A MAN BE *SLIGHTLY MAD.*

BUT *YOU* WERE BORN TO THE "BLOOD "ROYAL", T'CHALLA.

MY POINT, EXACTLY.

NAMOR NEED HAVE *NO* FURTHER FEARS FOR THE *SURVIVAL* OF THE OCEANS, HOWEVER...

...BECAUSE MALLORY'S STATION *CANNOT* FUNCTION WITHOUT *VIBRANIUM* FROM *WAKANDA...*

...AND, AS *PRINCE OF THE WAKANDAS,* I HAVE JUST DECIDED NOT TO *SELL* HIM ANY.

AND NOW, HAVING JUST SAVED THE *WORLD,* IT'S TIME THAT SELF-SAME PRINCE--

--KNOCKED THE PROVERBIAL *"STUFFING"* OUT OF A TWO-BIT *UPTOWN HOOD!*

PANTHER --AND DARE-DEVIL!!

BOXER! FREDDIE! ALL OF YOU--!

IN HERE ON THE DOUBLE!

IT *WON'T WORK,* COSTA!

DAREDEVIL AND I TOOK *CARE* OF YOUR MEN LONG BEFORE WE CAME FOR *YOU.*

POW!

BROADWAY AND 101st ST... THE OLD BARRINGTON RESEARCH CENTER OF COLUMBINE UNIVESITY... 9:31 PM...

AN ODD PLACE FOR A FIGHT; AN EVEN ODDER ONE FOR A MAGGIA HEAD-QUARTERS...

...BUT THE LAB HAD BEEN SOLD BY THE UNIVERSITY IN THE LATE SIXTIES, WHEN STUDENTS PROTESTED THE WEAPONS RESEARCH IT WAS DOING FOR THE PENTAGON.

KROM

THE MOB HAS OWNED IT EVER SINCE.

PANTHER, LOOK OUT!

THAT MACHINERY'S GOING TO EXPLODE!

THERE'S NO TIME TO REACT--ONLY TO STARE IN MUTE, UNCOMPREHENDING HORROR AS STREAMS OF RAW ENERGY EAT THRU COSTA'S SCREAMING FORM...

LORD IN HEAVEN, T'CHALLA--WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I DO NOT KNOW...

...BUT THERE IS NO WAY WE CAN GET TO HIM...

...NOTHING WE CAN DO.

HELP ME, PLEASE-- I BEG YOU--

"HELP ME!

IT'S OVER QUICKLY.

NEUTRON STREAMS INTERACTING, ATOMIC STRUCTURES BUILDING TO LOW-YIELD CRITICALITY--SOONER OR LATER, SOMETHING HAS TO GIVE...

SZRAK!!

SHIELD YOUR EYES, PANTHER! QUICKLY, MAN!!

...BUT NOT IN THE WAY YOU'D NORMALLY THINK.

MY GOD...

NOT DESTRUCTION... BUT, PARADOXICALLY...

...CREATION.

I--I... STILL LIVE!

AND YET, I FEEL... CHANGED...

SUCH...*POWER* FLOWS THRU ME, THE *LIKE* OF WHICH YOUR PUNY *HUMAN* MINDS CANNOT *CONCEIVE*...

MINDS, YES, *THAT* IS THE KEY...THE EXPLOSION *HEIGHTENED* THE POWER OF MY MIND TO AN *INFINITE DEGREE.*

NO MORE WILL I REMAIN THE HUMAN, *RUFFIO COSTA*...BUT NOW AND *FOREVER MORE* SHALL I BE...

MIND-MASTER!

AND *WITH* MY POWER, BLACK PANTHER, I COMMAND YOU TO *KILL* YOUR *FRIEND!*

KILL DAREDEVIL!

SKOW!

DAREDEVIL--I CAN'T *HELP* MYSELF!

HIS POWER...IT'S *CONTROLLING* MY BODY...DANCING ME LIKE A *PUPPET ON A STRING!*

AND HE'S DOING A *PRETTY GOOD* JOB OF IT, TOO--

--THAT *PUNCH* NEARLY BUSTED MY *JAW!*

STILL, I SHOULD COUNT MY *BLESSINGS*...

...FROM THE *LOOKS* OF THINGS, MIND-MASTER CAN ONLY HANDLE *ONE* OF US AT A TIME.

I'M *SORRY*, PANTHER--

--I WISH I WAS DOING THIS TO *ANYONE* BUT *YOU!*

EVEN IF YOU *DEFEAT* YOUR FRIEND, DAREDEVIL, WHAT IS THERE TO *STOP* ME FROM THEN CONTROLLING *YOU?*

ABSOLUTE CONTROL, HERO--THE KIND THAT WILL TURN YOU--TURN *ANYONE!*--INTO MY *WILLING SLAVE!*

AFTER ALL, WHY SHOULD I BE *CONTENT* WITH CONTROLLING A MERE *"SUPER-HERO"* WHEN I CAN MASTER A MAYOR, A *PRESIDENT*-- WHEN MY POWER CAN EVENTUALLY *MASTER A WORLD!*

AS THE BATTLE SPILLS OUTSIDE...

BEAUTIFUL...COSTA'S *REINCARNATION* IS ALL HOT TO PLAY *ATTILA THE HUN*...

...AND *I'M* PULLING MY PUNCHES TO AVOID *HURTING* T'CHALLA.

WHAT'S THE PANTHER *UP TO*, ANYWAY?

I HADDA ASK.

PANTHER, *FIGHT* HIS CONTROL--IT'S OUR *ONLY CHANCE!*

I *AM* FIGHTING IT, MY FRIEND!

WHY DO YOU THINK YOU'RE *STILL ALIVE?*

I FIGURED IT WAS MY *BRILLIANT, NATURAL SKILL...*

OOOFF!

CRETIN, YOU CANNOT *DEFEAT* ME!

DAREDEVIL, MIND-MASTER'S POWER...IT'S *OVERWHELMING* ME... GETTING HARD TO... *RESIST...*

AIN'T *THAT* THE TRUTH.

THE *HARDER* I HIT THE PANTHER, THE *EASIER* I MAKE IT FOR MIND-MASTER TO TAKE HIM OVER *BODY AND SOUL.*

BUT IF I *SLACK OFF,* T'CHALLA MAY VERY WELL *KILL ME.*

IT'S LIKE WHEN I WAS FIGHTING *NAMOR!* RAW POWER *ISN'T* THE ANSWER.

MY *ONLY* HOPE IS TO *OUT-THINK* MINDY, TAKE HIM BY *SURPRISE...*

...AND THAT MEANS TAKING THE *PANTHER* BY SURPRISE, AS WELL.

HEADS UP, BUDDY! 'CAUSE AS OF *RIGHT NOW--*

-- IT'S *NO MORE MR. NICE GUY!!*

THE *FOOL*--HE'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR ME!

AN *AMATEUR'S* MOVE, DAREDEVIL--

--ONE *EASILY* COUNTERED!

THAT'S IT, T'CHALLA--REACT *INSTINCTIVELY*, REACT WITHOUT *CONSCIOUS THOUGHT*--

--WITHOUT GIVING *MINDY* A CHANCE TO REALIZE WHAT'S *HAPPENING*...

...OR *WHERE* MY ATTACK PROMPTED YOU TO *THROW ME*.

I WISH HE'D LEFT THAT WINDOW *OPEN*, THOUGH.

SKRASH!

BUT I'M *INSIDE* NOW, AND THAT'S *ALL* THAT MATTERS.

HEY-HO, MINDY-BABY-- *COMPANY'S COME CALLIN'!*

BTOHM!

IDIOT--MERE *PHYSICAL FORCE* CANNOT OVERCOME ME!

IN THE *BLINK OF AN EYE*, I CAN GENERATE ENOUGH *MENTAL ENERGY*--

--TO *INCINERATE* YOU WHERE YOU *STAND!*

ONY IF YOU *ZAP ME*, HOTSHOT--

BOK!

--AND I PLAN TO MAKE SURE YOU *NEVER GET THE CHANCE!*

KEEP UP THE *CHATTER*, HORNHEAD...

...BECAUSE THE WAY HIS POWER IS STARTING TO *OVERLOAD* YOUR RADAR SENSE--

--MINDY'S *CHANCE* MAY COME SOONER THAN YOU *THINK!*

GETTING HARDER TO *DODGE* HIS FIREBLASTS--HIS ENERGY PATTERNS ARE "*WHITING*" ALL MY SENSES OUT.

IF HE KEEPS THIS UP MUCH *LONGER,* I AM REALLY AND TRULY GOING TO BE *BLIND.*

AND A *SITTING DUCK!*

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME *FOREVER,* DAREDEVIL...

...THESE *ACROBATICS* ARE ONLY PROLONGING THE *INEVITABLE.*

OH, NO! HIS BLASTS HAVE *DISLODGED* THAT GENERATOR!

THERE'S *NO WAY* I CAN GET OUT OF ITS WAY *IN TIME!!*

KBRAM!

PANTHER!

HAVE NO *FEAR,* MY FRIEND.

AFTER *ALL* THAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME TONIGHT, I'LL *NOT* LET YOU DIE BY *MIND-MASTER'S* HAND.

THEN YOU'RE *FREE* OF HIS CONTROL?

YES.

WHEN YOU *STRUCK* HIM, IT SHATTERED HIS *CONCENTRATION.*

THEN, BY *ALL MEANS--*

--LET'S *SHATTER* HIS CONCENTRATION SOME MORE!

FOOK!

STRIKE ME AS *OFTEN* AS YOU WISH, *COSTUMED CRETINS--*

-- AND *EACH TIME* I WILL RISE AGAIN--

--*STRONGER THAN BEFORE!*

MY POWER IS *INEXHAUSTIBLE!*

I CAN *NEVER* BE DEFEATED!

AND THOSE WHO *TRY* WILL ONLY MEET THE *END* THEY SO *RICHLY DESERVE!*

AAARRGH!

NO!

NO WAY, MINDY!

YOUR POWER'S *SELF-CONTAINED,* GENERATED *SOLELY* BY YOUR SOUPED-UP MIND!

AND *I'M* BETTING THAT MEANS YOU HAVE A *LIMIT--*

--AND THAT *FIGHTING US* HAS PUSHED YOU PRETTY *CLOSE* TO THAT LIMIT--

KA-DOOM!

--AND THAT *MORE* FIGHTING WILL PUSH YOU *PAST* THAT LIMIT!

HOW *ABOUT* IT, MINDY?

CAN YOU FEEL THINGS BEGINNING TO *COME APART* INSIDE YOU?

BROW!

CAN YOU *FEEL* THAT POWER FLARING UP *OUT OF CONTROL?!*

NEVER!

ZKAT!

DAREDEVIL!!

BY THE *GREAT WHITE APES,* MIND-MASTER! IF YOU'VE--

BUT I *HAVE,* YOU SANCTIMONIOUS SIMPLETON--

--I HAVE *SLAIN* DAREDEVIL!!

AS I SHALL NOW SLAY... YOU...

...WHAT...WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME... I FEEL SO...*STRANGE*...

...HEART *RACING*... VISION BLURRED, EVERYTHING ALL... IT'S SO *HOT*, LIKE I'M *BURNING UP*...

...BUT HOW CAN THIS *BE*?! I...I AM *MIND-MASTER*! I... AM...*INVINCIBLE*!

ARE YOU? I THINK *NOT*. I THINK YOU'VE REACHED YOUR *LIMIT*, RUFFIO COSTA--AND THAT NOW YOU'RE *PAYING THE PRICE*.

YAARRR!

NO MORE THE *SUPER-VILLAIN*, NO MORE THE WORLD CONQUEROR--ONLY THE *CHEAP THUG*--

--*COWERING* IN ABJECT TERROR AND HUNTING *DESPERATELY* FOR THE NEAREST *RAT-HOLE*.

I- I'M *NORMAL* AGAIN, LIKE *NOTHING* HAPPENED--!

MY *GUN*-- I GOTTA GET MY *GUN*!

YOU'LL *SEE*, PANTHER-- RUFFIO COSTA'S NOT *FINISHED* YET, NOT BY A *LONG SHOT*!

WRONG, COSTA! IT'S *ALL OVER* FOR YOU--

--*NOW AND FOREVER*!

GET AWAY, D'YOU HEAR-- GET AWAY!!

DON'T HURT ME!

HURT YOU, COSTA?

BAM!

BE *THANKFUL* THAT THE BLACK PANTHER DOES NOT TAKE YOUR WORTHLESS *LIFE!*

BE THANKFUL THAT *KILLING* HAS *NEVER* BEEN THE PANTHER'S WAY!

THE *PITY* OF IT IS THAT, WITHIN A *WEEK* OR A MONTH OR, PERHAPS, A *YEAR*--

--SOME *OTHER* MAGGIA THUG WILL TAKE *YOUR* PLACE.

AND *NOTHING* WILL HAVE BEEN CHANGED EXCEPT THE *NAMES*.

NOT A *BAD* NIGHT'S WORK, THOUGH, ALL THINGS *CONSIDERED.*

A BOY'S LIFE *SAVED*, A BIG-TIME HOOD PUT OUT OF BUSINESS-- MAYBE EVEN A *WORLD* RESCUED FROM AN *ECOLOGICAL HOLOCAUST.*

WE COULD HAVE DONE *WORSE.*

LOOK AT *ME*--IF I HADN'T *DUCKED UNDER* MINDY'S FORCE BLAST, I COULD HAVE BEEN *DEAD.*

COME ON, SON-- LET'S GET YOU *HOME.*

I SUPPOSE I *DO* ASK *TOO MUCH* OF LIFE...

...BUT IS THAT SO VERY *WRONG*, MY FRIEND?

MIDTOWN... 5:30 AM... A NEW DAWN, A NEW DAY... AND A PARTING OF TWO FRIENDS...

FAREWELL, MATTHEW.

I WOULD *LIKE* TO VISIT FOR A WHILE, BUT MY PRESENCE IS REQUIRED IN *GEORGIA.*

I *UNDERSTAND*, T'CHALLA...

...BECAUSE WE'RE *TWO OF A KIND.*

EACH AS *MAD* AS THE OTHER...

...AND A PERSON WOULD *HAVE* TO BE MAD TO STAY IN *THIS BUSINESS.*

AS MAD AS A *FIREMAN* OR A *COP*...OR *ANYONE* WHOSE JOB IS *SAVING* OTHER PEOPLE'S *LIVES.*

BECAUSE *THAT'S* WHAT IT SHOULD COME DOWN TO IN THE END, *HELPING* PEOPLE-- MAKING THEIR LIVES A LITTLE *EASIER*, A LITTLE *SAFER.*

SO *GOOD LUCK*, MY FRIEND, WHEREVER FATE LEADS YOU.

FIN

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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DAREDEVIL®

FIGHTING MAD AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HIM!

THIS IS IT! THE MOST ACTION-PACKED SAGA EVER!

DANGER!

SHOCKS!

ADVENTURE!

THIS ONE HAS IT ALL!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

C-26

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A NIGHT IN THE LIFE...

FIRST *IRON MAN* *, THEN *GHOST RIDER* **, AND FINALLY THE *BLACK PANTHER* AND *SUB-MARINER* ***

IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER, I'D *SWEAR* MY LIFE WAS BECOMING ONE BIG *SUPER HERO TEAM-UP!*

WELL, I GUESS IT KEEPS THINGS FROM GETTING *BORING!*

THOUGH I COULD *USE* SOME REST TIME ABOUT NOW--

--JUST TO HELP MY *BONES* REMEMBER WHAT PEACE AND QUIET ARE ALL ABOUT!

FORGET IT, HORNHEAD! YOU'VE AS MUCH A CHANCE OF FINDING YOUR OWN *WALDEN'S POND* AS THE *MAN IN THE MOON* HAS OF CLEARING UP HIS FACIAL PROBLEMS WITH *STRIDEX PADS!*

* *IRON MAN* #89 --MARV W. ** LAST ISH. --MW. *** *DD ANNUAL* #4 --GUESS WHO?

BESIDES, I JUST REMEMBERED THAT I *HAVEN'T* ALL THAT TIME FOR REST AND RELAXATION.

I PROMISED HEATHER I'D *LOOK* INTO THAT MATTER OF HER *FATHER*...

...AND LEARN IF HE REALLY *IS* INVOLVED WITH CRIMINALS, OR IF HE'S BEING *SET-UP* AS FALL-GUY BY HIS *ASSOCIATES!*

AND ONCE YOU PROMISE *ANYTHING* TO MY DELIGHTFUL MISS GLENN, YOU'D *BEST* KEEP THAT PROMISE...

...OR SUFFER *FATAL EXPOSURE* TO THE *COLDEST* STARE THIS WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.

FACE IT, MATTHEW YOU'RE *HOOKED* ON THAT LITTLE LADY, AND MEETING *KAREN PAGE* PROVED THAT TO YOU. *

YOUR FEELINGS FOR KAREN ARE STRICTLY *PLATONIC*, AND HEATHER'S *NO* STAND-IN FOR SOME LOST LOVE --SHE'S THE *REAL THING!*

OH, WELL, ABOUT AN HOUR'S REST, THEN BACK TO ACTION.

* LAST ISH. --MW

*IT MAY BE AN EVEN **SHORTER** REST THAN MATTHEW MURDOCK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EXPECTS. FOR, **ACROSS** TOWN, AT THE 25TH STREET **CLINIC**...*

DOCTOR! OH, LORD,.. PLEASE HELP ME... I NEED A *DOCTOR*. I NEED HELP!

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT, MISS. DR. BARRET IS *BUSY* NOW.

I *CAN'T* WAIT. I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM *NOW!*

DOCTOR BARRET! THANK THE LORD. I HAVE TO--

YOUNG WOMAN, I HAVE *OTHER* PATIENTS HERE BEFORE YOU. PLEASE WAIT YOUR TURN.

BUT IT'S NOT FOR ME, DOCTOR. IT'S MY SON... HE'S *GONE!* HE RAN AWAY.

THAT'S FOR THE *POLICE*, MISS. NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND...

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! MY SON'S A *HEMOPHILIAC*... A *BLEEDER!*

WHEN I CALLED THE POLICE, THEY SAID THEY *COULDN'T* BEGIN LOOKING FOR HIM FOR HOURS.

BUT IF HE'S *CUT*... IF HE *SCRAPES* HIMSELF, HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE. HE'LL *BLEED TO DEATH!*

I'M *AHEAD* OF YOU. JUST SIT BACK...

...WHILE I CHECK WHAT'S *SLOWING DOWN* NEW YORK'S FINEST, BESIDES THEIR WELL-PUBLICIZED *PAYROLL CUTS!*

SERGEANT? THIS IS DR. BARRET FROM THE *CLINIC*. I HAVE AN HYSTERICAL *PATIENT* HERE... SAYS HERE SON RAN OFF...

...AND THAT *AL-THOUGH* SHE TOLD YOU HE IS A *HEMOPHILIAC*, YOU SAID YOU CAN'T SEARCH FOR HIM NOW.

IS THAT THE *TRUTH*, SERGEANT?

YOU'D BETTER *BELIEVE* IT, DOC. WE'VE GOT PROBLEMS HERE RIGHT UP TO OUR *DANDRUFF*.

THERE'S A *MAD BOMBER* OUT THERE--BLOWING UP A BUILDING *EVERY HALF HOUR!*

ALL OUR *AVAIL-ABLE* MEN ARE SEARCHING FOR *HIM*.

AND IN THE MEANTIME, A SMALL CHILD CAN GO HANG FOR ALL YOU CARE?

NO, SERGEANT. I CAN'T *ACCEPT* THAT.

I'M *SORRY*, DOC. I REALLY AM. BUT I DON'T MAKE THE RULES.

I WISH I DID. I MEAN, I GOT KIDS MYSELF. BUT *PLEASE*, TAKE IT UP WITH THE *COMMIS-SIONER*.

AND IF *THAT* BRINGS NO RESULTS? *THEN* WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, SERGEANT?

THEN I SUGGEST YOU *PRAY*.

THAT'S WHAT *I'LL* BE DOING, DOC.

YOU *HEARD* THE MAN, MISS. THERE'S *NOTHING* HE CAN DO FOR NOW. THERE'S *ANOTHER* EMER-GENCY--

NO, DOCTOR--THERE'S *NO* OTHER EMER-GENCY--NOT WHEN THE LIFE OF *YOUR* CHILD IS AT STAKE.

I'M *SORRY* FOR THAT ATTITUDE, BUT RIGHT ABOUT NOW--

--I JUST *CAN'T* CARE ABOUT *ANY-THING* ELSE.

AND, BACK AT MATT MURDOCK'S BROWNSTONE...

BAD NEWS! THAT'S *ALL* YOU SEEM TO HEAR ANYMORE. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE *FUN* STORIES?

...THE *STOCK MARKET* PLUNGED TO AN ALL-TIME LOW, ROBBERIES ARE UP, AND FIGHT-ING HAS *BROKEN OUT* IN ARGENTINA. WE'LL BE BACK IN A MOMENT...

I GUESS THEY WENT OUT WITH *SILENT MOVIES*.

WELL, AT LEAST THESE NEWS ITEMS AREN'T BEING CREATED BY THE JESTER.

THEN AGAIN, *HIS* REPORTS WERE PHONY--*THIS* BAD NEWS WILL LINGER LIKE THE SMELL OF ROTTEN EGGS.

SPECIAL REPORT JUST HANDED ME AT THE *WMVC* NEWSROOM. THE *MAD BOMBER* HAS STRUCK A *THIRD TIME*, BLOWING OUT THE SIDE OF THE 41ST STREET *TIMES* BUILDING.

FORTUNATELY, THERE WERE *NO* INJURIES.

BUT THE BOMBER INSISTS HE WILL *CONTINUE* THESE HALF-HOUR BLASTS UNTIL THE CITY FINDS HIS WIFE FOR HIM...

...A RUNAWAY *DRUG ADDICT* NAMED JOYCE HILLARY. SHE HAS NOT BEEN HEARD FROM IN THREE DAYS, AND POLICE ARE *FRANTIC-ALLY* SEARCHING FOR HER.

OBOY! THERE GOES ANY POSSIBLE *REST* FOR MIGHTY MATT MURDOCK.

BECAUSE IT'S TIME FOR DAREDEVIL TO SWING FREE!

SHEESH! WHAT'S THIS WORLD COMING TO? WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MAD BOMBERS WHO SIMPLY WANTED MONEY?

THOUGH, THIS STORY IS A BIT PATHETIC... MAN LOVES WOMAN! WOMAN LOVES COCAINE! WOMAN LEAVES MAN, AND MAN GOES CRAZY!

SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A HARLEQUIN ROMANCE NOVEL!

ONLY THIS IS REAL INSTEAD OF BRIMMING WITH SOAP SUDS... AND SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO TRACE DOWN ONE JUNKIE IN A CITY OF EIGHT MILLION PEOPLE...

...WITH LESS THAN THIRTY MINUTES... UNTIL THE NEXT BLAST GOES OFF.

YOU SURE GIVE YOURSELF ALL THE EASY ASSIGNMENTS, HERO!

AH, WELL, STOP NUMBER ONE!

GREETINGS, ARCHER EMMET--I THINK THE TWO OF US HAD BETTER HAVE A LITTLE TALK!

DAREDEVIL? WHY DO YOU WANT ME?

I'VE GONE STRAIGHT! I'M CLEAN AS A BIRD!

CRASH!

JAILBIRD, YOU MEAN. WE BOTH KNOW YOU'VE GOT A HAND IN EVERY STINKING NARCOTICS DEAL IN TOWN, EMMET.

IT'S JUST THAT THE COPS CAN'T PROVE THAT.

FORTUNATELY FOR ME, I'M NOT A COP.

SO I CAN BREAK YOUR FACE INTO A JIGSAW PUZZLE IF I WANT TO--

--UNLESS YOU GIVE ME THE INFO I NEED.

HEY! I'LL TALK! I'LL TELL YOU ANY-THING I KNOW.

I'M NO HERO, AND I SORT OF LIKE MY FACE THE WAY IT IS! SHOOT!

THE WIFE OF THE BOMBER IS AN ADDICT. I WANT HER.

I-I DON'T KNOW HER, D.D. BELIEVE ME, I WOULDN'T LIE, NOT NOW.

SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE TOO *SCARED* TO BE PLAYING GAMES, ARCHER.

SO I WANT YOU TO GET ON THE *PHONE*, CALL YOUR SLIMY FRIENDS, AND TELL THEM TO PUT A *LOOKOUT* FOR HER.

AND IF I FIND OUT YOU'RE *LYING* TO ME, BETTER SEND OUT FOR A COUPLE *THOUSAND* BAND-AIDES FOR YOUR FACE.

YOU'LL *NEED* THEM.

I HATE PUTTING ON THE TOUGH-GUY ACT, BUT THOSE CRUDS *NEED* IT, OR THEY *WOULDN'T* RAISE A FINGER TO SAVE THEIR GRAND-MOTHERS!

WISH I COULD PUT THEM OUT OF BUSINESS FOR *GOOD*, BUT UNLESS I HAVE HARD FACTS, THOSE CLOWNS WILL ESCAPE *SCOTT FREE*, THEN SLAP A *DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER* LAW SUIT RIGHT BACK ON ME!

AND SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK EVEN MATT MURDOCK WOULD BE ABLE TO STOP *THAT* WRIT FROM GOING THROUGH.

GOTTA DO IT... GOTTA MAKE THAT *CALL*. I SEEN WHAT DD CAN DO WHEN HE WANTS TO.

HANG BIG MAX AND HIS GANG. I GOTTA LOOK OUT FOR *NUMERO UNO!*

EDDIE...? YOU THERE? THIS IS *ARCHER!* LISTEN, I GOTTA GET THE *WORD* OUT TO THE STREET MEN.

BUT, EVEN AS ARCHER EMMETS' PLEA WORMS THROUGH THE GRAPE-VINE...

SL-SLATE--? IS THAT *YOU?*

IT'S M-ME... *JOYCE!*

YEAH, DOLL, I CAN *SEE* THAT.

BUT I *DON'T* SEE NO BREAD!

AND YOU DON'T GET NO SMACK UNLESS YOU LAY *BREAD* ON ME, DOLL.

YOU GET WHERE I'M *COMIN'* FROM?

I-I'LL GET YOU THE MONEY, SLATE. I *SWEAR* TO YOU I WILL.

JUST GIVE ME SOME *TIME*. BUT I NEED MY *FIX* NOW. I *CAN'T* WAIT FOR THAT.

NO BREAD, NO BAG!

I RUN A *BUSINESS*, NOT A CHARITY. COMPRENDE?

Y-YEAH, I UNDER-STAND. AND I'LL *GET* YOU THE MONEY... RIGHT AWAY.

BUT *PLEASE* DON'T GO AWAY. *PLEASE!*

SURE, DOLL, THAT'S WHAT THEY *ALL* SAY.

YOU *KNOW* WHERE TO FIND ME WHEN YOU WIN THE *LOT-TERY*, DOLL.

SEEYA *THEN!*

I-I WILL GET THE MONEY... I GOTTA GET IT!

LORD, I'M SICK... I DON'T WANT TO PASS OUT!

WHILE JOYCE HILLARY WANDERS WEAKLY AWAY...

...YOUNG EYES GAZE QUESTIONINGLY TOWARDS THE FALTERING FIGURE.

THAT LADY'S SICK...MEBBE I CAN HELP OR SUMPIN.

I'M SORRY I RAN 'WAY NOW, BUT I CAN'T GO HOME ANYMORE. MOMMY'S PRO'BLY GONNA BEAT ME UP FOR RUNNIN' 'WAY.

THAT LADY! SHE FELL!

SHE REALLY NEEDS HELP. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE NO DOCTOR IS.

LORD! :CHOKE: MY INSIDES! THEY'RE BURNIN' UP!!

BUT SHE'S REAL BAD OFF. I GOTTA FIND A DOCTOR SOMEWHERE FOR HER.

MY DOCTOR'S REAL GOOD. HE TAKES CARE A' ME ALL THE TIME. 'COURSE, I DON'T LIKE ALL THOSE NEEDLES HE PUTS IN MY AR--

OUCHH!!

AND, AS UNCONSCIOUSNESS SETS IN, A SMALL TRICKLE OF SCARLET BEGINS TO FORM.

HEMOPHILIA: A DISEASE IN WHICH A WOUND WON'T STOP BLEEDING. A DISEASE THAT IS DEADLY.

MEANTIME...

ONLY FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE NEXT BOMB BLAST, AND NOT A CLUE IN SIGHT.

AND IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A SMALL DIVERSION GOING ON BELOW.

ALL RIGHT, CREEP. I SAID GIMME YOUR MONEY!

AND I SAY, FREE THAT MAN, OR I'LL BOUNCE YOU OFF THE WALL-- FACE FIRST.

YOU?!?

NORMALLY WE'D GO THROUGH SOME SPARKLING *REPARTEE*, CREEP, BUT I HAVEN'T THE *TIME* FOR THAT NOW.

WHICH MEANS--

--I'VE GOT TO MAKE *SHORT WORK* OF YOU PUNKS...

THE NEXT *BOMB'S* DUE TO GO OFF ANY MOMENT!

CROMP!

HEY!

YOU'D THINK *PUNKS* LIKE YOU WOULD KNOW WHEN TO GIVE UP.

CHOOM

BUT I GUESS THAT'S WHY YOU'RE *STILL* PUNKS--

--INSTEAD OF BEING *REAL* PEOPLE!

BUT, SINCE I CUT MY TEETH ON *YOUR KIND* EVERY DAY--

--YOU'RE SIMPLY PROVIDING A SMALL BIT OF *EXERCISE* FOR THIS LAZY EVENING.

THANKS, DAREDEVIL. I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER!

DON'T MENTION IT, FRIEND.

AND AS FOR *YOU*. I EXPECT YOU AND YOUR GANG OF *JUVENILE HAS-BEENS* WILL MARCH RIGHT INTO THE LOCAL POLICE STATION HOUSE AND *GIVE YOURSELF* UP.

IF I *DON'T* FIND YOU THERE LATER, I'M COMING *BACK* TO GET YOU--

--AND I JUST MAY BE A BIT *ANGRIER*, AND A BIT LESS *LENIENT* WITH YOU THEN. UNDERSTAND?

Y-YEAH! I UNDERSTAND. WE'LL BE THERE. *REALLY!*

HE WAS TOO *SCARED* TO LIE, NOW IT'S UP TO HIM TO CONVINCE THE *OTHERS*!

HE'S GONE! LET'S *SPLIT!*

NOT *ME*, BROTHER. I'M *GIVING* MYSELF UP TO THE COPS.

AW, YOU'RE JUST PLAIN *CHICKEN*.

HEY! I DON'T WANT *HIM* USING ME AS A *PUNCHING BAG* AGAIN, MAN.

COME TO THINK OF IT, I'M GOING *WITH YOU*!

ONE MINUTE TO GO, AND STILL NO LUCK. I'D BETTER...

KRA-BOOM

SONUVAGUN! HE'S EARLY!

IF THERE'S ANYTHING I HATE, IT'S A MAD BOMBER WITH A FAST WATCH!

ALL RIGHT, HERO, LET'S RUSH TO IT!

THERE SHE IS! AND MY RADAR SENSES INDICATE A MASSIVE HOLE BLOWN OUT OF THE BUILDING'S SIDE.

AND-- HOLD IT! OVER THE SOUND OF THE CROWD BELOW ME...

SOMEONE'S CRYING FOR HELP!

OMIGOSH! THERE'S A MAN-- DANGLING THERE. HE MUST HAVE SAVED HIMSELF AT THE LAST MOMENT.

HIS PULSE IS RISING... HEART POUNDING FASTER! HE CAN'T HOLD ON ANY LONGER!

HELP! HELP!

C'MON, HORNHEAD-- DO YOUR STUFF! THERE'S A LIFE ON THE LINE!

YAGGHH!

CAN'T MAKE IT... HE'S FALL-ING TOO FAST!

C'MON, HERO-- STRETCH, BLAST IT--STRETCH!

WAIT! HIS ARM'S JUST BELOW MINE. JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE--

GOT HIM!

RELAX, PAL. YOU'RE SAFE, IF NOT SOUND.

I SAW THAT, DD, AND I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT.

I WISH THERE WERE A THOUSAND OF YOU ON THE FORCE.

THANKS, OFFICER-- BUT DO YOU HAVE ANY CLUES? DID ANYONE SEE THE BOMBER!?

I-I'M ALIVE! TH-THANKS, DARE-DEVIL. THANKS! WOW! I'M ALIVE!

NO ONE, DD. BUT FORTUNATELY, NO ONE WAS HURT.

HOWEVER, SEVERAL STREETS AWAY, A SMALL BOY LIES UNCONSCIOUS.

AND DIRECTLY DIAGONALLY FROM THE BLEEDING YOUTH, A SOMEWHAT DAZED AND BEWILDERED WOMAN STUMBLES TOWARDS A CERTAIN PAWN SHOP...

PAWN S

DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN HOLD OUT.

I NEED MONEY, AND I CAN'T GET IT LEGAL.

SO I GOTTA GET IT ANOTHER WAY.

AGGGHHH! MY STOMACH... IT'S KILLING ME. BUT I CAN'T THINK ABOUT THAT NOW.

GOTTA THINK ONLY OF THE MONEY... JUST THE MONEY!

THAT MAN'S LEAVIN', AND IT'LL ONLY BE THE OWNER AND ME.

C'MON, MISTER. TAKE YOUR MONEY AND GO!

THE PAIN!

AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, YOUNG LADY?

I NEED MONEY.

EVERYONE NEEDS MONEY. WHAT CAN YOU GIVE ME FOR SOME OF MINE?

YOU WANT SOMETHING, MISTER? WELL, I GOT IT RIGHT HERE! A SHINY NEW KNIFE--

--WHICH I'LL USE IF I HAVE TO, IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME YOUR CASH!

I MEAN IT, MISTER. MOVE IT-- FAST!

HEY!

YOU CREEPY HOP-HEADS THINK YOU OWN EVERYTHING, DON'T YOU?

THIS IS THE FIFTH ATTEMPTED ROBBERY HERE THIS MONTH, LADY.

THEY GOT NOTHIN'! YOU'RE GETTIN' NOTHIN'!

THE POLICE ARE COMIN', LADY! HEY! DON'T RUN, LADY. I'M WARNIN' YOU.

BAM!

MY SHOULDER!!

ROTTEN THUG! DON'T DARE COME BACK HERE. OR I'LL SHOOT YOU ON SIGHT!

HEAR THAT, LADY?

MY SHOULDER'S KILLIN' ME NOW.

I'M A WRECK. DON'T HAVE ANY BREAD.

DELIVERY

EVERY-THING'S GOIN' WRONG!

MAYBE I SHOULDN'T'VE RUN AWAY FROM FRANK! LORD, HE WAS ANGRY WHEN I LEFT.

AN' I ALWAYS GOT MY MONEY FROM HIM.

I NEVER HAD PAIN WHEN HE WAS WITH ME.

MAYBE I SHOULD GO BACK. MAYBE I SHOULD-- HUH?

A KID! HE LOOKS DEAD!

OH, NO! SALLY! IT'S SALLY ALL OVER AGAIN!

SOMEONE'S RUN HIM OVER... JUST LIKE THEY RAN SALLY OVER.

"MY SALLY, NO MORE THAN FIVE YEARS OLD. I SAW HER FROM MY WINDOW... PLAYING BALL AGAINST THE STOOP!

"BUT THE BALL BOUNCED OVER HER, AND SHE RAN INTO THE STREET AFTER IT. SHE CHASED IT...

"... AND THE CAR NEVER EVEN STOPPED!

"ALL I COULD DO THEN WAS TO CRY OVER HER BODY, AND NEVER STOP CRYING AGAIN.

"-- UNTIL I FOUND I COULD ESCAPE.

AND NOW THIS BOY'S-- WAIT! HE'S STILL BREATHING. HE'S NOT DEAD!

B-BUT HE'S SICK! HE'S BLEEDING!

OH, LORD, I CAN'T GO THROUGH THIS AGAIN!

I WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH THE FIRST TIME... I'M WEAKER NOW.

I NEED A FIX... TO TAKE MY THOUGHTS AWAY FROM SALLY... FROM EVERYTHING.

I CAN'T THINK OF BAD THINGS... I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING.

GOTTA ESCAPE... GOTTA FIND A RAINBOW SOMEWHERE-- ANYWHERE!

I CAN'T TAKE REALITY... NOT ON AN EMPTY MIND!

MEANWHILE...

JAKE CONOVER WAS *RIGHT!* *

THIS PLACE *IS* INFESTED WITH HOP HEADS!

* *DD. MET CONOVER IN #131.--MW*

THEY'RE ALL TRYING TO ESCAPE REALITY. THEY CAN'T ACCEPT THE FACT THE WORLD ISN'T ALL *SWEETNESS AND LIGHT!*

I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING *I* COULD DO--

--BUT AT TIMES LIKE *THIS*, ALL MY MUSCLES AND RADAR SENSES AREN'T WORTH *BEANS!*

BUT I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE *SOURCE*, AND IF CONOVER WAS *COMPLETELY* RIGHT--

--THERE SHOULD BE SOME *JUNK DEALER'S* BEHIND THAT DOOR.

LOOK! IT'S *HEROMAN!*

CAN I HAVE YOUR *AUTOGRAPH*, HEROMAN?

BINGO! FOUR HEARTBEATS, AND THEY'VE SUDDENLY JUMPED *OFF* THE GRAPH.

AND THE *SMELL* OF SMACK IS EVERYWHERE.

KRASH!

DAREDEVIL?!?

I *HEARD* HE WAS HUNTIN' US DOWN!

DON'T KNOW WHY HE ISN'T BUGGIN' THEM *SUPER-DUDES*, BUT WE AIN'T GONNA BE HIS *NEW* FALL-GUYS.

WASTE 'IM!!

BAM

BLAM

BA-DAM

I DON'T *BELIEVE* IT! HE'S DODGIN' *THROUGH* THE BULLETS.

STUPID! NO MAN CAN DO THAT! YER JUST *MISSIN'* HIM!

SPANG!

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT *ONE* THING, FLAKEY-- NO MAN CAN DO THIS *TOO LONG.*

BUT I'VE GOT MY *RADAR SENSES* TO GIVE ME ENOUGH WARNING AS TO *WHERE* YOUR BULLETS ARE COMING FROM... AND MY *REFLEXES* TO MAKE SURE I *MOVE* OUT OF THE WAY IN TIME.

WAP!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, FLAKE -- BUT YOUR GOONS' AIM IS JUST FINE!

THE PROBLEM IS WITH YOUR *BULLETS!*

YOU JUST *CAN'T* DO MUCH DAMAGE WHEN THEY'RE MADE OUT OF *PAPER!*

LIKE YOUR *HEADS* ARE! HEY--*YOU!* I'M TALKING TO YOU. DON'T RUN AWAY!

PONG!

SKUD!

KEEP *AWAY* FROM ME, YOU RED-MENACE!

NOW YOU'VE *DONE* IT! YOU'VE *REALLY* INSULTED ME!

CALLING ME A *RED* MENACE IN THE *YEAR* OF OUR BI-CENTENNIAL.

I'M AS *LOYAL* AS *YOU.*

COME TO THINK OF IT--TAKE *THAT* BACK.

NOW THEN, CREEP, I SUGGEST YOU CALL YOUR DIAPER BRIGADE *OFF* WHILE WE TALK.

OR WOULD YOU PREFER A *DISLOCATED SHOULDER?*

I'LL TALK! I'LL *TALK!* LET ME *ALONE!* DON'T *HURT* ME!

BETTER! NOW SAY THE WORDS LOUD AND *CLEAR,* SO EVEN YOUR CRO-MAGNONS CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.

BACK *OFF,* BOYS. PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS.

HE JUST WANTS TO TALK.

NOW THAT WE UNDER-STAND EACH OTHER, I WANT *INFORMA-TION.*

THE MAD BOMB-ER'S WIFE-- SHE'S AN *ADDICT.*

AND I WANT TO FIND HER *--NOW!*

YEAH, WE KNOW! THE WORD'S GONE OUT OVER THE GRAPE-VINE.

BUT *I* AIN'T HEARD FROM NO ONE, YET.

ALL THE STREET MEN HAVEN'T *REPORTED* IN.

I *HAVEN'T* MUCH TIME, CREEP.

AT *MIDNIGHT* HE'S SETTING OFF HIS *BIG BLAST!*

THE *GRAND-DADDY* OF ALL BOMBS. WE'VE ONLY *ONE HOUR* LEFT. SO YOU'D BETTER LEARN SOMETHING *FAST!*

Y-YEAH! WE UNDERSTAND.

YOU BETTER, CREEP...

BECAUSE IF YOU FAIL ME, I'LL COME BACK AND GET YOU--

--AND YOU WON'T WANT TO LOOK IN A MIRROR FOR A YEAR!

BE SEEING YOU...PUNK!

AND, AS DAREDEVIL LEAVES THE SMALL APARTMENT BUILDING...

...IAL ANNOUNCEMENT JUST HANDED ME. THE LATEST BOMB HAS JUST EXPLODED IN THE BUSY SHOPPING AREA OF NEW YORK, THOUGH, MIRACULOUSLY, STILL NO ONE HAS BEEN HURT.

ANYONE WITH KNOWLEDGE OF THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE MAD BOMBER'S WIFE IS REQUESTED TO CALL THIS SPECIAL NUMBER...

AND, AS FOR THE WOMAN IN QUESTION...

HE'S NOT DEAD, BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T HELP ME!

I GOTTA GET THAT FIX...TILL THEN MY MIND WON'T WORK STRAIGHT!

GOTTA DECIDE WHAT TO DO... ABOUT ME... ABOUT THE KID.

MAYBE I SHOULD GO HOME TO FRANK. HE ALWAYS KNEW WHAT TO DO.

BUT HE DIDN'T LIKE ME TAKING DOPE... HE BEAT ME. I HAD TO RUN AWAY.

HEY, THAT GUY'S CLOSING UP. MAYBE I CAN GET THE MONEY... AN' PAY 'IM FOR WHAT HE DID TO MY SHOULDER!

PAWN SHOP

PAW

YOU'RE NOT CLOSIN' UP, YET.

DOWN YOU GO, FINK.

CLUD!

GOT THE MONEY, AND THE GUN.

JUST IN CASE.

NOW I GOTTA FIND SLATE.

AND IT BETTER BE FAST. MY INSIDES ARE CRAWLIN' ALL OVER ME.

THEY'RE BEGGIN' FOR A FIX.

BUT I GOTTA GET THE KID, FIRST.

Y-YOU'RE *UP.* BUT--

BUT IT DOESN'T *MATTER.* HEY! YOU SICK? WHAT *HAPPENED* TO YOU, KID?

I DON'T *FEEL* WELL, LADY. I'M *BLEEDIN'*, AND MY MOMMY ALWAYS TOLD ME I *SHOULDN'T* BLEED 'CAUSE I'M A HEME... HEMOPHOLIC. SUMPIN' LIKE THAT.

I'M TAKIN' YOU *WITH* ME, KID, AND I'LL GET YOU *BETTER.*

FIRST, I GOTTA GET *MYSELF* BETTER... BEFORE MY *GUTS* GIVE OUT.

B-BUT I'M STILL *BLEEDIN'...*

AND MOMMY SAYS THAT'S *REAL BAD!*

I'M YOUR MOMMY NOW, AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

AFTER I GET MY FIX.

YOU SICK TOO, LADY? MAYBE WE CAN *BOTH* GO TO A DOCTOR. MY MOMMY ALWAYS SAYS...

WE'LL TALK ABOUT *THAT* LATER, KID.

SLATE? I-I GOT THE MONEY FOR YOU.

YOU? WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

THE WHOLE BLASTED *CITY'S* LOOKIN' FOR YOU?

HAVEN'T YOU *HEARD...?*

YOUR OLD MAN WENT *CRAZY* WHEN YOU LEFT HIM... HE'S *BOMBING* EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.

AND I'VE GOT TO TURN YOU *IN.*

DON'T GIVE ME THAT, SLATE. I GOT THE MONEY. I GOT THE *GUN.*

ALL I WANT IS A *FIX.* GET ME IT *NOW!*

SURE, SURE, LITTLE GIRL. I'VE GOT IT RIGHT *HERE.*

--WAITIN' FOR YOU, LIKE I SAID BEFORE.

SO, PUT YOUR *PIECE* AWAY, OKAY, DOLL?

YOU'RE NOT FOOLIN' ME, SLATE, AND YOU'RE NOT *TAKIN'* ME NO-WHERE, EITHER.

HEY!

BAM!

I'M GETTIN' *OUTTA* THIS CITY, AND I'M TAKIN' THE KID *WITH* ME.

I'M GONNA START *OVER* AGAIN... WITHOUT *YOU...* WITHOUT *FRANK!* WITHOUT *NOONE!*

YOU SHOT THAT MAN. YOU SHOT 'IM!

HE DESERVED IT, KID. HE WAS HOLDING OUT ON ME.

'SIDES, I ONLY NICKED 'IM.

CORD! I'M BEING TORN UP INSIDE. GOTTA GET MY-- HERE IT IS!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME, LADY? YOU GONNA SHOOT ME, TOO?

I-I DON'T FEEL TOO GOOD, LADY. AND MY MOMMY TOLD ME.

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR MOTHER ANYMORE.

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT ANYTHING.

UNTIL I'VE TAKEN THE STUFF.

HERE'S YOUR MONEY, SLATE. DON'T SPEND IT ALL IN ONE PLACE.

HOWEVER, MIKE SLATE IS NOT DEAD. WEAKENED, HE CRAWLS ACROSS THE ROOM. HIS SHOULDER THROBBING WITH INCESSANT PAIN.

BUT THE PAIN WILL EVENTUALLY PASS, UNLIKE THE POISON-PAIN HE SO CASUALLY HAS DEALT TO OTHERS.

HE THINKS TO HIMSELF--"HAVE TO SPEAK TO BIG MAX... TELL HIM ABOUT THE GIRL! -- GET SOMEONE HERE TO HELP ME!"

HE THINKS, AND THAT, TOO, IS MORE THAN WHAT MANY OF HIS VICTIMS CAN DO.

HE FEELS PAIN, BUT, TRUTHFULLY, IT IS NOT PAIN ENOUGH FOR WHAT HE AND COUNTLESS OTHERS LIKE HIM HAVE DONE... TO A GENERATION SEEKING A MISGUIDED TRUTH IN A SYRINGE.

SLATE HERE ...TELL BIG MAX... THE GIRL WAS HERE...SHE JUST LEFT... WITH A KID.

SHE SHOT ME... I NEED HELP... GET SOMEONE OVER HERE.

BIG MAX "FORGETS" THAT FINAL PLEA. THERE'S JUST NO HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

MEANTIME...

NOT MUCH TIME UNTIL THE NEXT BLAST, AND LESS THAN FORTY FIVE MINUTES UNTIL MIDNIGHT.

NO ONE'S BEEN HURT, WHICH MEANS WE'VE BEEN LUCKY SO FAR-- BUT I CAN'T EXPECT THAT TO CONTINUE.

BETTER GET IN TOUCH WITH BLAKE TOWER, AND SEE IF THE D.A.'S OFFICE HAS LEARNED ANYTHING.

IF NOT, I'VE GOT TO BACK TRACK, SEE IF I MISSED ANYTHING.

ZING!

EH? SOMEONE SHOOTING AT ME?

ALL RIGHT, TRIGGER-HAPPY-- LET'S HEAR YOUR *EXPLANATION.*

BEFORE I WRAP YOU AROUND THAT -AMP POST.

HEY! HOLD ON THERE. I WAS JUST TRYIN' TO GET YOUR *ATTENTION!*

YOU WERE SO *WRAPPED* UP WITH YOUR THOUGHTS, YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME CALL FOR YOU.

WELL YOU'VE GOT MY ATTENTION... FOR AT LEAST THIRTY SECONDS.

BETTER MAKE IT *GOOD.*

SURE, *DD.* WE *FOUND* THE GIRL AND THE KID... THEY WERE SPOTTED A FEW MINUTES AGO -- NEAR *BANK STREET.*

THAT'S *ALL?*

YESSIR. THAT'S ALL BIG MAX TOLD ME TO *TELL* YOU.

WHOMP

FIFTEEN MINUTES! EVEN *IF* I FIND HER, THERE'S NO GUARANTEE THAT'LL *STOP* THE BOMBER.

AND *WHO'S* THIS KID THE CREEP WAS TALKING ABOUT?

BUT *NEXT* TIME, YELL *LOUDER!*

I DIDN'T KNOW ANY *CHILD* WAS INVOLVED WITH THIS MESS.

OH, WELL, I'LL WORRY ABOUT *THAT* WHEN THE TIME COMES--

--WHICH HAD BETTER BE *SOONER* THAN LATER.

TIME'S RUNNING *OUT* FOR NEW YORK.

I DON'T WANT *ANYTHING* TO HAPPEN... NOT WHEN I'M SO *CLOSE!*

THANKS!

WHILE...
HEY! WHAT'S WRONG, KID?
LOOK! I'LL TAKE YOU TO A HOSPITAL.
I'M NOT FEELIN' TOO GOOD, LADY.
IT'S STARTIN' TO GET REAL *DARK* IN MY HEAD.

THAT'S *HER*... IT *MUST* BE!
THERE'S *NO OTHER* WOMAN FOR BLOCKS AROUND.
AND HER CHANGE IN *HEART BEAT* PROVES SHE'S ON DRUGS.
BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE *BOY*?

NO TIME TO THINK NOW... I'VE GOT THE *BOMBER* TO STOP.
JOYCE HILLARY! I WANT TO *SPEAK TO YOU!*
IT'S ABOUT YOUR *HUSBAND!*
DAREDEVIL? FRANK'S SENT HIM TO TAKE ME *BACK!*

BUT I *DON'T* WANT TO GO BACK ANYMORE.
BAM!
GET AWAY FROM ME! GET AWAY!

I SAID I WANT TO *SPEAK*... NOT TO *SHOOT IT OUT*, MRS. HILLARY.
I'VE GOT TO TAKE YOU DOWN-TOWN WITH ME...
WHY *ME?*
IT'S YOUR *HUSBAND*, MRS. HILLARY. HE WANTS YOU BACK--AND HE'S *TERRORIZING* THE CITY TO GET WHAT HE WANTS. C'MON.

PLEASE, WE'VE GOT TO *HURRY*. THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME.
:SOB::SOB:... I *KNEW* I COULDN'T RUN AWAY.
DAREDEVIL--?
YES?
GET THE KID TO A *DOCTOR*. SOMETHING'S *WRONG* WITH HIM.
I COULDN'T *BEAR* TO THINK OF *ANOTHER* KID DYING.

EPILOGUE:

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, DD. IT ALL SEEMS TO BE SORTING ITSELF OUT NOW. THE BOMBER GAVE HIMSELF UP--

--DEMANDING ONLY THAT HIS WIFE BE SENT TO A HOSPITAL... FOR REHABILITATION.

SO, HE REALLY DOES LOVE HER. STRANGE WAY OF SHOWING IT, THOUGH.

AND FROM WHAT SHE TOLD ME, SHE REALLY LOVED THAT KID.. COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE HIM HURT... BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HER DAUGHTER--

--WHICH TURNED HER TO DRUGS FOR SOLACE. AND HOW IS TIM?

HE'LL BE FINE, DAREDEVIL--THE DOCTOR GAVE HIM A COAGULANT.. IT STOPPED THE BLEEDING.

I OWE YOU FOR HIS LIFE DAREDEVIL. I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT.

BYE, DAREDEVIL!

AND WE BUSTED UP A FEW OF THOSE NARCOTICS' HANGOUTS... WITH THE EVIDENCE YOU POINTED OUT TO US.

IT'S BEEN A BUSY NIGHT FOR YOU, HASN'T IT, DD?

FOR ALL OF US, SARGEANT. YOUR MEN WERE OUT THERE, TOO.

TAKE CARE.

EVERY SO OFTEN I WONDER IF I'M DOING THE RIGHT THING PLAYING SUPER HERO...

...IF I'M REALLY HELPING PEOPLE, OR JUST MYSELF.

BUT AFTER A NIGHT LIKE THIS, I DON'T HAVE TO QUESTION MYSELF.

THE HAPPINESS I SENSED IN THAT MOTHER'S VOICE IS ENOUGH FOR ANY MAN.

LOOK AT HIM, SWINGING UP THERE LIKE HE WAS KING OF THE WORLD.

I TELL YOU, MARTHA-- J. JONAH JAMESON IS RIGHT! THOSE SUPER HEROES ARE A NUISANCE TO THIS CITY... AND THEY SHOULD BE RUN OUT ON A RAIL!

YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, HENRY. THEY'RE ONLY INTERESTED IN THEMSELVES...

WHAT DO THEY EVER DO FOR US?

FIN!

NEXT THIS IS IT! DAREDEVIL BREAKS LOOSE!

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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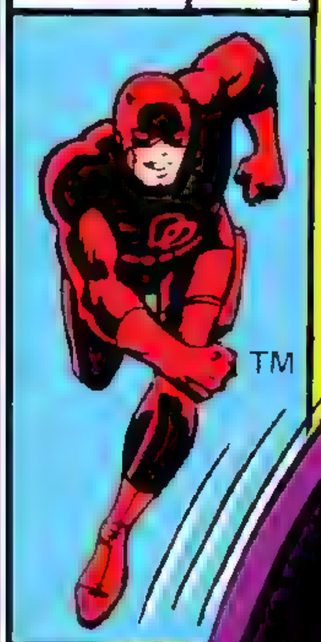

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

BETWEEN THE BEETLE AND THE BLADES!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

BILL MANTLO GUEST WRITER | SAL BUSCEMA LAYOUTS | KLAUS JANSON FINISHED ART + COLORS | KAREN MANTLO LETTERS | MARV WOLFMAN EDITOR

DEATH TIMES TWO!

NEW YORK CITY... MIDTOWN. 3 P.M.

MY RADAR-SENSE WASN'T FOOLING WHEN IT ZEROED IN ON THAT BUS A HALF-BLOCK BACK!

THE DRIVER'S JUST HAD A HEART-ATTACK--

5th AVE

--AND THE BUS IS OUT OF CONTROL!

Hair Dresser

&Tobacco

WHACK

SKRAMM

GOSH! IT'S COMING RIGHT AT ME!

AND ON THAT JOLLY LITTLE NOTE...

... LET THE **ACTION** BEGIN!

IT SEEMS ALMOST **IMPOSSIBLE** ... BUT NOBODY'S BEEN **HURT** OR **KILLED**...

... YET!

BUT MIRACLES DON'T GO ON **FOREVER**! SO WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE GONNA DO-- HERO, DO IT **FAST**--

--'CAUSE YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET A **SECOND CHANCE**!

IT'S TIMES LIKE **THIS** THAT MAKE ME GLAD I'M **BLIND**--

"-- BECAUSE IF **I** COULD SEE WHAT THOSE FOLKS **INSIDE** ARE SEEING--

"-- I'D GO HAVE MY **HEAD EXAMINED**."

OH PLEASE-- WHY DOESN'T **SOMEBODY** GRAB THE **WHEEL**?!

GET OUT OF THE **WAY**!

KRAKK

EVERY TIME THE DRIVER'S **BODY** SHIFTS--

--THE BLASTED BUS VEERS ALL OVER **FIFTH AVENUE**!

AND I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THAT FROM UP HERE--

--SO I GUESS IT'S **TIME**--

CRASH!

-- TO PUT A **DAREDEVIL** IN THE **DRIVER'S SEAT**!

HOLD THE **FORT**, TROOPS! THE CAVALRY'S **ARRIVED**!

DAREDEVIL!

THAT'S THE *NAME*, FRIEND... DON'T WEAR IT *OUT!*

NOW, IF YOU'LL *EXCUSE* ME FOR A MOMENT--

--I'LL JUST GRAB HOLD OF THE WHEEL AND *STOP* THIS--

GOOD GRIEF!

RADAR-SENSE IS PICKING UP A *WOMAN* AND HER *CHILD!*

RIGHT IN *FRONT* OF THE *BUS!!*

GOING TOO *FAST*-- BRAKES HAVE *GIVEN OUT!*

GOT TO *TURN IT... HARD!!*

"*AND PRAY* WE COME OUT OF IT *ALIVE!*"

Mr. Shoes

672

EEEEEEEE

KA-STRAAM!

SILENCE... AND THEN, MINUTES LATER...

I--I *DID IT!*

THEY'RE *ALIVE!*

ALIVE!

AND, AFTER THE *CATAS-TROPHE* COMES THE *IMPORTANT,* BUT MORE *MUNDANE* HEROISM OF SAVING *LIVES.*

I--OH *THANK YOU!*

GET THAT *STRETCHER* UP HERE--

--*ON THE DOUBLE!*

THAT WAS PRETTY *INCREDIBLE,* D.D.! I'D LIKE TO *CONGRATULATE* YOU!

THANKS, OFFICER! IT'S NOT TOO *OFTEN* I GET THANKED BY "NEW YORK'S *FINEST!*"

HM! I KINDA *LIKE* THE WAY IT FEELS!

EASY WITH HIM! HE'S GOT A FEW BROKEN *RIBS* AND THEY MUST HURT LIKE THE *BLAZES!*

WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH MORE I CAN DO **HERE.**

HOLD ON A MOMENT! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO **TELL** YOU--

--ONE OF YOUR OLD **FOES**-- THE **GLADIATOR**-- ESCAPED FROM A FLORIDA **JAIL** A FEW HOURS AGO!

WHAT??

YEAH. I THOUGHT YOU'D BE **INTERESTED!**

'INTERESTED' IS SORT OF AN **UNDER-STATEMENT,** FRIEND! THE GLADIATOR ALMOST **KILLED** ME THE **LAST** TIME WE MET--

"--AND THE ONLY THING THAT **STOPPED** HIM AND **DEATH-STALKER** FROM PULLING IT **OFF**--

DEATH-STALKER! HELP ME!

THIS THING IS **BURNING ME!**

"--WAS A WALKING HUNK OF **SWAMP** KNOWN AS THE **MAN-THING!**

"BUT WHEN YOU HAVE AN **ALLY** LIKE DEATH-STALKER ... YOU DON'T NEED **ENEMIES!**"

"HE **SPLIT,** LEAVING THE GLADIATOR TO TAKE CARE OF **ME** AND THAT **SWAMP-CREATURE.**

THE GLADIATOR'S **FINISHED!**

"BUT THE **MAN-THING** WAS **MORE** THAN DEATH-STALKER COUNTED ON--

"--AND THAT MUCK-COVERED MONSTER DROPPED GLADDY RIGHT IN MY LAP.

*SEE D.D. #114 MARV.

WELL, I WOULDN'T **WORRY** ABOUT IT, DAREDEVIL! FLORIDA'S A **LONG** WAY AWAY FROM HERE--

--AND IF THE GLADIATOR'S GOT ANY SENSE AT **ALL** HE'LL MAKE FOR **SOUTH AMERICA** FIRST TO GET AWAY FROM THE **FBI!**

AND THE CHARGE AGAINST HIM IS **STILL** KIDNAPING, YOU KNOW.

I ... KNOW.

"BUT 'SENSE' IS SOMETHING THE GLADIATOR HAS NEVER BEEN KNOWN FOR!"

CUT TO...

...THE SPEEDING "SILVER COMET" FLASHING ITS WAY NORTH FROM FLORIDA.

TICKETS--

--TICKETS, PLEASE.

HI, SON. ENJOYING YOUR TRIP?

YOU BET! I AIN'T NEVER SEEN NEW YORK!

STOP YAWNING, HUBERT! YOU LOOK LIKE A COW!

SORRY, DEAR.

SAVE YOUR BREATH, CONDUCTOR! NEITHER YOU NOR THEY WILL BE NEEDING THEIR TICKETS ANY FURTHER!

WHO--?

HEY! I KNOW WHO--!

GO ON, KID! TELL 'EM!

NO SMOKING

TELL 'EM THAT THE GLADIATOR IS HERE--

--AN' THAT HE'S TAKIN' OVER THIS TRAIN AS OF NOW!

BULL! I HEARD ON THE RADIO THAT YOU'D BUSTED OUT OF JAIL IN FLORIDA!

BUT IF YOU THINK THAT ONE MAN CAN TAKE A WHOLE TRAIN--!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE MOUTHED-OFF LITTLE MAN--

EEYAARGH

'CAUSE THE GLADIATOR DOESN'T LIKE LITTLE MEN WITH BIG MOUTHS.

HE--OH MY LORD!

THOSE **WRIST-BLADES**--HE **ATTACKED** THE CONDUCTOR WITH THEM!

THANK GOD IT **DIDN'T** KILL HIM!

HE'S A **MADMAN!**

RR-!!!PPPp

WATCH OUT WHAT YOU **CALL** PEOPLE, BUSTER!

OR YOU **COULD** GET **HURT!**

ANOTHER ONE!

ANOTHER **NOTHING!** I'M THE **BEETLE,** PAL... AN' DON'T YOU **FORGET** IT!

ENOUGH **TALK.** BEETLE! LET'S DO WHAT WE **CAME** HERE FOR!

STARTING WITH EMPTYING THIS TRAIN OF ITS **PASSENGERS--**

--AND I MEAN **NOW!**

BUT... WE-- WE'RE **MOVING!**

AT **SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.**

I DIDN'T **ASK** YOU FOR A REPORT ON OUR **SPEED,** OLD MAN!

I JUST TOLD YOU TO **GET OFF!**

ANY **QUESTIONS?**

THERE ARE NO QUESTIONS.

AND THE SPEEDING TRAIN IS FILLED WITH THE SOUNDS OF SCREAMS...

... AND THE INSTANT LAUGHTER OF THE GLADIATOR AND THE BEETLE INSIDE THE CAR THAT IS NOW EMPTY...

SAVE FOR **THEM!**

NEXT STOP-- **NEW YORK,** BEETLE!

SPEAKING OF WHICH-- WHAT ABOUT THE **OBJECT** OF THAT DELIGHTFUL LITTLE UNDERTAKING?

OKAY, HORNHEAD... THAT NEWS-**FLASH** COMING OVER THE RADIO OF THAT **PATROL CAR** YOU JUST SWUNG BY SAID IT **ALL!**

THE GLADIATOR'S BEEN **SIGHTED**... AND HE'S ON HIS WAY TO NEW YORK ABOARD A COMMANDEERED **PASSENGER TRAIN.**

AND, IF THE REPORT WAS CORRECT, HE'S NOT **ALONE**... HE'S GOT THE BEETLE WITH HIM AS WELL!

THEY MUST'VE MET AND **TEAMED-UP** IN PRISON.

GREAT! THIS IS GONNA BE ONE **LOUSY** AFTERNOON! FIRST A RUNAWAY **BUS**... AND NOW TWO OF MY MOST **TROUBLESOME** FOES DECIDE TO DROP IN ON ME!

WHAT A **LIFE!**

BACK FROM THE COAST TWO DAYS AND I STILL HAVEN'T SPENT **ANY TIME** WITH HEATHER.

HEY! **LOOK!** IT'S DAREDEVIL ... SWINGIN' TOWARDS **GRAND CENTRAL STATION!**

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I **CAN'T** FACE TELLING HER MY SUSPICIONS THAT HER FATHER IS--

BA-LROOM!

WHA?!? **EXPLOSION!**

I DON'T **BELIEVE IT!**

IT **DID!**

AND IF THAT MEANS WHAT I **THINK** IT DOES--

-- THEN, **HEADS UP,** HERO --

--'CAUSE THE GLADIATOR'S BACK IN TOWN!

THE SMELL OF SMOKE FROM **INSIDE** GRAND CENTRAL! PEOPLE **SCREAMING!**

I HEARD HOW HE **EMPTIED** THE TRAIN--

--THE **IDIOT** MUST'VE PLOWED IT RIGHT INTO THE **STATION**-- AT **TOP SPEED!**

THE PLACE'S JUST LIKE THAT **MOVIE!**

A **TOWERING INFERNO!**

AS HE RACES INTO THE ART NOUVEAU CATHEDRAL OF ENDANGERED UTILITARIAN **ARCHITECTURE**... THE 'SIGHT' THAT GREETS THE **RADAR-SENSE** OF THE BLIND SUPER-HERO IS ONE OF **CARNAGE**...

9-75

HE...=COUGH'=... DROVE THE TRAIN RIGHT INTO THE **PLATFORMS!**

WHY DIDN'T HE **STOP** IT?

...OF SHEER, UNWARRANTED, MINDLESS **DESTRUCTION**...

...AND THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR KNOWS HIS SUSPICION IS **CORRECT.**

WHY??

WHICH **WAY**, MAN? WHERE IS **IT?**

THROUGH THE **TERMINAL** ...OTHER SIDE...

...HE MUST'VE BEEN **INSANE!**

PAST TENSE...

...**STILL** INSANE IS A MORE **PROPER** USAGE.

I'M PICKING OUT TWO FIGURES COMING TOWARDS ME THROUGH THE **SMOKE!**

MY RADAR SENSE CAN'T TELL ME **WHO** THEY ARE--

--BUT I DON'T HAVE TO BE **CLAIRVOYANT** TO GUESS!

ONE OF THEM IS **FLYING!**

GET **OUT** OF HERE, FRIEND! **FAST!**

'CAUSE ANY **MINUTE** NOW THIS SPOT IS GONNA GET A MITE TOO **UNHEALTHY** FOR WORDS!

I--I'M **GETTING!**

BELIEVE ME, I'M GETTING!

CORRECTION, DAREDEVIL... ANY 'MINUTE' IS NOW!

AND IT'S YOU WHO SHOULD HAVE 'GOTTEN'!

DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO ANSWER, BEETLE! JUST ATTACK!

IF WE MOVE FAST ENOUGH AND PLAY OUR CARDS RIGHT--

-- TODAY WILL BE THE DAY THAT DAREDEVIL DIES!!

THE SOUND OF HUGE FLAPPING METALLIC WINGS HEADING RIGHT FOR ME!

THE BEETLE'S ATTACKING FIRST!

TWIST AND SQUIRM ALL YOU WANT, HERO! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!

MAYBE NOT, HARD-HEAD ... BUT IT HELPS KEEP MY SPIRITS UP!

NOW! HE'S IN POSITION ABOVE ME

OH MY! FIRST THE NOISE AND SMOKE... AND NOW THIS!

SPLANG

WHAT THE-- UNFFFFF!!

IT'S KNOWN AS PLAYING MY CARDS RIGHT, PLUG-UGLY!

AND IN MY DECK-- YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A JOKER!

NO! NOT THIS WAY! PLEASE!

KERSMASH

THE BEETLE IS A FOOL, DAREDEVIL--

-- BUT THE GLADIATOR IS NOT SO EASILY TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF-- UNHHHH!

SKRAM!

LAUGH WHILE YOU STILL CAN, DAREDEVIL!

ARRRHHH!

THAT DID IT, GLADIATOR!

YOU'RE INSANE, PAL--

-- AND I'M NOT LETTING YOU LEAVE!

GLAD TO HEAR IT, GLADDY! I HATE PUNCHING OUT MERE MINDLESS SIMPLETONS!

BEFORE MY WHIRLING BLADES SLICE YOU UP LIKE A PIECE OF MEAT!

SPLAMM

BLAST! I NEARLY BROKE MY HAND ON HIS METAL FACE-MASK-- AND HE'S ONLY STUNNED!

AND, AS IF THAT ISN'T ENOUGH-- I CAN FEEL THE BLOOD STARTING TO RUN WHERE HE CUT INTO MY BACK!

OH! DARE-DEVIL!

CAN YOU GET ME AWAY FROM HERE? I-- I'M AFRAID AND--

WINGS SLICING THROUGH THE AIR! COMING TOWARDS ME!

IT'S THE BEETLE AGAIN!

LISTEN, MA'AM ...WHEN I GIVE THE WORD--JUMP...

...AND JUMP FAST!

YOU'RE FINISHED, DAREDEVIL!

SKRAKK

MY SUCTION-TIPPED HYDRAULIC FINGERS AND THE POWER OF MY ARMOR ARE MORE THAN EVEN YOU CAN STAND AGAINST!

WHAT HOPE CAN YOU POSSIBLY HAVE AGAINST THE GLADIATOR AND MYSELF?

WHOOM

OH, JUST THAT SAME OLD IRRATIONAL FEELING OF WELL-BEING I ALWAYS CARRY AROUND WITH ME, PRUNE-PUSS!

BIG TALK, HERO! YOUR BACK FEELS LIKE IT'S ON FIRE--

--YOU'VE ALREADY LOST ONE HECKUVA LOT OF BLOOD--

-- AND NOW THEY'RE BOTH COMING AT ME AT ONCE!

I'M CAUGHT BETWEEN THE BEETLE'S HYDRAULIC ARMS AND THE GLADIATOR'S BLADES!

NOW, GLADIATOR! BY STRIKING TOGETHER WE CAN SMASH DAREDEVIL BETWEEN US!

KER-T-RAMM

MISTER, ARE YOU IN THE WRONG BUSINESS!

DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT FOUL-UPS GO HAND-IN-HAND WITH BEING A SUPER-VILLAIN?

WAP!

POW!

HMM. I GUESS YOU DIDN'T!

AND, WHILE YOU TWO CHEERFUL CUT-UPS ARE SORTING YOURSELVES OUT--

-- IT'S TIME FOR THE NIMBLE MAN WITHOUT FEAR TO GET HIMSELF A NEW PERSPECTIVE ON THINGS--

--AND AS FAR AWAY FROM YOU UNDESIRABLE ELEMENTS AS POSSI--

--HEY!!

NO FAIR! I WASN'T READY FOR THAT!

'READY'?? DO YOU THINK THIS IS SOME KIND OF GAME, DAREDEVIL?

NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, UGLY--

YOU'RE MAD! HERE YOU DANGLE ONE HUNDRED FEET OFF THE FLOOR BELOW--

--YET STILL YOU JOKE--AS IF THIS WERE ALL A PICNIC!

NOW HOW COULD IT BE A PICNIC, BEETLE?

THERE'S NO WATERMELON!

FOOL!

LAUGH, THEN ... AS YOU PLUNGE TO YOUR DOOM!

KRAMM

UNRHH!

LAUGH, DAREDEVIL!

LAUGH

HE RELEASED ME!

FALLING!

GOT TO TWIST! GET MYSELF OVER THAT NEWSSTAND!

AND HOPE I'VE AIMED RIGHT--

--OR IT'S ALL OVER!!

OH-OH MY!

UNHHH!

I DID IT! BLESS THE NEW YORK TIMES!

SO MAYBE THE BEETLE BLEW IT, DAREDEVIL!

BUT THE GLADIATOR WON'T!

NOW WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE?

AH... I REMEMBER! IT WAS THE LAST TIME I THREW YOU IN JAIL, GLADDY!

M-MISTER DAREDEVIL? L-LOOK OUT...SIR!

SOMETHING YOU'LL NEVER DO AGAIN-- I PROMISE YOU!

PROMISES, PROMISES! BET YOU HAVE YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!

WATCH OUT WITH THAT BLADE! I ALREADY SHAVED ONCE TODAY!

AND IT'S TOO EARLY FOR FIVE-O'CLOCK SHADOW!

--MY LEG!!

WATCH IT, HORN-HEAD! HE'S GOING FOR--

STAAA

FORGOT ABOUT THE BLADES ON MY BOOTS, DIDN'T YOU, HERO?

YOU'RE GETTING TIRED, DAREDEVIL! CARELESS!

AND SOONER OR LATER ONE OF US IS GOING TO GET YOU!

HE'S RIGHT! EVEN NOW I CAN HEAR THE BEETLE COMING UP BEHIND ME!

NOT 'SOONER OR LATER,' GLADIATOR--

--NOW!!

HE'S GOT HIS GRIPPERS ON ME! PINNING MY ARMS!

AND HERE COMES THE GLADIATOR!

HOLD HIM, BEETLE, WHILE I--

WHAT--??

LOOK OUT, GLADIATOR! HE'S TOO FAST FOR ME! I DIDN'T SEE HIM FLIP--

THAT WAS PRECISELY THE IDEA, BEETLE!

PONDER IT--

--WHILE YOU'RE ZIPPING THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE--

--RIGHT INTO YOUR PLAYMATE'S BUZZING LITTLE WRIST-BLADES!

NO! BEETLE-- LOOK OUT!

HARRGGHH

ZLITT

BEETLE! ARE YOU--??

YOU--YOU SLICED ME, GLADIATOR!

I'M... BLEEDING!

BLEEDING!

HYSTERICS, BEETLE? I EXPECTED MORE FROM YOU!

BUT I GUESS YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE BLUBBERING BADDIES I'M GOING TO BE FORCED TO ENCOUNTER IN MY LONG CAREER AS A SUPER-HERO!

GET UP, BEETLE! HE'S COMING AT US AGAIN!

WHAT'S WITH THIS 'US' GLADIATOR?

THE BEETLE'S FINISHED!

SPLAM

NOW IT'S JUST ME AND YOU!

KRASH

I--I'M DYING!

SOMEBODY ... ANYBODY... HELP ME!

ALLOW ME, FRIEND! AFTER I PUT YOUR PERNICIOUS LITTLE PLUNGERS OUT OF COMMISSION...

...JUST IN CASE!

DAREDEVIL--?

YEP, REMEMBER ME, BEETLE?

I'M THE GUY YOU DROPPED FROM THE ROOF AWHILE BACK!

I'M HURT! YOU WOULDN'T HIT A MAN WHO'S DYING, WOULD YOU!

NEVER! BUT SINCE A CERTAIN 'SENSE' OF MINE TELLS ME THAT IT'S ONLY A FLESH-WOUND YOU'RE WHINING ABOUT--

--HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!

KA-THWAM

STILL STANDING? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, BEETLE?

DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO FALL WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED?

OOPS! LOOKS LIKE I SPOKE TOO SOON!

HE DID KNOW ENOUGH!

SPAKK

BUT THAT STILL LEAVES THE GLADIATOR!

WHERE--?

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, DAREDEVIL! TURN AROUND REAL SLOW--

--OR THE OLD BUZZARD GETS IT!

I AM NOT A 'BUZZARD,' YOUNG MAN! AND FURTHER-MORE--

SHUT UP, POPS!

ULLP! Y-YES SIR!

ALL RIGHT, GLADIATOR... YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT!

LET THE OLD MAN GO--

I SWEAR I WON'T FOLLOW YOU OUT OF HERE!

'FOLLOW' ME!! THAT'S RICH, HERO!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT ESCAPING, DAREDEVIL!

ALL I WANT IS YOU!

HE'S COMING TOWARDS ME... HIS HEARTBEAT IS INCREASING--

--HERE IT COMES!

GET LOST, OLD MAN! YOU'RE ONLY IN THE WAY NOW!

HE DID IT! HE RELEASED THE OLD MAN IN ORDER TO STRIKE FREELY AT ME!

WHAT THE--!!

ZITT

WHICH MEANS I CAN MOVE WITHOUT HAVING TO WORRY ABOUT HURTING HIS HOSTAGE!

UUNNNFF!

AND NOW, GLADIATOR--

--THERE ISN'T ANYBODY IN BETWEEN US! NO BEETLE... NO INNOCENT BYSTANDERS ...NOBODY!

STRAKK

LET'S SEE HOW MUCH OF A BIG MAN YOU ARE WHEN THINGS ARE EVENED UP, PAL!

YOU HEAR ME, CRUD?

I SAID LET'S SEE!!

I'M NOT BEATEN YET, DAREDEVIL! I--

SHUT UP, CRUD!

SKOW

YOU'RE FINISHED, GLADIATOR--

--AND YOU'RE GOING TO STAY FINISHED!

YOU'VE GOTTEN AWAY WITH EVERYTHING ELSE, FRIEND--

--BUT I'M GOING TO SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER!

NEWSSTAND

KRAAM

NOT YET... DAREDEVIL... YOU... HAVEN'T WON... YET!

THEN GET UP!

NEWS

GET UP SO I CAN KNOCK YOU DOWN AGAIN!

UNRHHH...

YOU-- YOU'VE WON, SIR!

HOW ABOUT THAT? I'VE WON.

SO HOW COME I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT, FRIEND?

IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME?

OR IS IT THE COMPANY I KEEP?

TELL ME, OLD MAN! TELL ME.

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

THE TOMB OF DRACULA LORD OF THE VAMPIRES

NOVA

NEXT ISSUE:

BULLSEYE IS BACK!

DAREDEVIL **MARVEL COMICS GROUP™**

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

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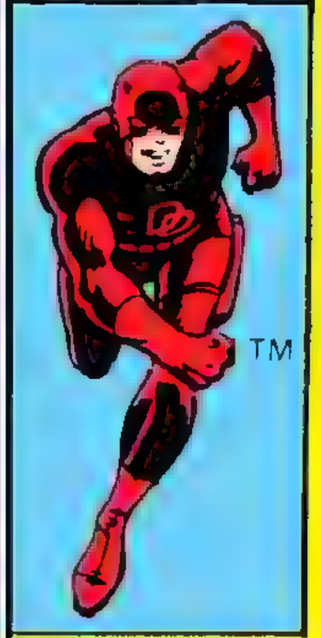

DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

YOU WANTED TO CHALLENGE **BULLSEYE?** NOW *SUFFER* THE CONSEQUENCES!

ACTION IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL MANNER!

...AND AWAY GOES DAREDEVIL!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

TARGET: DEATH!

MIDNIGHT. WITH **TREMBLING FINGERS**, FOGGY NELSON **DIALS** THE NUMBER HE FOUND, AS PER **INSTRUCTIONS**, IN THE APPOINTED PHONE BOOTH. HE LISTENS INTENTLY TO THE TINNY, ECHOING RINGS, AND WAITS **NOT** FOR AN **ANSWER**... BUT FOR **DEATH**.

BEYOND THE TOO-FRAGILE ENCLOSURE, A **STEADY DRIZZLE** FALLS, CLOAKING THE GUNMAN HE **KNOWS** IS OUT THERE IN **MIST** AS WELL AS IN **SHADOWS**.

TELEPHONE

MARV WOLFMAN PLOT
JIM SHOOTER SCRIPT
GIL KANE AND BOB BROWN PENCILLING
JIM MOONEY INKING
ARCHIE GOODWIN EDITING
IRV WATANABE LETTERING
JANICE COHEN COLORING

FOGGY NELSON IS VERY MUCH AFRAID.

SUDDENLY--
THE FEAR
ABRUPTLY
ENDS...

DAMN!
TOO LATE!
COULDN'T REACH
THIS ROOF IN
TIME TO
PREVENT
THE SHOT!

BLASTED RAIN--
INTERFERING WITH
MY SUPER-SENSES!
COULDN'T PINPOINT
THE GUNMAN 'TIL I
HEARD THE
UNMISTAKEABLE
CLICK OF THE
CARTRIDGE ROLLING
INTO THE CHAMBER!

DAREDEVIL!

WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE WITH
DEBBIE HARRIS,
MURDERER?

DO I HAVE TO
BEAT IT OUT OF--
UHHHN!

PRECISELY. AND
SINCE I AM A
MURDERER AND
YOU'RE NOT, THAT
GIVES ME THE
ADVANTAGE.

AND SINCE YOU
OBVIOUSLY KNOW I'M
THE ONE BEHIND THE
KIDNAPPING OF THAT IDIOT
NELSON'S GIRL FRIEND, I
OBVIOUSLY CANNOT
ALLOW YOU TO LIVE!

I KNEW THAT WAS **COMING!** SENSED HIS **MUSCLES** TENSING... HEARTBEAT SPEEDING UP... BUT HE'S ALMOST AS **FAST** AS HE IS **STRONG!**

I'M IN FOR A **FIGHT!** THIS **DRIZZLE** IS PLAYING JUST ENOUGH **HAVOC** WITH MY **RADAR-SENSE** AND ULTRA-SENSITIVE **HEARING** SO THAT THE FACT THAT **HE** CAN **SEE** AND **I CAN'T** COULD GIVE **HIM** THE **EDGE!**

SPEAKING OF **EDGES,** IT'S A **LONG WAY DOWN!**

GOT TO **SLOW HIM DOWN** WITH A **SURPRISE MOVE--!**

ARRGH!

--THEN **LAY HIM OUT QUICK!**

BLAST! THAT SHOT SHOULD HAVE PUT HIM AWAY, EVEN THOUGH I MISJUDGED HIS POSITION BY A FRACTION!

HE'S **STILL CONSCIOUS...** AND **I'M OFF-BALANCE!**

YOUR TIME IS **UP,** DAREDEVIL!

ARMS LIKE **TREE LIMBS!** CAN'T **DUCK** IN--**UFF!**

FEEL THE **STRENGTH** OF **STONE!**

YOU'RE GOING TO **DIE** FOR YOUR INTERFERENCE!

DRIVING ME BACK! WE'RE GOING **OVER!**

THIRTY STORIES TO ›UHH‹... STREET! GOT TO *CONCENTRATE!* TWIST MY *BODY*...ANGLE ›UFF‹...US TOWARD THAT *WINDOW!*

STONE IS *INSANE!* WON'T LET UP LONG ENOUGH FOR ›UHH‹ ME TO SAVE HIS LIFE AS WELL AS MINE!

MADE IT! BUT...STONE STILL *PRESSING! HE* CAME UP ON *TOP* WHILE I SACRIFICED MY BALANCE TO GET US IN--*AHHGH!*

HEAD... SPINNING. ONE MORE...LIKE THAT WILL...FINISH ME! GOT TO...AVOID...

LIE DOWN AND *DIE!* YOU'RE *BEATEN!* YOU CAN'T EVADE ME FOR LONG!

I DON'T...*HAVE* TO! *YOU'RE* THE *SITTING DUCK,* STONE!

HOW--*UNNHH!*

INSIDE--WITHOUT THE *RAIN*--MY SENSES ARE FUNCTIONING AT *PEAK EFFICIENCY* AGAIN!

I CAN PICK OUT *PULSE POINTS* TO STRIKE AT--GET THE RANGE PERFECTLY!

ARRRGH!

GOT TO HIT HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN! FEEL LIKE I'M CHOPPING DOWN A SEQUOIA!

URRGH!

NO! I'M **BIGGER** THAN YOU! **STRONGER!**

--AND ALMOST **HALF** AS SMART! FORGET IT, STONE-BRAIN! YOU'RE GOING TO **LOSE!** WHY DON'T YOU MAKE IT **EASY** ON YOURSELF!

NO! **NO!** I'LL TEAR YOU IN **HALF!**

BIGGER, STRONGER BONEHEADS THAN YOU HAVE TRIED **BEFORE!**

AND FAILED!

OR HAD YOU **NOTICED** THAT I'M STILL VERY MUCH **ALIVE?**

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK HIS **HEAD,** AT LEAST, ACTUALLY **IS STONE!** CAN'T PUT HIM **DOWN** TO **STAY!**

I'M ALMOST **EXHAUSTED! THIS** PUNCH BETTER DO IT!

STILL ON HIS FEET! **STILL** CHARGING!

THAT **GLAZE** THAT'S COME OVER HIS EYES--! HE'S GONE **TOTALLY INSANE--!** LOST IN A **KILLING RAGE** LIKE A **VIKING BERSERKER!**

HE'S COMING LIKE A ***FREIGHT TRAIN!*** GOT TO DUCK OUT OF THE--

CLASHHH!

NO! THE ***WINDOW!*** CONCENTRATING SO HARD ON ***STONE***...I FORGOT THE ***WINDOW*** WAS BEHIND ME!

STONE PLUNGES BACK INTO THE CHILL NIGHT, AND ***FALLS*** IN COMPANY WITH RAINDROPS AND SHARDS OF GLASS. THE GLAZE OF UNREASONING HATE NEVER LEAVES HIS EYES...

...AS THE ***STACCATO THUNDER*** OF HIS EVER-MORE-DISTANT ***HEARTBEAT*** GROWS DIMMER IN DAREDEVIL'S EARS--TILL IT IS ***PUNCTUATED*** BY A SICKENING ***IMPACT.***

INCREDIBLE! HE'S ***STILL ALIVE!*** I HEAR HIM ***BREATHING!***

BUT HE WON'T LAST LONG! EACH GASP OF BREATH IS ***WEAKER*** THAN THE LAST! GOT TO REACH HIM QUICKLY!

STONE! CAN YOU HEAR ME?

STONE!

UHH-H-H!

LISTEN TO ME! IT'S ALL OVER!

WHERE IS DEBBIE HARRIS? WHY DID YOU KIDNAP HER? WHY ARE YOU AFTER FOGGY?

I...AM STONE... STONE... STONE!

YOU WORK FOR MAXWELL GLENN! IS HE BEHIND THE SLUM TENEMENT REAL ESTATE RIP-OFFS...OR ARE YOU? ARE YOU "LAUNDERING" RACKETS PAYOFFS THROUGH GLENN INDUSTRIES' ACCOUNTS? TALK!

STONE...I... AM...ST--

SECONDS LATER...

FOGGY!

FOGGY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

ME? YEAH! A LITTLE SHAKEN UP, MAYBE.

DID IT WORK? WAS IT STONE? DID YOU CATCH HIM, OR GET ANY INFORMATION?

NO...I...HE'S DEAD! COULDN'T GET ANYTHING OUT OF HIM!

YEAH, WELL *I* WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD WITHOUT THIS ***BULLET-PROOF VEST!*** GOOD THING HE AIMED AT MY ***HEART,*** NOT MY HEAD!

HE WASN'T ***SUPPOSED*** TO GET A ***SHOT*** OFF. I'M SORRY.

I'VE GOT A FEW THINGS TO CHECK OUT. CALL THE ***POLICE.*** I'LL GET BACK TO YOU LATER.

RIGHT, D.D.

SECONDS LATER, AS A TROUBLED MAN WITHOUT FEAR SWINGS HIGH ABOVE RAIN-GLAZED ROOFTOPS...

NOT A VERY ***SATISFYING*** NIGHT'S WORK. IF NOT FOR SOME ***DUMB LUCK,*** FOGGY COULD BE ***DEAD*** RIGHT NOW!

AND WHETHER OR NOT STONE ***DESERVED*** TO DIE, HE TOOK WITH HIM THE ***ANSWERS*** TO A LOT OF ***QUESTIONS!***

FUNNY, HOW ***AFTER*** YOU'VE BLOWN IT, SUDDENLY, WHAT YOU ***SHOULD*** HAVE DONE ALL ALONG BECOMES CLEAR!

HEATHER SHOULD STILL BE WAITING FOR ***MATT MURDOCK*** AT THE STOREFRONT LAW OFFICE!

SOON...

MATT! HOW DID IT GO?! DID DAREDEVIL FIND OUT WHO WAS AFTER FOGGY?

YES. IT WAS...***STONE,*** YOUR FATHER'S EMPLOYEE... JUST AS FOGGY SUSPECTED.

D-DO YOU THINK THAT MEANS ***DADDY*** IS ALSO--?!

--A CRIMINAL? I DON'T KNOW, HEATHER.

BUT I THINK IT'S TIME I ***MET*** THE INACCESSIBLE MR. MAXWELL GLENN. STONE... CAN'T VERY WELL PREVENT IT ANY MORE.

THE NEXT MORNING...

--SHOCKED, MR. MURDOCK! YOU SAY YOU STILL HAVEN'T LOCATED THE GIRL HE KIDNAPPED!?

IT'S SO HARD TO BELIEVE ALL THIS OF STONE! I--I I THOUGHT I KNEW HIM. I TRUSTED HIM! IF YOU HAD ONLY COME TO ME BEFORE!

WE TRIED, MR. GLENN I...SHOULD HAVE TRIED HARDER!

AS DAREDEVIL, IF NECESSARY.

YES, DADDY! STONE WOULDN'T EVEN LET ME IN TO SEE YOU!

THE POINT IS, SIR, THAT IT'S NOT OVER YET. THERE'S NO TELLING HOW DEEPLY STONE INVOLVED GLENN INDUSTRIES IN HIS ILLEGAL DEALINGS.

I...SEE! I TAKE IT YOU'D LIKE TO EXAMINE THE COMPANY'S BOOKS.

BY ALL MEANS! IF ANYTHING'S WRONG, I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT! I'LL HAVE 'EM SHIPPED OVER TO YOUR OFFICE!

THANK YOU, MR. GLENN!

WE'D ALSO LIKE TO SEE YOUR PERSONNEL RECORDS, IF WE MAY. IT'S POSSIBLE STONE HAD AN ACCOMPLICE ON THE PAYROLL WE CAN IDENTIFY, WHO CAN LEAD US TO DEBBIE HARRIS.

DONE!

YOU SEE!? I TOLD YOU DADDY WAS WONDERFUL.

BEFORE I MET YOU, MATT, I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL FOR SEVEN MONTHS, AT DEATH'S DOOR EVERY MINUTE! DADDY BROUGHT IN EVERY SPECIALIST, AND DID EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO HELP ME--

THAT'S MY GIRL!

--BUT IT WAS 'CAUSE HE NEVER LEFT ME ALONE THAT WHOLE TIME THAT I PULLED THROUGH TO BECOME THE SCATTERBRAIN I AM TODAY!

GOODBYE, GENTLEMEN! GOOD LUCK!

PLEASURE MEETING YOU, MR. GLENN!

BYE, DADDY!

LATER, BACK AT THE **STOREFRONT...**

THAT WAS DADDY ON THE PHONE, GUYS! HE WANTS ME TO MEET HIM FOR LUNCH!

ENJOY YOURSELF, HEATHER! IT'S GOING TO BE **DEADLY DULL** AROUND HERE FOR THE REST OF THE DAY WHILE WE CHECK OUT YOUR FATHER'S RECORDS.

YEAH! HAVE FUN!

AS **HEATHER GLENN** LEAVES HER EMPLOYERS' LOW-BUDGET LAW OFFICE...

...A **BLACK SEDAN** WITH DEEPLY TINTED WINDOWS SLOWLY **APPROACHES** THAT SAME OFFICE...

WHA--?

SOUND... LIKE A **MACHINE-GUN** BEING PRIMED! RIGHT OUTSIDE OUR--

FOGGY--!

--GET DOWN!

HUH? MATT--

MATT! WHERE ARE YOU **GOING? MATT!** YOU'RE **BLIND,** MAN! YOU CAN'T--! **MATT!**

THEY MAY STILL BE **OUT** THERE, YOU FOOL! GET **DOWN!**

WRONG! "THEY" TOOK OFF...AND UNLESS I MOVE **FAST** I'LL **NEVER** CATCH THEM!

MERE SECONDS LATER, IN A SHADOWED ALLEY NEARBY...

THE GUNMAN'S CAR WENT TWO BLOCKS SOUTH, THEN TURNED ***RIGHT!*** EVEN THOUGH IT'S NOW ***TOO FAR AWAY*** FOR ME TO SINGLE ITS MOTOR NOISES OUT FROM OTHER CARS'--

--IF I HEAD IN THE ***GENERAL DIRECTION*** I HEARD IT GO, MAYBE I'LL "SPOT" IT!

THERE! GOT HIM!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE ***DOCKS!***

SO MUCH FOR THE ***EVIDENCE!*** EVEN WHEN THE POLICE FINALLY DO DREDGE UP THAT HEAP AND THE MACHINEGUN INSIDE, THEY'LL STILL FIND NOTHING TO CONNECT THOSE TWO IDIOT LAWYERS' ***MURDERS*** WITH--

BULLSEYE!

I'D KNOW THAT ***HEARTBEAT*** ANYWHERE!

DAREDEVIL! WONDERFUL! NOT ONLY HAVE I EARNED A MILLION-DOLLAR ***FEE*** TODAY, BUT I GET TO KILL MY ***MOST HATED ENEMY!***

CURSE YOU! MY AIM IS INFALLIBLE! ONLY YOU HAVE EVER BEEN ABLE TO AVOID MY SHOTS...AS IF YOU WERE READING MY MIND!

SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

ACTUALLY I'M "READING" HIS MOVEMENTS WITH MY RADAR SENSE! I CAN FIGURE OUT WHERE HE'S AIMING ALMOST BEFORE HE DOES, AND DETECT THE SLIGHT MOVEMENT OF HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER--!

--AND WITH MY AGILITY AND LOTS OF LUCK I CAN GET IN CLOSE ENOUGH TO DISARM HIM!

YOU'RE LOSING YOUR TOUCH, CHUCKLEHEAD-- NOT TO MENTION YOUR PEA-SHOOTER!

UHHFF!

SCARLET CLOWN! IN MY HANDS ANYTHING IS A DEADLY WEAPON! I DON'T NEED MY GUN! A PACKING CRATE SERVES AS WELL!

UHHFF!

HE'S RIGHT! AND KNOWING WHERE SOMETHING'S GOING TO HIT...

...DOESN'T ALWAYS MEAN YOU CAN GET OUT OF THE WAY!

OWW!

CAN'T LET HIM KEEP ME OFF-BALANCE!

GOT TO TAKE THE OFFENSIVE--! THROW A FLYING SHOULDER-TACKLE AT HIM AND HOPE I--

--HIT!

AHHGH!

I'LL **RESIST** THE TEMPTATION TO MAKE A **PUN** ABOUT YOU BEING **WASHED UP,** BULLSEYE! BUT YOU'RE GOING **UP THE RIVER** SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO THE **WATER!**

HE HASN'T **SURFACED** YET! THAT BLOW MIGHT HAVE KNOCKED HIM OUT! HAVE TO GO IN **AFTER** HIM!

UGGH! A **TRAP!** HE WAS **WAITING** FOR ME! TANGLING ME UP WITH SEAWEED!

THE WATER MUFFLED HIS HEARTBEAT! COULDN'T SENSE HIM IN TIME!

KICKED HIM **AWAY,** BUT HE'LL BE ON THE DOCK BEFORE I GET LOOSE!

NO **HEARTBEAT** ON THE DOCK! NO AMBUSH THIS TIME! BUT WHERE IS BULLSEYE?

HE MUST STILL BE IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY. I **SHOULD** BE ABLE TO PICK HIM UP WITH MY **RADAR SENSE**--BUT I **CAN'T!**

GOT TO **LOCATE** HIM BEFORE **HE** FINDS A WEAPON! IF HE GETS OFF A SHOT BEFORE I'M **TUNED IN** TO HIM-- HE'LL DROP ME LIKE A **CLAY PIGEON!**

MEANWHILE, IN A LARGE STATELY HOME IN ONE OF NEW YORK'S MORE ELEGANT SUBURBS...

--**ENOUGH** OF YOUR WHINING! YOUR DEAR "FOGGY" NELSON IS **NOT** DEAD...YET...THANKS TO THAT MEDDLING **DAREDEVIL!** NOW, WILL YOU **SHUT UP?!**

NO! I **KNEW** DAREDEVIL WOULD SAVE FOGGY! AND I KNOW PRETTY SOON HE'LL **FIND** THIS PLACE--

--AND **SMASH YOUR UGLY FACE-- UHHH!**

THAT **DOES** IT! I AM A PATIENT MAN, AND I HAVE BEEN AS KIND TO YOU AS MY EMPLOYERS ALLOWED, BUT **THAT DOES IT!**

I **DOUBT** THAT DAREDEVIL WILL EVER FIND YOU HERE, BUT IF HE SHOULD--

--THE AUTOMATIC **MACHINE GUNS** LINING THE WALLS OF THIS ROOM WILL KILL YOU **BOTH, INSTANTLY!**

I HAVE AN AUTOMATIC **ESCAPE HATCH**--AND BE **ASSURED,** MY DEAR, YOU WILL BE QUITE **DEAD,** BEFORE YOU CAN UTTER A **WARNING!**

AT THAT MOMENT, BACK AT THE WATERFRONT...

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE MANAGED IT WITHOUT MY ***SENSING*** HIM, BUT BULLSEYE MUST HAVE SLIPPED AWAY!

EITHER THAT, OR, HE'S FOUND A DARN GOOD HIDING PLACE!

MAYBE ONE OF THESE ***WAREHOUSES*** AROUND THE DOCKS!

SO NOW WHAT? THERE ARE ***TOO MANY*** TO SEARCH THEM ALL!

MAYBE IF I ***WAIT*** ANOTHER MINUTE OR TWO HE'LL TRY TO MAKE A ***BREAK*** FOR IT!

AT LEAST HE ISN'T LIKELY TO FIND ANY KIND OF EFFECTIVE ***WEAPONS*** IN--WHAT'S THAT?

A SOFT ***RUSTING*** IN THE WIND! LIKE SOMETHING WAFTING CLOSER ON THE BREEZE...

...A ***PAPER PLANE?!***

COMING ***RIGHT AT ME!***

CAN'T DUCK IN-- ***UHH!***

THE VAUNTED ***MAN WITHOUT FEAR*** FINALLY ***FALLS***--

--VICTIM OF A ***SCRAP*** OF ***THIN, STURDY CARDBOARD,*** FOLDED INTO A ***PAPER PLANE*** AND FLAWLESSLY AIMED AT A VULNERABLE ***NERVE CENTER*** BY THE ***MAN CALLED BULLSEYE!***

WHAT A ***PRESS RELEASE!*** I COULD SIMPLY LET HIM ***DROWN***--

--BUT I HAVE AN IDEA FOR A MUCH **FLASHIER** EXECUTION!

AND NOW THAT I'VE **GOT** MY ARCH-FOE **HELPLESS**--

--I CAN **KILL** HIM IN THE MANNER WHICH WILL GAIN ME THE **MOST** NOTORIETY! A TRULY **SPECTACULAR** MURDER!

YOU **UNDERSTAND**, DON'T YOU, DAREDEVIL? SOME GOOD, FRIGHTENING **PUBLICITY** CAN DO AN **EXTORTIONIST** LIKE ME A **WORLD** OF **GOOD!**

THOUGH I **ADMIT** THAT I AM MOTIVATED BY SHEER **HATRED** AS **WELL** AS **GREED!** I'M GOING TO **ENJOY** THE DEATH I HAVE PLANNED FOR YOU!

LATER...

HUHN? WHAT...?

GOOD LORD! IT CAN'T BE! I-I'M **TIED** TO AN **ARROW**--

--MOUNTED ON A *GIANT CROSSBOW!*

BRILLIANT! EXCELLENT OBSERVATION!

I WANT TO ***THANK*** YOU FOR YOUR QUICK ***RECOVERY,*** DAREDEVIL! I BARELY HAD TO WAIT AT ***ALL*** FOR YOU TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS--

--AND I ***DEFINITELY*** WANT YOU ***WIDE AWAKE--***

--AS YOU ***SMASH*** INTO THE ***NEW JERSEY PALISADES*** AT ***BREATH-TAKING SPEED!***

THE ***ROPES*** ARE ***TOO STRONG*** TO ***BREAK!*** GOT TO TRY TO SLIP OUT SOMEHOW!

BON VOYAGE, MY FRIEND! DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL BE A ***BIG HIT*** IN JERSEY! ***HA HA HA HA!***

BUT AT ***BEST*** IT'D TAKE ***SEVERAL MINUTES...*** ***AND I'VE GOT ONLY SECONDS*** TO LIVE!

NEXT WHATEVER HAPPENED TO... THE COBRA AND MR. HYDE? THE ANSWER'S A KILLER!

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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TM

DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

THEY'RE BACK! HORNHEAD'S DEADLIEST DUO! FIERCER THAN EVER!

YOU'VE INTERFERED WITH OUR SCHEMES FOR THE LAST TIME!

AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO *PAY FOR IT!* WITH YOUR LIFE!

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE COBRA AND MR. HYDE?

THE ANSWER'S A KILLER!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

MARV WOLFMAN WRITER/EDITOR * BOB BROWN & JIM MOONEY ARTISTS * JOHN COSTANZA, letterer JANICE COHEN, colorist

THE CONCRETE JUNGLE!

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: HECK, YOU CAN FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF, PILGRIM, SO LET'S JUST SAY THE GENT ON YOUR RIGHT IS BULLS-EYE...

...WHILE THE DUDE HEADING RIGHT ATCHA IS THE SOON-TO-BE EX-STAR OF THIS MAG.

I HAD TO WAIT A LONG TIME TO KILL YOU, DAREDEVIL-- BUT YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT I'M DOING IT IN STYLE.

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND. I'D LIKE TO SAY IT'S BEEN FUN--BUT I NEVER MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE!

TA TA!

ALL RIGHT, HERO-- YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF *INTO* THIS LITTLE DOOM-TRAP, NOW *THINK* YOUR WAY OUT.

MY RADAR SENSES TELL ME I'M TIED TO AN *ARROW*, AND I DON'T NEED *ANYTHING* TO INFORM ME I'VE JUST BEEN *SHOT* FROM THE BOW.

FORTUNATELY, I'M NOT *EXACTLY* HELPLESS EVEN WHILE *TIED* HERE.

DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO *BOUNCE* MY RADAR OFF WHATEVER I'M RUSHING AT.

THAT'S THE NEW JERSEY *PALISADES* I'M GOING TO SPLATTER AGAINST--

--IN LESS THAN *THIRTY SECONDS!*

WHILE...

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND. IT WOULD BE *NICE* TO WATCH YOU DIE, BUT I HAVE *OTHER* THINGS AWAITING ME.

NOW, DON'T GO TO *PIECES!* SEE YOU IN THE *GREAT BEYOND* SOME DAY.

AND...

MY LORD-- *LOOK!*

IT--IT'S *DAREDEVIL!*

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM?

HE'S GONNA--

DON'T BOTHER *FINISHING* THAT, FRIEND-- BECAUSE YOU'LL BE *DEAD* WRONG-- I HOPE.

I'VE ENOUGH ROOM TO MANEUVER MY *WRIST*--

--GRAB MY *BILLY CLUB!*

AND THAT HAD *BETTER* BE A *BOUY* FLOATING DOWN THERE OR THIS LITTLE TRICK WILL *GUARANTEE* I WIND UP BEING INSTANT PANCAKE AGAINST THOSE MOUNTAINS.

GOTTA *HOOK* THAT THING JUST *RIGHT!*

DID IT!

IT DOESN'T WEIGH ENOUGH TO *STOP* ME, BUT IT CAN *CHANGE* MY ANGLE...

...HOPEFULLY BY ENOUGH TO *AVOID* MY BECOMING *GOOD* FRIENDS WITH THE ROCKS.

WATER! SONUVAGUN! *I DID IT!*

AND IF THE POLLUTED HUDSON DOESN'T GET ME FIRST, I *SHOULD* BE ABLE TO MAKE IT BACK *ALIVE.*

OH, *NO!* DIDN'T LAND FLAT-- THE ARROW'S *CAUGHT* INTO SOMETHING. *BLAST* THE LUCK.

I MAY HAVE AVOIDED *SMASHING* MYSELF TO PIECES ONLY TO *DROWN* INSTEAD.

ONLY HOPE-- *ARCH* MY BACK, FORCE THE ARROW TO--

--*BREAK!*

YAHOO! SCORE ONE FOR THE HERO CLAD IN *RED!*

NOW WHAT, MATTHEW? YOU'VE ONLY GOT *SECONDS* OF AIR LEFT IN YOU, AND YOU'RE *STILL* TIED TO THE TAIL OF THE ARROW--!

GOTTA SWIM UP *WITH* IT, AND IF I ACTUALLY *MAKE* IT, I'M REGISTERING FOR THE *NEXT* OLYMPICS--NOT THAT THEY NEED ME AFTER *THIS* YEAR'S SHOWING.

C'MON, DD-- UP... *UP*... *UP!*

LUNGS BURSTING... I DON'T THINK I'LL--

MADE IT! =GASP=

EVEN *POLLUTION'S* A JOY TO BREATHE RIGHT NOW.

NEXT STEP'S TO FREE MY *LEGS!* THEN I'VE GOT TO SWIM BACK TO *MANHATTAN.*

SHOULDN'T BE *TOO HARD*--HALF A MILE IN *FREEZING* NOVEMBER WEATHER.

WHY DON'T YOU *QUIT* RIGHT NOW AND *ADMIT* YOU'RE SUICIDAL, HORNHEAD?

BE A HECKUVA LOT SMARTER THAN--*EH?*

SOMEONE COMING *AT* ME... A *BOY* JUDGING BY HIS HEART BEAT, AND HE'S *FLYING*...

DAREDEVIL? THAT *YOU?*

W-WHO?

THE NAME'S *NOVA*, SIR--THE BRAND NEWEST SUPER-HERO IN NEW YORK.

AND SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU COULD USE A *LIFT* BACK HOME.

CLIMB *ABOARD*, THE *METER'S* RUNNING ON THE HUMAN ROCKET EXPRESS!

THANKS. I COULD'VE GOTTEN PNEUMONIA OUT THERE.

DON'T MENTION IT, SIR. I'M GETTING A REAL KICK JUST *MEETING* YOU.

I'VE BEEN ONE OF YOUR *FANS* FOR YEARS. *

THE NAME'S DAREDEVIL, NOVA-- NOT SIR, AND IF YOU NEED ANY *HELP* AT ALL, GIVE ME A *BUZZ*, CARE OF *D.A.* TOWER.

*AND IF *YOU* WANT TO BE A FAN OF THE *MAN CALLED NOVA*, PICK UP HIS *LATEST* STAR-STUDDED MAG ON SALE IN JUST A FEW *DAYS*. -- PROUD MARV.

YOU'RE FREE TO GO, ZABO. LET'S HOPE YOU *DON'T* COME BACK HERE.

OH, NO. I WOULDN'T *EVER* WANT TO DO THAT AGAIN.

I'M GOING STRAIGHT.., ABSOLUTELY STRAIGHT--

WHILE...

--TO HELP MYSELF TO BECOME THE *RICHEST* THIEF IN NEW YORK, YOU BLUE-SUITED FOOL.

THIS TIME CALVIN ZABO IS PREPARED TO TAKE ON ANYONE--

FROM THE THUNDER GOD *THOR*, TO THAT SCARLET FOOL *DAREDEVIL*.

SHORTLY...

THIS ROOM WILL BE *PERFECT*.

I'M *OVERJOYED*. JUST PAY YER RENT AND KEEP *QUIET*.

BEDS 1.50¢ A NITE

DON'T WANT NO LOUD *PARTIES*. YOU GOT THAT, MISTER?

IDIOT! THERE WILL BE QUIET. I DON'T WANT *ANYONE* TO KNOW WHAT I PLAN NOW.

OR HOW I FOUND THE *ONE VIAL* OF SPECIAL FORMULA I HID YEARS AGO...

...THE FORMULA WHICH CHANGES THE WEAK, MEEK, CALVIN ZABO--

-- INTO THE UNSTOPPABLE *MISTER HYDE!*

AND, SIMULTANEOUSLY...

GET ON WITH IT, FOOL. TAKE THE SHEETS FROM THE CELL *ACROSS* THE WAY.

HURRY UP, MORON. HYDE'S *WAITING* FOR ME.

THERE! I COULD HAVE DONE THIS *ANY* TIME, BUT WITHOUT HYDE WORKING ALONGSIDE ME, MY FREEDOM WOULD HAVE BEEN *FLEETING.*

ESPECIALLY SINCE THE *CAPER* WE INTEND TO PULL REQUIRES THE *TWO* OF US.

WE'VE *LEARNED* THAT *ALONE* WE ARE TOO LIKELY TO FAIL.

WE *DISPISE* EACH OTHER, BUT WE ARE ALMOST *UNBEATABLE* AS A TEAM. IT WOULD BE *FOOL-HARDY* TO SEPARATE UNDER THOSE CONDITIONS--

--ESPECIALLY SINCE WE'VE BOTH FAILED WORKING WITH *OTHER* PARTNERS.

GOOD. THE CRETIN LEAVES, GIVING ME TIME TO *SLITHER* FROM THIS LAUNDRY CAR--

--TO MOVE *UP* THROUGH THIS VENT AS *NO* OTHER MAN CAN DO--

-- SAVE THE EVER-SCURRYING *COBRA!*

THERE YOU ARE, HYDE. I TOLD YOU TO MEET ME BY THE FRONT-GATE.

FOR ALL THE GUARDS TO SEE, YOU SNIVELLING FOOL?

GET IN HERE QUICKLY BEFORE THEY LEARN OF YOUR ESCAPE.

I THOUGHT WE AGREED TO CURTAIL OUR BICKERING, HYDE? I THOUGHT THIS TIME WE WOULD WORK TOGETHER FOR A CHANGE.

HYDE WORKS BEST ALONE, COBRA. BUT FOR THIS MISSION, I HAVE NEED OF YOUR SNAKE-LIKE POWERS.

THIS MISSION, THEN THE NEXT, AND THE ONE AFTER, HYDE? FACE IT, WE NEED EACH OTHER.

TOGETHER OUR POWERS ARE INSURMOUNT-ABLE!

NOW THEN, IS EVERYTHING READY?

NOT YET, COBRA. WE NEED ONE SMALL ITEM. ONE OF THE RARER EMERALDS FROM THE JEWEL EMPORIUM.

THAT IS ALL I REQUIRE TO BE READY FOR THE MASTER HEIST.

4 MILE VENUE
EEP LEFT

NEXT EXI FDR DRIVE
KEEP RIGHT

THEN, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, HYDE? LET'S MOVE OUT!

SHORTLY...

STILL BELIEVE YOU WORK BEST ALONE, HYDE? WHO ELSE BUT THE COBRA COULD WEND HIS WAY THROUGH THE NARROW SEWAGE PIPES INTO THIS MARKET TO OPEN THE DOOR FOR YOU?

WHO ELSE COULD HAVE MADE THIS DIFFICULT SNATCH A CINCH?

BAH! I COULD HAVE RIPPED THE DOOR FROM ITS HINGES.

Bero
Môme

Open Thurs nig 9:00

AND SET OFF THE ALARM?

BRILLIANT, MY FRIEND. SIMPLY BRILLIANT.

I'LL SHOW YOU, COBRA. NO ONE CAN STOP MISTER HYDE. NO ONE!

YOU MORON! WE'VE PLANNED THIS CAPER SO CAREFULLY WHILE IN PRISON. WE SMUGGLED MESSAGES TO EACH OTHER OVER HUNDREDS OF MILES--

--AND NOW YOU THREATEN TO DESTROY ALL OUR WORK SIMPLY FOR YOUR ASININE PRIDE?

DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU'VE SET OFF THE SILENT ALAR--

FREEZE, YOU TWO. I'VE GOT A BEAD ON YOU!

BUT HITTING US IS ANOTHER MATTER ENTIRELY, CREEP.

BAM!

NO! GET AWAY FROM ME.

YOU'LL LEARN TO SAVE YOURSELF TROUBLE THE NEXT TIME, FOOL-- BY STAYING AWAY FROM THE COBRA AND MISTER HYDE!

SWAK!

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, HYDE-- THEY KNOW WE'RE BACK-- THEY KNOW WE'RE UP TO SOMETHING IMPORTANT.

...PRESS ALARM... GOTTA WARN THE OTHERS...

THEY'LL BE ON THE LOOK OUT FOR US.

SO LET THEM TRY TO STOP MISTER HYDE.

POLI

LET THEM ALL SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES.

OH, NO-- WE'VE CRASHED OUR WAY RIGHT INTO THE POLICE!

NOT TO MENTION EVERYONE'S FAVORITE HORNHEAD.

HIYA, HYDE-- LONG TIME NO SEE!

YOU COME BACK TO THE BIG APPLE FOR A VISIT?

DAREDEVIL!?!

I'D BEEN SECRETLY *HOPING* WE'D RUN INTO YOU, MASKED MAN.

BEEN WANTING TO *PAY YOU BACK* FOR THESE PAST *YEARS* UP THE RIVER.

AND I *MEAN* TO PAY YOU BACK--*IN FULL!*

ISN'T IT NICE TO KNOW--ALL THAT MONEY WE *TAXPAYERS* SPENT ON YOUR REHAB-ILATATION REALLY *WORKED!*

WELL, HYDE, I'D LIKE TO SAY I COULD STAY HERE AND *CHAT*--

--BUT I *KNOW* YOU'VE GOT TO GET *BACK* TO PRISON RIGHT AW--

DAREDEVIL--

--I'M *SICK* OF YOU.

BUT *I'LL* REMEDY THAT *FAST*-- EH...

LISTEN, COPS--DON'T MAKE ANY MOVES-- OR HORNHEAD'S A *DEAD* MAN.

ALL RIGHT, MEN, HOLD YOUR FIRE.

VERY SMART-- NO WONDER YOU BOYS ARE NEW YORK'S *FINEST.*

ALL RIGHT, MUSCLES-- WE'RE IN THE *CLEAR.*

GIVE THE CREEP *BACK* TO THE CITY.

WITH *PLEASURE,* COBRA.

WITH PLEASURE!

GRUGG

NOT ENOUGH ROOM FOR *ME*-- BUT THERE'S NO PROBLEM FOR MISTER HYDE TO *WIDEN* THE HOLE--

--AND *FOLLOW* THE COBRA TO OUR *HIDE-OUT.*

BUT *NEXT* TIME WE MEET I SWEAR I'LL *NOT* STOP UNTIL I'VE *CRUSHED* DAREDEVIL TO A PULP!

TO A *BLOODY PULP.*

AND WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOING, CLOWN? I WANT TO *SPEAK* TO YA.

ANOTHER TIME, LIEUTENANT ROSE. RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE *HYDE* DOESN'T GET TOO LONG A *LEAD.*

IT'S *DARK* HERE, WHICH MEANS HYDE'S MOVING *SLOWLY.*

BUT DARKNESS NEVER STOPPED A *BLIND MAN* WITH SPECIAL SENSES BEFORE.

BLAST! NO SIGN OF HYDE. CAN'T EVEN PICK UP HIS *HEART BEAT.* HE MUST HAVE *LEFT* THE SEWER SYSTEM A BIT AHEAD.

CAN'T *POSSIBLY* FOLLOW HIM NOW.

BUT I'M NOT PLANNING ON RETURNING TO ROSE JUST TO BE *SCREAMED* AT BY MY PERSONAL POLICE LIEUTENANT.

NOT WHEN I HAVE A *DATE* WITH THE DELIGHT-FUL MISS HEATHER GLENN. AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I'LL NEED SOME *TIME* TO SHOWER THIS *GUNK* OFF ME BEFORE WE MEET AND I *OFFEND* HER SENSITIVE NOSTRILS.

SHORTLY...

IT'S GETTING *LATE,* FOGGY. I DON'T KNOW IF MATT'S GOING TO *MAKE* IT.

AND HE SO *WANTED* TO HEAR BERNSTEIN AT PHILHARMONIC AGAIN.

THE JUILLIARD

YOU *KNOW* MATT, HEATHER, HE'S PROBABLY HELPING SOMEONE CROSS THE STREET INSTEAD OF THE *OTHER* WAY AROUND.

YOU'RE A LITTLE *EDGY* TONIGHT, AREN'T YOU, FOGGY?

WOULDN'T *YOU* BE, HEATHER? IN THE PAST TWO WEEKS I'VE BEEN *SHOT* AT, ATTACKED, ALMOST *BLOWN* OUT OF MY OWN BUSINESS OFFICE--

--NOT TO MENTION HAVING MY *FIANCEE* KIDNAPPED.

YOU *BETTER* BELIEVE I'M GETTING ANGRY, HEATHER. BLASTED ANGRY-- AT *EVERYONE*-- MYSELF INCLUDED.

WHICH MAKES IT *MORE* IMPORTANT THAN EVER WE TAKE AN EVENING OFF TO *RELAX*.

MATT? I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN.

TO BE EXPECTED-- ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE *SHOUTING* SO VOCIFEROUSLY.

LOOK, FOGGY--WE'VE *ALL* HAD IT ROUGH, LATELY. BUT WE'VE *GOT* TO TAKE IT EASY.

IT'S *TOO SIMPLE* TO FALL APART AT THE SEAMS.

FALL APART? I WAS *FRANTIC* WITH WORRY. YOU *TAKE OFF* AFTER OUR OFFICE IS MACHINE-GUNNED.

YOU LEAVE US *ALONE* WITHOUT KNOWING WHERE YOU RAN OFF TO.

ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE WE'RE *LATE* FOR THE CONCERT.

CONCERT? ON *TOP* OF EVERYTHING ELSE!

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT WE'VE JUST SAID? THE *ABSURDITY* OF THIS ENTIRE ARGUMENT?

MATT, I FEEL LIKE THE *BACK SIDE* OF A JACKASS RIGHT NOW.

*FRIENDSHIP: HECKUVA WAY TO GO THROUGH LIFE, BUT WOULD YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH *WITHOUT* ANY?

I-I'M STILL NOT SURE WHY I'M GOING ALONG --ESPECIALLY WITH DEBBIE *GONE*.

ALL THE *MORE* REASON, FOGGY. YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP YOUR MIND *OCCUPIED*.

TAXI!

MATT, HOW DID YOU KNOW THE *CAB* WAS HERE?

ER...I-I...UH, THAT IS--YOU *CAN'T* MISTAKE THE SOUND OF THEIR *METERS*, HEATHER.

AND TO A *BLIND MAN*, THAT SOUND IS SOMETHING I'VE GOTTEN *VERY* USED TO OVER THE YEARS.

I THINK YOU'RE *WRONG*, HEATHER. I *SHOULD* BE OUT SEARCHING FOR DEBBIE.

YOU KNOW WE'VE GOT THE *BEST* DETECTIVES AROUND LOOKING FOR DEBBIE.

AND YOU KNOW *DAREDEVIL'S* TAKING A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE CASE.

THE REST OF THE EVENING IS UNIMPORTANT TO US, BUT FOR THOSE WHO CARE, THE PHILHARMONIC WAS IN EXCELLENT FORM. NOW, LET US MOVE AHEAD TO THE NEXT NIGHT, AND...

WHAT IN BLAZES IS *KEEPING* YOU, HYDE? IT'S BEEN *HOURS*.

FOUR HOURS EXACTLY, COBRA. AND IT IS *JUST* THE CORRECT TIME NOW. ANY SOONER AND THE *NEW* DRUG WOULD *NOT* WORK.

ANY SOONER AND I WOULD NOT BE READY TO BECOME A *STRONGER*, MORE *FEROCIOUS MISTER HYDE!*

THAT GREEN STUFF WILL TURN THE *TRICK*, THEN?

THIS "*GREEN STUFF*" WILL MAKE ME *TWICE* AS POWERFUL AS I HAD BEEN, COBRA.

THAT'S WHY I NEEDED THAT *SPECIAL* EMERALD. IT *HAD* TO BE ADDED TO MY SERUM. *THAT* JEWEL AND *NO OTHER*.

THIS IS IT, COBRA--THE MOMENT I'VE BEEN WAITING YEARS FOR.

THE MOMENT HYDE BECOMES TOTALLY UNBEATABLE!

THE MOMENT WHEN HYDE NEEDS NO ONE TO WORK AT HIS SIDE!

MY HEAD! THE PAIN... THE FIERY PAIN!

I FEEL MY INSIDES CRAWLING... SLITHERING!

WHAT? IT DIDN'T WORK, HYDE. YOU'VE BECOME MORE HUMAN.

NO--YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF THE ALTERATION. I'VE BECOME WEAK CALVIN ZABO AGAIN--ONLY FOR MY BODY TO BEGIN ANOTHER, MORE INCREDIBLE METAMORPHOSIS.

AND IT'S WORKING... I CAN FEEL THE CHANGE INCHING OVER MY BODY. I I FEEL MY SKIN STRETCHING, TIGHTENING...OHHH, THE PAIN... THE PAIN.

DO YOU NEED ANYTHING, HYDE? ANYTHING AT ALL?

NO, YOU FOOL, MR. HYDE NEEDS NOTHING ANY MORE! NOTHING AT ALL!

NOTHING BUT FOR YOU TO LISTEN TO MY EVERY WORD, AND TO JUMP AT MY EVERY COMMAND!

AN HOUR LATER, ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY...

NOTHING FROM HYDE OR THE COBRA, WHICH MAKES ME EVEN MORE WORRIED THAN BEFORE.

THOSE TWO FIENDS CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM TROUBLE TOO LONG.

IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE--EH?

MY RADAR HEARING... IT'S PICKING SOMETHING UP FROM THAT ROOFTOP--

AND...

WILD, REALLY WILD.

GLAD YOU LIKE IT, SHARMAN.

TOOK A LITTLE WHILE TO FORCE IT THROUGH, HAD TO BEND A FEW LAWS HERE AND THERE--BUT I'VE GOT MY DREAM WORLD HERE--

--A COMPLETE JUNGLE PARADISE ON THE ROOFTOP OVERLOOKING MANHATTAN.

IT'S MY EDEN, SHARMAN--MY BACK-TO-NATURE TRIP.

WHERE YOU CAN DIE AND NO ONE WILL BE ANY THE WISER, ROTSLER!

WH-WHO ARE YOU?

BILL!?

THE NAME IS HYDE, ROTSLER, AND MY FRIEND AND I ARE HERE FOR YOUR RARE BOOK COLLECTION.

SPAK!

GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE--GET THE COPS.

BEFORE THEY FIND OUT I'M MISSING.

DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY HEAD, MISS. THE CALVARY'S ARRIVED!

YOU?!?

I PICKED UP HYDE'S BREATHING FROM *ACROSS* THE STREET, AND JUST IN TIME.

YOU STAY HERE WHILE I TAKE A LOOKSEE FOR YOUR *BOY FRIEND.*

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN PAYING MORE ATTENTION *ALL* THE TIME HORN-HEAD. OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT HAVE *SPOTTED* THE SILENT COBRA *BEFORE* HE STRUCK!

WHAT?

DIDN'T HEAR HIM-- HE'S LIKE A *SNAKE* SLITHERING IN THE *GRASS.*

YOU WERE *WARNED* BY HYDE TO STAY *AWAY* FROM US, DAREDEVIL. YOU SHOULD HAVE *TAKEN* THAT WARNING AND *FLED* WHILE YOU COULD.

THERE WILL BE *NO* HOLDING BACK HYDE NOW. HE'S *STRONGER, MEANER--MORE BESTIAL* THEN YOU'VE *EVER* SEEN HIM.

GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO *FACE* APE-HEAD WHEN I SEE HIM, SMILEY.

IN THE MEANTIME, I CAN STOP *YOU.*

THAT'S *EASIER* SAID THAN DONE, DAREDEVIL.

I CAN MOVE *FASTER* THAN YOU. I CAN *COIL* MY BODY AND SPRING EVEN BEFORE YOU *KNOW* IT!

NOT ONLY *THAT,* DARE-DEVIL--BUT I CAN *WRAP* MYSELF AROUND YOU-- AND *KEEP* YOU OFF BAL-ANCE WHILE YOU *FALL.*

HE MOVES MORE *QUICKLY* THAN HE DID *BEFORE...* HE'S MORE *CUNNING.*

CAUGHT ME BY *SURPRISE*--EVEN MY *RADAR SENSES* DIDN'T PICK HIM UP *FAST* ENOUGH.

AND NOW, DAREDEVIL-- WHILE YOU'RE DOWN, I'LL TAKE MY ADVANTAGE.

SORRY, SMILEY, BUT I'M NOT GIVING IN JUST YET.

NOT WHILE I CAN STILL SPIN AROUND YOU-- GRAB YOU WITH MY BILLY CLUB.

WHAT? YOU'RE CHOKING ME, DAREDEVIL. YOU'RE TRYING TO KILL ME!

NOT QUITE, COBRA. MURDER'S YOUR DEPARTMENT. I'M THE GOOD GUY, REMEMBER?

CRETIN!

YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME THIS TIME, DAREDEVIL. THERE NO ONE HERE TO SAVE YOU NOW.

GOOD GOSH! COBRA WAS RIGHT! HYDE'S STRONGER THAN EVER!

I'M GOING TO POUND YOU, DAREDEVIL! I'M GOING TO CRUSH YOU INTO THE GROUND!

NO, HYDE, LET ME FINISH HIM OFF WITH MY COBRA DARTS!

THESE TWO AREN'T GIVING ME A MOMENT'S REST. GOT TO KEEP MOVING, DODGING.

IF I DON'T, I'M FINISHED!

EVEN IF YOU CAN *DUCK* THE COBRA DARTS, HORN-HEAD--YOU'LL *NEVER* ESCAPE MY GRENADE.

ITS *GAS* WILL SEEK YOU OUT--STRIKE YOU NO MATTER *WHAT* YOU DO.

IT SEEPS INTO YOUR BODY THROUGH YOUR *FLESH*, DAREDEVIL! NOT BREATHING *WON'T* HELP YOU AT ALL.

AND *DOWN* YOU GO FOR A NICE LONG *SLEEP*.

BAH! I *WANTED* TO SMASH *HIM*.

NO, MY FRIEND, *THIS* WAY IS FAR MORE *SATISFYING*, FAR MORE *PAINFUL!*

STAKE HIM OUT, MAKE SURE HE *CAN'T* MOVE HIS ARMS AND LEGS. WE *WOULDN'T* WANT HIM SAVING HIMSELF AT THE *LAST* MINUTE, WOULD WE?

AND NOW WE *WAIT* UNTIL ONE OF THE *ANIMALS* IN THIS ROOFTOP ZOO BECOMES *HUNGRY*.

WE WAIT FOR ONE TO SENSE DAREDEVIL LYING *HELPLESS* IN THE GRASS.

AND THEN WE WAIT FOR THE ATTACK!

SOMEHOW WE THINK YOU'LL BE BACK NEXT ISSUE. SEEYA THEN, PILGRIM!

DAREDEVIL

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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IF YOU THINK DD'S IN TROUBLE NOW, WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT THE EVIL COBRA AND MR. HYDE HAVE PLANNED-- JUST IN CASE HORNHEAD LIVES, THAT IS!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR * BOB BROWN ARTIST * KEITH POLLARD INKER * JOHN COSTANZA, letterer JANICE COHEN, colorist

"HYDE AND GO SEEK"

SAYETH THE COBRA!

INSTANT SYNOPSIS DEPT: HECK, THOSE OF YOU WHO WERE HERE LAST ISH KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON. AND FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO WEREN'T --SHAME, SHAME-- YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO PICK THINGS UP AS WE ROCKET ALONG!
AND REMEMBER THIS THE NEXT TIME YOU DARE MISS DAREDEVIL. THAT'S A WARNING!

THE JUNGLE BEAST EYES ITS UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM, SNIFFS ITS DISTINCTIVE SCENT, THEN MOVES CLOSER WITH SATISFACTION. ITS TONGUE SWEEPS HUNGRILY ACROSS ITS LIPS.

YES, IT THINKS TO ITSELF--THIS WILL MAKE A MOST DELICIOUS DINNER.

MEANTIME...

YOU SURE THIS VENT GOES TO THE LIBRARY, HYDE?

YOU DARE ARGUE WITH ME, COBRA? YOU THINK I DIDN'T TAKE THE PAINS TO CAREFULLY INVESTI-GATE THIS BUILDING'S INTERIOR STRUCTURE?

WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR, YOU SLITHERING SNAKE?

DON'T GIVE ME ANY STRAIGHT LINES, HYDE-- I DON'T WANT TO BREAK MY VOW NOT TO ARGUE WITH YOU ON THIS CAPER.

THE MUSCLE-HEADED FOOL. IF WE DIDN'T MAKE SUCH A PERFECT TEAM, I'D TURN ON HIM IN A MOMENT.

BUT SEPARATELY WE'RE TOO VULNERABLE. SEPARATELY WE'RE ALMOST HELPLESS TO STAGE ANY MASTER COUPS!

BUT, AFTER TONIGHT, THERE WILL BE NO ONE WHO WILL EVER BE ABLE TO STOP US--COLLECTIVELY OR INDIVIDUALLY!

AH, HYDE DID HIS HOME-WORK AFTER ALL. THIS IS THE ROTSLER COLLECTION--

--AND HIS BOOKS ARE BEHIND THE PLEX!-PLASTOID SHIELD, AS WE WERE TOLD.

BUT NO MERE BARRIER WILL KEEP THE COBRA AWAY FOR LONG.

NOT ONCE I USE MY-- WHAT?!?

HIDDEN LASERS FIRING AT ME!

WE HEARD ROTSLER'S SECURITY SYSTEM WAS IMPREGNABLE, BUT WE NEVER DREAMED IT'D BE LIKE THIS!

FOOL! I WASN'T CONCENTRATING! THAT LIGHT-BOLT ALMOST FRIED ME.

AND SINCE THERE'S NO WAY FOR ME TO REACH THOSE RARE VOLUMES NOW, I'D SAY IT'S FAR BETTER TO RETREAT AND RE-PLAN OUR MOVES.

WHERE IS IT, COBRA? WHERE'S THE BOOK?

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GET IN THERE, HYDE, HE'S GOT LASERS GUARDING HIS COLLECTION.

"IMPOSSIBLE?" NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE, YOU SNIVELLING FOOL. DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?

YOU'RE IN-COMPETENT COBRA. I SHOULD'VE DONE THE WORK MYSELF!

SMAK

WHILE ELSEWHERE...

FOLLOW ME *QUICKLY*, SHARMAN.

I HEAR *NUMA* GROWLING AHEAD OF US. SOMEHOW HE'S BROKEN *FREE*.

THEN DAREDEVIL *SAVED* ME, BILL. BUT I'M *WOR-RIED*. I--

DAREDEVIL? UNCONSCIOUS... AND NUMA'S CLOSING IN ON HIM.

B-BILL... *DO* SOMETHING... YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING *FAST!*

NO-- BACK AWAY! DON'T *EXCITE* HIM.

WHAT? I THOUGHT YOU WERE--

THE COBRA-GAS *WASN'T* AS STRONG AS THEY THOUGHT.

BUT THEN YOUR LITTLE *PET* FOUND ME STAKED OUT HERE... THOUGHT I WAS HELPLESS.

THOUGH THAT'S NOT *QUITE* THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER. SEE?

SWAM

NOT INTERESTED? TELL YOU WHAT THEN, GO OFF AND PLAY BY *YOURSELF* AND I'LL GET YOU A *SURPRISE*.

ALL RIGHT, KITTY-- DINNER TIME IS *OVER*, AND YOU BLEW YOUR CHANCE. BACK OFF AND I'LL PERSONALLY BUY YOU A A BAG OF *PURINA LION CHOW!*

IT'S STILL *STALKING* ME... AND UNFORTUNATELY IT JUST *IGNORES* MY BEST WISE-CRACKS.

WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME FOR *ACTION*.

DAREDEVIL, *PLEASE*. DON'T STRANGLE IT. NUMA'S *HARMLESS*, I SWEAR IT.

TELL THAT TO THE *S.P.C.A.* MISTER--*AFTER* IT'S HAD ITS DINNER.

NOW EXACTLY WHAT THE HECK *IS* THIS PLACE?

THE NAME'S ROTSLER, BUT PLEASE CALL ME *BILL*. AND THIS IS MY *HOME*-- A JUNGLE PARADISE EIGHTY STORIES ABOVE MANHATTAN.

MY JOB *DEMANDS* I REMAIN IN THE CITY, BUT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO LIVE IN THE WILDS...*AWAY* FROM THE CROWDS OF PEOPLE.

THIS PLACE IS A *COMPROMISE* BETWEEN REALITY AND MY FANTASIES.

A PLACE FOR SURVIVAL WHERE A MAN CAN *REALLY* BE A MAN.

I GUESS THAT'S *YOUR* BUSINESS, THOUGH *WHY* THE CITY ALLOWED YOU TO BRING THOSE ANIMALS HERE IS *BEYOND* ME.

NOW, HOW ABOUT EXPLAINING WHY COBRA AND HYDE *JOINED* YOUR LITTLE ZOO?

I-I DON'T KNOW, DAREDEVIL. ALL HYDE DEMANDED WAS THE LOCATION OF MY SPECIAL *LIBRARY*.

THEN STAND BACK, FOLKS-- BECAUSE *THOSE* ARE THE TWO I'M NOW AFTER.

PRIMARILY TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY COULD *POSSIBLY* WANT IN THIS MAKE-BELIEVE JUNGLE.

HIYA, FELLAS. GUESS WHAT? I'M STILL *ALIVE*!

DAREDEVIL? BUT I THOUGHT--

BAH! I *KNEW* I SHOULD'VE *SMASHED* 'IM WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE, COBRA.

LISTENING TO ME WILL ONLY BENEFIT *YOU*, HYDE. OR DID YOU FORGET THAT *I'M* AS SWIFT AND AS AGILE AS *YOU* ARE STRONG?

PERHAPS YOU NEED A DEMONSTRATION THAT YOUR BRUTE *STRENGTH* IS *NOT* NEEDED TO DEFEAT A FOE.

KNOW SOMETHING, SNAKE-FACE--? INSTEAD OF ARGUING, YOU SHOULD CONCENTRATE ON *FIGHTING!*

GET MY POINT, BEADY-BRAIN?

SPAK!

YOU'VE PROVEN *MY* POINT, HORNHEAD. YOU NEED *POWER*, OR NOTHIN' ELSE COUNTS.

'CAUSE, THE *STRONGER* YOU ARE--

HUNH?

--THE *EASIER* IT IS TO DO-- *THIS!*

OBOY! I SHOULD'VE KEPT MY *OWN* MOUTH SHUT.

ALL RIGHT, MATTHEW, M'BOY-- *NOW'S* THE TIME TO SHOW OUR DIABOLICAL DUO THAT *INTELLECT* SERVES JUST AS WELL AS *MUSCLES!*

A LITTLE BRAINS... A LITTLE *RADAR SENSE*, AND LET'S NOT FORGET A LITTLE *BILLY CLUB*.

POW!

THAT'S WHAT LITTLE DAREDEVILS ARE *MADE* OF.

ALL RIGHT, FRIEND, WHERE DID THOSE TWO *REJECTS* FROM THE *GONG SHOW* MAKE OFF TO?

I DON'T KNOW, DAREDEVIL. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY WERE *AFTER* IN MY LIBRARY.

THE BOOKS THERE ARE INCREDIBLY *RARE*, BUT I CAN'T POSSIBLY SEE WHY *THEY* WOULD WANT THEM.

MOST ARE *SCIENTIFIC*, DEALING WITH *PHYSICS* AND *CHEMISTRY*.

ARE THEY *WORTH* ANYTHING?

THEY'RE VALUABLE BOOKS, BUT HARDLY THE TYPE *CRIMINALS* WOULD WANT.

EVIDENTLY COBRA AND HYDE MUST KNOW *SOMETHING* ABOUT THEM WHICH YOU DON'T. THOSE TWO *WOULDN'T* WASTE THE TIME WITH THEM IF THEY *WEREN'T* SOMEHOW IMPORTANT.

WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME FOR *ME* TO DO A LITTLE CHECKING. BUT I'LL BE BACK *LATER*.

BYE, DAREDEVIL.

LATER...

SO HYDE'S INTERESTED IN *SCIENTIFIC* JOURNALS. BUT FOR *WHAT?* HE SEEMS ONLY CONCERNED WITH HIS OWN *STRENGTH* AND NOTHING MORE.

YET, IT WAS DEFINITELY *HIM* INTERESTED IN THE BOOKS; THE COBRA SEEMED TO SIMPLY *FOLLOW* HIS ORDERS.

LEGAL SERVICES

MATT! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE *HERE.*

HOLD ON THERE, LITTLE LADY--WHAT ARE YOU SO *EXCITED* ABOUT?

YOU DIDN'T HEAR, MATT? THE POLICE SAY *STONE* WAS EMBEZZELING MONEY FROM DADDY--SO THAT *CLEARS* DADDY OF ANY CRIMES.

I'M NOT SURE, HEATHER. STONE *WAS* YOUR FATHER'S EMPLOYEE. HE COULD HAVE BEEN *OPERATING* UNDER ORDERS.

YOUR FATHER'S RECORDS *COULD* HAVE BEEN PHONIED UP TO *IMPLICATE* STONE AFTER HIS DEATH.*

*DD #141, -- MARV.

FRANKLIN NELSON, MY FATHER IS *NOT* INVOLVED WITH ANY SLUM TENEMENTS *OR* THE ATTACK ON YOU. YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT YOURSELF!

YOU WENT OVER MY DADDY'S BOOKS.

MAYBE IT'S THE SUSPICIONS OF AN EX-D.A., BUT I CAN'T RULE OUT *ANYTHING*, NOT *UNTIL* ALL THE FACTS ARE IN.

AND, LET'S FACE IT, HEATHER-- YOUR FATHER *IS* INVOLVED-- KNOWINGLY OR *UNKNOWINGLY.*

THEN LET'S GO AND *SEE* DADDY. I'M SURE HE'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

SHORTLY...

YOU HAVEN'T SAID *ANYTHING*, MATT. DO *YOU* THINK FOGGY'S RIGHT?

I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND YET, HEATHER.

HEATHER!

I'M SO *HAPPY* YOU'RE HERE.

I *NEED* YOUR SMILING FACE, ESPECIALLY *NOW*.

I *KNOW* ABOUT THAT, DADDY, AND THAT'S WHY WE'RE *HERE*.

IT SEEMS MY SUSPICIOUS FRIEND BELIEVES *YOU* WERE CONNECTED WITH YOUR LATE EMPLOYEE.

GENTLEMEN, I THINK IT'S NEEDLESS FOR ME TO SAY I WAS *SHOCKED* WHEN THE POLICE TOLD ME WHAT STONE HAD DONE, I SWEAR TO YOU I HAD *NO* IDEA.

HE OPERATED UNDER HIS OWN AUTHORITY WHEN IT CAME TO FINANCING THOSE SLUM TENEMENTS, AND I WAS CERTAINLY NOT INVOLVED WITH ANY ATTEMPTED ACTS OF *MURDER*.

SEE? DIDN'T I TELL YOU? HOW COULD *ANYONE* AS SWELL AS DADDY BE GUILTY OF ANYTHING?

OTHER THAN BEING THE *GREATEST* DADDY ANY DIPPY DAUGHTER COULD HAVE.

I WISH I COULD LAUGH IT OFF AS *EASILY* AS HEATHER, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG* IN MAXWELL GLENN'S *VOICE*... SOMETHING WHICH TELLS ME HE'S *DESPERATELY* TRYING TO CONTROL HIMSELF RIGHT NOW.

AND HIS HEARTBEAT'S *JUMPING*.

EITHER THE MAN'S *LYING* TO US, OR HE'S VERY *FRIGHTENED* OF SOMETHING.

AND I THINK IT'S UP TO DAREDEVIL TO LEARN *WHICH*.

MATT AND HEATHER LEAVE FOGGY BEHIND AND MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO MATT'S APARTMENT, WHERE...

YOU'RE *STILL* NOT SAYING ANYTHING, MATT. PLEASE TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK. *PLEASE?!!*

I'M NOT SURE, HEATHER. DON'T MAKE ME SAY *ANYTHING* I'LL REGRET LATER.

I HAVE TO THINK THINGS *THROUGH* FOR AWHILE, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A CALL TONIGHT, ALL RIGHT?

YOU *WON'T* BE ABLE TO PRY ME AWAY FROM THE PHONE, MATT.

MAXWELL GLENN *HAS* TO BE CONNECTED WITH STONE. I COULDN'T *LIE* TO HEATHER AND SAY HE'S *CLEAN.*

I KNOW WHAT THAT WOULD *DO* TO MY LITTLE LADY. SHE *WORSHIPS* HER FATHER.

I KNEW THAT SOMEDAY I'D HAVE TO DO *SOMETHING* WHICH WOULD HURT THE ONE I LOVE. I *FOUGHT* AGAINST IT, DESPERATELY WISHING THAT DAY WOULD NEVER COME...

...BUT HERE IT IS, *SLAPPING* ME IN THE FACE.

IF MAXWELL GLENN IS GUILTY, IT WILL *CRUSH* HEATHER, BUT IF I DO *NOTHING* TO LEARN THE TRUTH, IT WILL DESTROY *ME--*

--NOT TO MENTION CORRUPTING THE MEANING OF *JUSTICE.*

YET, WHENEVER I THINK OF HEATHER AND THAT NUTTY, CONTAGEOUS *JOY* SHE ALWAYS BRINGS TO EVERY-THING, I WONDER WHY *I* SHOULD BE THE ONE WHO HAS TO *HURT* HER.

WHO APPOINTED *ME* GUARDIAN OF ALL THAT'S RIGHT AND WRONG?

BUT, WHEN I'M FINALLY *DISGUSTED* WITH BEING DAREDEVIL, I REMEMBER *WHY* I AM WHAT I AM. I REMEMBER ALL THE *PEOPLE* I'VE HELPED, AND I *KNOW* WHY I DO WHAT *MUST* BE DONE.

SOMETIMES YOU'VE GOT TO DO A JOB YOU HATE BECAUSE THERE'S *NO OTHER CHOICE.*

AND MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, THAT'S WHAT SOMETIMES MAKES ME THE *LONLIEST* MAN IN THE WORLD.

EH, ALREADY HERE? I WAS SO BUSY SOLILOQUIZ-ING I DIDN'T REALIZE IT.

BEFORE I CHECK OUT MAXWELL GLENN, I'D BEST MAKE SURE ROTSLER'S ALL RIGHT.

ANYONE HERE?

ROTSLER?

NO ANSWER, BUT THEY *WOULDN'T'VE* GONE OUT. *EH?* LABORED BREATHING-- *BEHIND* ME.

GOOD GRIEF! MY RADAR SENSES INDICATE ROTSLER AND SHARMAN ARE *UNCONSCIOUS*--

--AND I CAN *STILL* SMELL THE SCENT OF COBRA'S GAS GRENADES LINGERING ABOUT.

BUT MY SENSES DON'T DETECT ANYONE ELSE ON THE GROUNDS. GUESS I SHOULD JUST *SIT* HERE AND WAIT. THERE'S GOING TO BE A LITTLE TIME BEFORE I CAN *LEARN ANYTHING.*

AND, LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER...

--THAT'S IT, DD. THEY CAME BACK AND *FORCED* ME TO OPEN MY LIBRARY TO THEM. THEN STOLE MY *RAREST* BOOK--

--ONE SCRIBED BY THE ANCIENT WIZARD-SCIENTIST, *CAGLIOSTRO.*

HYDE SAID THERE WAS A *FORMULA* IN IT WHICH COULD TURN A MAN INTO A *GOD!*

GREAT! IF THAT'S TRUE, WE'RE *REALLY* IN FOR IT.

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE THOSE TWO WENT? NOT THAT THEY WOULD *BROAD-CAST* THAT NEWS AROUND.

BUT I *DO* KNOW, DAREDEVIL. HYDE SAID BY THE TIME I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, HE'D BE DOWNTOWN AT THE MANHATTAN LABS.

HE SAID BY THAT TIME IT WOULDN'T MATTER *WHO* KNEW.

CONFIDENT LITTLE BUGGER, ISN'T HE?

PLEASE CALL THE *POLICE*. I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE THOSE TWO *ALONE*.

TAKE CARE, DAREDEVIL. YOU'VE BEEN *GREAT* TO SHARMAN AND ME.

AND BY THE WAY, ASK FOR LIEUTENANT ROSE--HE'S MY *PERSONAL* FRIEND.

DON'T MENTION IT. IT'S BEEN A *PLEASURE* MEETING YOU TWO, THOUGH I *CAN'T* SAY THE SAME FOR YOUR LION.

DON'T COMPLAIN, WE HAVEN'T INTRODUCED YOU TO OUR *RINOCEROUS*, YET.

SO, IT'S OFF TO SEE THE *WIZARD*, AND TO PROBABLY GET MY *HEAD* HANDED TO ME. SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M NOT EXACTLY THE *BRIGHTEST* SUPER-HERO AROUND.

MAYBE I SHOULD TAKE UP WEARING PROTECTIVE *ARMOR* LIKE IRON MAN.

I BET UNDER THAT TIN SUIT HE HASN'T A *WORRY* IN THE WORLD.

THEN AGAIN, HE JUST *MAY* BE THINKING THE SAME THING ABOUT *ME*.

ISN'T SUPER-HEROING A *GREAT* BUSINESS TO BE IN?

AND... IN A MINUTE, COBRA-- QUIT PUSHING ME!

HAH! I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT'D BE A CINCH BREAKING OPEN THAT DOOR.

LOSING YOUR STRENGTH, HYDE? NEED ANY HELP?

BAH! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW STRONG I AM, SNAKE.

SKKRUNCH

WANNA COMPLAIN NOW, COBRA?

NO WAY, HYDE. BUT NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO DO MY STUFF.

ONLY THE COBRA CAN PULL OFF THIS SCHEME IN THE LONG RUN, HYDE. REMEMBER THAT!

FOR ONLY THE COBRA IS AGILE ENOUGH TO SLITHER THROUGH THESE NARROW BARS.

SHUT UP AND GET THE BOX, COBRA. QUICKLY!

IT CONTAINS THE RARE CHEMICAL I NEED TO MAKE CAGLIOSTRO'S SERUM WORK!

TWO MINUTES LATER...

YOU READY, COBRA? READY TO SHARE THE POWER WHICH WILL MAKE US GODS!

NO WAY, MONKEY, THAT FORMULA'S *REMAINING UNUSED!*

SOK!

DAREDEVIL? YOU GOT HERE *SOONER* THAN I THOUGHT POSSIBLE!

BLAME IT ON THE MIDTOWN *TRAFFIC*, HANDSOME. THERE WAS SO MUCH I DECIDED TO *SWING* HERE RATHER THAN TAKE A *CAB!*

PARDON ME, COBRA, THERE'S A SPOT ON YOU *CHIN* I WANT TO SMASH.

KROK!

UNGGGHHHH!

THANK YOU, COBRA!

YOU'RE A *FOOL*, DAREDEVIL. YOU'RE *NOT* GOING TO STOP ME NOW. NOT WHEN I'M SO *CLOSE* TO ACHIEVING *GODHOOD!*

DID YOU *HEAR* ME, DAREDEVIL?

SURE, BUT I USUALLY TEND TO *IGNORE* LOUTS WHEN I HAVE THE CHANCE, HYDE.

BESIDES, I WAS FINISHING UP WITH THE COBRA. *NOW* IT'S *YOUR* TURN.

YEAH, IT'S MY TURN TO *SMASH* YOU. MY TURN TO *CRUSH* YOUR BONES BETWEEN MY HANDS.

HE'S *PINNED* ME...CAN'T MOVE... NOT WITHOUT HAVING HIM *SNAP* OFF MY HEAD.

HAVE TO TAKE WHATEVER *PUNISHMENT* HE'S DISHING OUT TILL I CAN *BREAK FREE.*

COBRA KEPT ME FROM SMASHING YOU *TWICE* BEFORE, CREEP. HE KEPT ME FROM *PULVERIZING* YOU WHEN I REALLY WANTED TO.

BUT NOW *NO ONE'S* GONNA STOP ME.

ONLY I WANT YOU TO *SEE* WHAT THAT FORMULA IS GOING TO *DO* TO ME. I WANT YOU TO BE *SMASHED BY A GOD!*

SO, *NOW*--THANKS TO MY UNCONSCIOUS PARTNER'S *STILL FLEXIBLE* BODY--YOU'RE A *CAPTIVE AUDIENCE.*

HA HA HA

SETTLE BACK AND *WATCH* DAREDEVIL!

ALL THE CHEMICALS ARE *READY* NOW, CREEP. EVERYTHING IS SET TO GIVE *ME* THE POWERS I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR.

YOU *WATCHIN'*, DAREDEVIL? I *WANT* YOU TO WATCH ME, CREEP. *I DEMAND IT!*

BLAST... HE'S TIED COBRA'S BODY INTO A *KNOT*. I CAN'T BREAK FREE WITHOUT *CRIPPLING* THE MAN.

NOT UNLESS I CAN SOMEHOW *UNTIE* HIM... MOVE HIS BODY WITHOUT HARMING HIM.

HAVE TO *TWIST* MYSELF CAREFULLY... I--I FEEL HIM TURNING... INVOLUNTARILY *SHIFTING* HIS WEIGHT.

DID IT!

THIS IS THE MOMENT TO *REJOICE*. THE MOMENT I'VE *WAITED* FOR EVER SINCE COBRA LEARNED OF CAGLIOSTRO'S FORMULA AND REALIZED ONLY *I* COULD MAKE IT WORK.

I, WHO AM *MORE* THAN MISTER HYDE. I, WHO AM ALSO CALVIN ZABO, THE MOST *BRILLIANT* CHEMIST THIS WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.

BUT NOW... NOW I'LL NO LONGER BE ZABO OR *EVEN* HYDE. NOW I'LL BECOME--

NO, HYDE-- DON'T!

YOU DON'T *REALIZE* WHAT IT WILL *DO* TO YOU!

ON THE *CONTRARY*, FOOL. I KNOW *FULL WELL* WHAT I'LL BECOME. I KNOW THAT I'LL NO LONGER BE A MERE *MAN*--BUT A *GOD!*

CAN'T LET YOU SWALLOW THAT, HYDE. YOU'RE UNMANAGEABLE *ENOUGH* BEING YOURSELF!

KRASHH

WHAT? NO! YOU COULDN'T HAVE DONE *THAT!*

THE FORMULA *CANNOT* BE DUPLICATED AGAIN!

JUST AS WELL, HYDE. *NO* MAN SHOULD HAVE THAT SORT OF POWER. ESPECIALLY NOT A MONKEY-HEAD LIKE *YOU!*

NOT THAT I THINK YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO *WORRY* ABOUT BEING A GOD-- I THINK THEY'LL BE KEEPING YOU PRETTY *BUSY* UP THE RIVER, HYDE.

AND SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE GONNA *BE* THERE A LONG, *LONG* TIME.

CHEERS!

B.B. M.W. '30

NEXT ISSUE A NEW WRITER! A NEW ARTIST! BUT THE SAME THRILLS!

RETURN OF THE OWL!!

THE TORPEDO

The Torpedo leaps from the pages of *Daredevil* into his own two-part solo adventure in *Marvel Premiere* #39-40, reprinted here for the first time.

Marvel Premiere #39, December 1977
"Ride a Wild Rocket!"

Marvel Premiere #40, February 1978
"--Battle with the Big Man!"

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DANGER

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STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE POWER OF -- THE TORPEDO!

RIDE A WILD ROCKET!

I'VE BEEN *SEARCHING* FOR THE ROCKETEER GANG FOR *DAYS* NOW!

IT'S ABOUT *TIME* I FOUND THEM!

I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I'D HAVE TO HIRE *ANOTHER* SUPER-HERO TO HELP OUT THIS FLEDGLING FLYBOY!

B-BOSS...IT'S *HIM!* IT'S THE *TORPEDO!*

AND FRANKLY, THAT WOULD'VE BEEN DOWNRIGHT *EMBARRASSING!*

I CAN SEE THAT FOR *MY-SELF,* FOOL! YOU NEEDN'T *BELABOR* THE OBVIOUS!

REMEMBER! THE "MAN" WANTS HIS COSTUME *INTACT*--BUT THAT *DOESN'T* MEAN THE GUY *WEARIN'* IT HAS TO LIVE!

ZAP 'IM WITH THOSE SPECIAL GUNS THE "MAN" GAVE US!

A CLEAR HIT ON ONE OF HIS *TURBO-JETS* WILL DEACTIVATE THEM!

I WAS *RIGHT!* THEY *DO* SEEM TO KNOW MORE ABOUT MY SUIT THAN EVEN *I* DO.

AND, THOUGH THEY *MAY* BE ABLE TO GIVE ME THE INFO I NEED TO *RUN* IT...

...I MAY *NOT* LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO PUT THAT INFO TO ANY *USE!*

HEY! WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT? I'M BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE A *ROOKIE* LOSER--

--INSTEAD OF BROCK JONES, FOOTBALL *HERO,* ALL-AMERICAN QUARTERBACK!

CONFIDENCE, BROCK--EX-GRIDIRON STARS NEED DEFINITE *CONFIDENCE!*

I'VE *GOT* TO PROVE I CAN MAKE IT IN THE SUPER-HERO WORLD AS I DID IN *FOOTBALL.*

GOT TO PROVE I CAN DO *MORE* IN LIFE THAN HURL A PIGSKIN LIKE IT WAS A *FRISBEE* WITH WINGS.

OOOPS! HEADING STRAIGHT *INTO* THE BLAST!

SHOOT HIM, YOU IDIOT! *STOP HIM!*

I'M *TRYIN',* MAN. KEEP *COOL!*

CAN'T *SLOW* DOWN, OR THEY'LL GET ME, WHICH MEANS I'D BEST PILE RIGHT ON *THROUGH* THEM.

USE MY *JET-POWER* TO SMASH A CLEAR PATH.

OOPS, SORRY, BUILDING! STILL HAVEN'T GOTTEN THE *COMPLETE* KNACK OF THIS SUIT.

SMASH!

HELP! HE CAN'T BE STOPPED!

THANKS FOR SAYING THAT, FRIEND. IT'S JUST WHAT A GUY NEEDS TO HEAR TO BOLSTER HIS CONFIDENCE.

THAT GUY'S POWER-SUIT'S *UNBEATABLE!*

BETTER TELL THE "MAN" I NEED MORE *HELP!*

I *CAN'T* TAKE HIM ON MYSELF!

GOING SOMEWHERE, BUDDY?

IF SO, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO PLOW THROUGH *ME,* FIRST!

IF THAT'S THE WAY IT'S *GOTTA* BE, MAC--*FINE!*

I *STILL* GOT MY SONIC-BLASTER, AND I'M *NOT* AFRAID OF USING IT!

NOO! COULDN'T GET OUT OF THE WAY IN TIME.

HE'S CUT MY JETS *OFF!*

SWEK!

ONE ROCKET'S OFF AND THE *OTHER'S* GOING *WILD!*

I'M *SPINNING CRAZILY!*

GOTTA MOVE *FAST*--BEFORE I *CRACK UP!*

TURN OFF *BOTH* JETS... IT'S MY *ONLY* CHANCE.

OR THEY'LL FIND *PARTS* OF ME IN ALL *FIVE BOROUGHS!*

DID IT! LEG TURBOS ARE *OUT!*

AND THAT MEANS IT'S UP TO MY *HAND JETS* TO LOWER ME GENTLY TO THE GROUND.

C'MON, POWER-PACK... SQUEEZE OUT *ENOUGH* JUICE.

GENTLY, BABIES. I'M *FRAGILE!*

SUCCESS!

EVENING IN WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT, HOME OF BROCK AND LORRAINE JONES...

DADDY! DADDY'S HOME!

HEY! DADDY'S BACK!

HEY, *SLOW* DOWN. YOU'D THINK I HAVEN'T BEEN HOME FOR *MONTHS* INSTEAD OF HOURS.

YOU *GOT* ANYTHING FOR ME, DADDY?

ME TOO, DADDY?

YOU SHOULD *KNOW* BETTER THAN TO ASK, MY DARLINGS.

I HAVE HERE TWO *SPECIAL* "PET ROCKS" JUST FOR *YOU TWO.*

OH, WOW! PET ROCKS!

WOWWW!

LOOK WHAT DADDY GOT ME, MOMMY! *ROCKS!*

ME TOO, MOMMY. I GOT ONE, TOO.

THEY'RE *LOVELY,* CHILDREN. NOW GO INSIDE AND *PLAY* WITH THEM.

YOU OLD *SOFTIE,* YOU'RE SPOILING THOSE TWO WITH *GIFTS* EVERY NIGHT.

WELL, I'VE GOT ONE FOR *YOU,* TOO, LORRY.

HERE!

HECK! I GUESS *I* LOVE BEING SPOILED, TOO. *SPOIL ON,* BABY!

HOW'D EVERY-THING GO DOWNTOWN, BROCK?

SAME AS *ALWAYS,* HONEY. DULL WITH A CAPITAL '*DULL!*

I DON'T THINK I'M REALLY *CUT OUT* TO BE A CORPORATE EXECUTIVE, LORRY.

NOT THE SAME AS RUNNING THE BROKEN FIELD.

IT'S A *RUT,* AND I'M GETTING TIRED OF BEING *STUCK* IN IT.

IT'S GREAT *FINANCIALLY,* BUT I'M AFRAID OF BECOMING A *XEROX* COPY FILED IN TRIPLI-CATE INSTEAD OF BEING THE ONE AND ONLY *ME.*

I'VE GOT *CARBON PAPER* STAINS ON MY HANDS, HONEY...

...AND I'M AFRAID THAT'S *ALL* I'M GOING TO HAVE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE,

SECURITY ISN'T EVERYTHING, BABY--

--AND, IN THE CASE OF DELMAR INSURANCE, IT'S *NOTHING!*

HEY, I'M IN A *SOUR* MOOD, SO LET ME COOL OFF AWHILE IN MY *DEN!*

I NEED TIME TO *DEPRESS* MYSELF IN SOLITARY.

YOU *KNOW* YOU CAN QUIT ANYTIME YOU WANT TO. I CAN GO BACK TO *MODELLING.*

HONEY, YOU'RE ONE IN A *MILLION*--

WHICH IS WHY I *CAN'T* QUIT. I *NEVER* WANT TO SEE MY WIFE *HAVING* TO WORK FOR A LIVING.

I WANT HER TO *ENJOY* HER LIFE AND NOT HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WHERE THE *NEXT* MEAL IS COMING FROM.

AS FOR ME, IF I *CAN'T* BE A FOOTBALL HERO ANYMORE, I CAN BE SOMETHING *ELSE.*

MAYBE BEING THE TORPEDO WON'T GIVE ME THE *APPLAUSE* OR RECOGNITION I ONCE HAD--

--BUT, MAN-- IT'S THE *ONLY* THING THAT'S KEEPING ME GOING STRONG THESE DAYS.

I NEED TO BE A HERO JUST TO *PROVE* THINGS TO MYSELF.

PROVE THAT BROCK JONES *ISN'T* WASHED UP.

THAT I'M *STILL* THE MAN I'VE ALWAYS BEEN, AND *MORE.*

AND, TO THINK NOW IT TAKES A *SUPER-SUIT* TO HELP ME PROVE THAT.

"A SUIT I WAS GIVEN BY A *DYING MAN* WHO BEGGED ME TO HELP *COMPLETE* HIS ASSIGNMENT.

"AND, WHEN I AGREED, HE *DIED* RIGHT IN MY ARMS.

I'VE LEARNED QUITE A BIT ABOUT THE SUIT SINCE *THAT* DAY.

SUCH AS ITS *HIDDEN STUDS.* YOU PRESS THEM AND THE TURBO JETS *UNFOLD.* ANOTHER TOUCH, AND THEY FOLD *BACK* FOR EASY WALKING WHEN THEY'RE *NOT* IN USE.

AND I CAN CONTROL THE *POWER* USED IN THESE EXPLOSIVE GLOVES AS WELL.

TO WHERE I CAN *BLAST* THROUGH A SAFE OR GIVE THE GENTLEST *TAP* ON RECORD

DAREDEVIL #126 -- MARV

MEANWHILE, ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND...

...A SOLITARY FIGURE STREAKS ACROSS A BLUE-GREY SKY.

FOOL! YOU WERE TOLD TO GET ME THE COSTUME. YOU TOOK SIX OF MY ROCKETEERS WITH YOU.

AND, TOGETHER, YOU FAILED TO STOP ONE MAN!

YOU ARE AN INCOMPETENT, WESCOTT. WHY I RESCUED YOU FROM THE JAIL CELL AFTER DAREDEVIL LOCKED YOU THERE, I DO NOT KNOW. *

* DD #131. --MARV.

BUT I WANT THE TORPEDO COSTUME. AND YOU WILL GET IT FOR ME...

...OR YOU WILL NOT RETURN HERE AGAIN, IN ONE PIECE.

UNDERSTAND THAT, WESCOTT?

YES SIR, I UNDER-STAND.

AND, IN CONNECTICUT...

BROCK? IT'S GETTING LATE!

OH? I'LL BE OUT IN A MINUTE, LORRY.

SOON AS I PEEL OFF THIS COSTUME AND CLIMB INTO MY PAJAMAS.

WHAT DO YOU DO IN THAT DEN, BROCK? YOU STAY THERE FOR HOURS ON END.

JUST GETTING RID OF MY FRUSTRATIONS, LORRY.

YOU'RE SOME SEXY WIFE, YOU KNOW THAT?

YEAH, I KNOW.

WANNA SEE HOW SEXY, LOVER?

THE **NEXT** DAY IS SPENT AT WORK, LABORING OVER FACTS AND FIGURES, COLUMNS, DOUBLE-DIGITS, PERCENTAGES, AND **OTHER** ROMANTIC TABULATIONS OF MATHEMATICS...

...AND THE McMURRAY ACCOUNT NEEDS TO BE PUT IN ORDER, MR. JONES. HE'S BEEN ***RETICENT*** ABOUT TAKING ON A HIGHER PREMIUM RATE.

WHICH, OF COURSE, BASED ON A DEDUCTABLE BENEFICIARY POLICY, COULD BE ***DISASTROUS.***

DON'T YOU ***AGREE,*** MR. JONES?

I'LL AGREE WITH YOU ***AFTER*** LUNCH, LOMBARDI.

SEEYA AT ***ONE*** O'CLOCK!

WOW! I FELT LIKE I WAS UNDER A ***STEAM-ROLLER*** LISTENING TO THAT ***GARBAGE.***

INSTEAD OF BEING OUT HERE-- ***FREE...*** UNDER MY OWN ***POWER.***

FRANKLY, I DIG INSURANCE POLICIES LIKE I UNDERSTAND ***NUCLEAR PHYSICS.***

NAMELY-- ***ZILCH!***

BUT HERE, IN THE SKY, I CAN BE ***MYSELF.***

MAN, I'VE ***GOT*** TO CHANGE MY LIFE BEFORE I CHOKE TO DEATH ON MY BROOKS BROTHERS SUIT.

WESCOTT! THE DUDE'S FLYIN' ***SOUTH*** ON BROADWAY.

GOT IT, NUMBER 12. WILL INTERCEPT.

LOOK! THERE HE IS. NOW TO ***LURE*** HIM AND HOPE THAT ***THIS*** TIME WE DON'T ACCIDENTALLY BRING IN ANY ***OTHER*** SUPER HEROES.*

LAST TIME OUT, ***DAREDEVIL*** SPOTTED US FIRST AND STOPPED US ***COLD!***

AH-***HA***--LOOKS LIKE THAT ROCKETEER CREEP IS STILL ***AT*** IT.

WELL, FRIEND, WE'RE NOW SET FOR A ***RETURN*** MATCH!

*DAREDEVIL #131-- MARV.

HOUSEHOLD BLUES!

MOMMY! ANNIE TOOK MY WATER GUN!

ONLY 'CAUSE HE PULLED MY DOLLY'S HAIR!

SOMEHOW I THINK YOU'LL BOTH LIVE THROUGH THIS TRAUMA, KIDS.

IT'S JUST A MATTER OF-- OOOOHHH!

WH-WHAT'S WRONG...? THERE'S A SUDDEN STABBING PAIN IN MY STOMACH.

OH, GOD...

D-DOCTOR? IT'S LORRAINE JONES. I'VE GOT TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY.

I CAN'T TAKE IT...LIKE MY IN-SIDES ARE KNOTTED UP!

P-PLEASE, LET ME SEE YOU TODAY. I NEED IT!

AND, BACK ON LONG ISLAND'S NORTH SHORE...

LATE REPORTS, SIR. WESCOTT HAS THE TORPEDO FOLLOWING HIM OUT TOWARDS THE CON-SOLIDATED EDISON PLANT ON FOURTEENTH STREET.

OUR OTHER ROCKETEERS ARE WAITING FOR HIM THERE.

THIS TIME I THINK WE'VE GOT HIM.

WE CANNOT AFFORD TO DELAY OUR PLANS ANY LONGER.

ANY FURTHER DELAY WILL HINDER THE PROGRESS FOR ANOTHER YEAR.

WE WILL LOSE OUR CONTRACTS, AND AMERICA WILL NOT FALL!

THAT IS WHERE YOU ARE WRONG, AGENT SEVEN, AMERICA WILL FALL.

OUR POWER-SOLDIERS WILL MARCH THROUGH THEIR CITIES AS CONQUERING ARMIES.

WE WILL WIN, WE WILL BE VICTORIOUS!

ELSEWHERE...

FINALLY GETTING THE *HANG* OF THIS. EVEN AS HE *FIRES* THOSE ROCKETS AT ME, I CAN *DODGE* THEM.

THE GUY WHO *DESIGNED* THIS SUIT KNEW WHAT HE WAS *DOING!*

IT *RESPONDS* ALMOST AS FAST AS I CAN *THINK!*

AND YOU *CAN'T* ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE THAN INSTANT COOPERATION!

FORTUNATELY, I'VE *TRAINED* MYSELF TO THINK ON MY FEET, QUARTERBACKING.

WHICH MEANS I'M PROBABLY *BETTER* ABLE TO USE THIS SUIT THAN ALMOST *ANYONE!*

NOW TO LEARN IF I'VE *LOST* ANYTHING NINE-TO-FIVING IT THESE PAST YEARS!

OR, IF I CAN *STILL* BREAK THROUGH ANY FORMATION IF I HAVE TO!

C'MON, BROCK-- IT'S *GAME TIME!*

FIRST QUARTER AND I'M ALREADY ON THEIR *TEN YARD LINE!*

ANOTHER SECOND MORE, AND IT'LL BE--

SKRUNCHH!

TOUCHDOWN!

SCORE ONE FOR THE GOOD GUYS!

ONLY IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE *NOT* YET FINISHED THE PLAY.

THEY HAVE THEIR *OWN* BACK-JETS-- AND THEY'VE *LANDED!*

WHERE ARE YOU WHEN I *NEED* YOU, MUHAMMAD ALI?

SKANCHHH!

DIDN'T SEE THAT ONE *COMING* IN TIME.

HEY! YOU JUST *RIPPED* MY DRESS!

AND IT'S THE *ONLY* ONE HERE IN MY *SIZE!*

OHHHHH!

I'M NOT *USED* TO BOXING MATCHES!

THIS IS GETTING *RIDICULOUS!*

FIRST HE *FLATTENS* ME, THEN HE TURNS OUT THE *LIGHTS!*

CAN'T SEE ANYTHING THROUGH THESE STUPID DRESSES!

HUNH? WASN'T PREPARED...DIDN'T *HEAR* HIM!

WHOMP

BLAST! AREN'T THESE GUYS SUPPOSED TO *SHOUT*... OR MAKE DESPERATE *THREATS?*

WELL, I'M NOT EXACTLY THE GREATEST *DEBATING TEAM* MEMBER MYSELF.

SO, I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR *ACTION!*

KLUDD!

OOOPS, MISJUDGED HIS SPEED *AND* MY POWER-PUNCH!

IF I ACTUALLY *CONNECTED,* I WOULD'VE TAKEN HIS *HEAD* OFF.

OH, MY *LORD!* THEY'RE TEARING UP THE *STORE!*

AND IT WAS ALWAYS ONE OF MY *FAVORITES!*

"TEARING UP THE STORE?" LORD, LOOK AT THAT *FRIGHTENED* LOOK ON HER FACE!

IT'S *EXACTLY* LIKE THE LOOK THAT *OTHER* WOMAN HAD--

--AFTER DAREDEVIL AND I COMPLETELY *DEMOLISHED* HER HOME A FEW MONTHS BACK.*

I *COULDN'T* BELIEVE WHAT I DID TO AN *INNOCENT* FAMILY...

D.D.#127--MARV.

...AND I *DON'T* WANT TO REPEAT THAT BAD SCENE AGAIN.

IF THIS FIGHT MUST CONTINUE--

--IT'S MOVING *OUTSIDE!*

I DON'T MIND HURTING *MYSELF,* BUT I'M *NOT* TAKING ANY INNOCENT PEOPLE WITH ME.

HEY!

Celias

I'M NOT *FINISHED* WITH YOU YET.

WHAA--! ATTACKED FROM *BEHIND!*

CAN'T TURN IN--

UNNGGHHH!!!

SWAK!

FOOL! I WALKED *OUT* OF THERE AS IF I WERE *WINDOW SHOPPING.*

THAT'LL TEACH ME *ANOTHER* LESSON.

NEVER TURN YOUR BACK ON A FINK!

I *DID* IT, BOSS, KNOCKED HIM OUT A FEW BLOCKS *SOUTH* OF HERE.

HE'S HUGGIN' THE FLOOR LIKE A *WINO!*

YOU LEFT A *TRAIL,* NUMBER 12?

CLEAR ENOUGH FOR EVEN A *BABY* TO FOLLOW, BOSS.

HE'LL BE HERE IN A *MINUTE.*

MEANWHILE...

ALL RIGHT, MISTER, *YOU* ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS.

I EXPECT *YOU* TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGES!

HUNH?

LET ME GET THIS *STRAIGHT,* LADY. THAT CREEP FIRING *ROCKETS THROWS* ME INTO YOUR STORE, AND YOU EXPECT *ME* TO PAY FOR A BROKEN WINDOW?

LADY, I THINK YOU'RE WEARING YOUR *CORSET* TOO TIGHT-- AROUND YOUR *BRAIN!*

I'M PAYING *NOTHING,* LADY. YOU GO BEGGING TO YOUR *INSURANCE* COMPANY.

THEY'LL BE *GLAD* TO MAKE OUT A CHECK FOR YOU.

TELL THEM TO FILE FOR ACCIDENTAL DAMAGES DUE TO--

SHEESH! WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT?

I'LL *SUE* YOU FOR THIS, MISTER! I'LL DRAG YOU INTO EVERY COURT IN NEW YORK.

THE INSURANCE BIZ FINALLY *GOT* TO ME!

EVEN FIGHTING VILLAINS I COULDN'T FORGET POLICY NUMBERS!

HELP ME, LORD, I THINK I'M BECOMING A *NATIONAL AVERAGE!*

AND, JUST A FEW SECONDS LATER...

HIS JET-STREAM'S STILL VISIBLE THROUGH MY SPECIAL LENSES!

SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT TO FOLLOW.

THOUGH IT IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A DEFINITE SET-UP FOR YOURS TRULY!

THEY'VE LURED ME TO THEM, AND THEY KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT MY SUIT

WELL, IF I WANT ANY ANSWERS, I GUESS I'D BEST ENTER THEIR LITTLE TRAP...

...AND HOPE I COME OUT IN ONE PIECE.

THERE! LOOK!

FIRE!

WHA--? I'M BEING ATTACKED!

WHOOBOY! I WAS RIGHT!

THAT AND FIFTY CENTS STILL WON'T GET ME PAST THEIR MISSILES, THOUGH.

FORTUNATELY, THIS SUPER-SUIT DOES RESPOND QUICKLY.

BLAST! HE'S HOPPING AROUND LIKE A BLASTED JACKRABBIT!

CAN'T GET A BEAD ON 'IM!

THAT'S THE IDEA, SMILEY! I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO MAKE MYSELF AN EASY TARGET!

YOU WANT ME TO DO *EVERY-THING* FOR YOU GUYS? SHEESH! WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE GO-GETTING SUPER-VILLAINS OF THE *PAST*?

IF YOU WANNA MAKE AN *ILLEGAL* BUCK, YOU'VE GOT TO *WORK* FOR IT, FELLAS.

NOT THAT IT'LL GET YOU ANYWHERE BUT *PRISON!*

KLONK

OF COURSE, SINCE *I* WANT TO *STOP* YOU FROM SAID OCCUPATION, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO WORK THAT MUCH *HARDER.*

STAND *STILL,* FOOL!

KRAKK

YOU SEE, I'VE *DEFINITELY* DECIDED TO BRING YOU IN TO THE POLICE.

THOUGH I *STILL* HAVEN'T DECIDED IN HOW MANY *PIECES.*

INSIDE THE CON EDISON PLANT...

OH, LORD-- *LOOK!* THERE'S A *POWER-SURGE!*

THE *NUCLEAR PILE'S GOING CRAZY!*

DO SOME-THING-- *QUICKLY!*

IF WE REACH THE *DANGER* LEVEL, THIS BUILDING AND EVERY-THING *AROUND* IT--

-- COULD *BLOW!*

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE EMERGENCY *CUT-OFF?!*

DANGER

NO GOOD! SOMEHOW, SOMETHING *DISCONNECTED* IT!

AND HERE COMES THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING...

EH? WHAT'S GOING *ON* HERE?

HEY, BOSS--THERE'S SOMETHIN' *CRAZY* HAPPENIN'. LOOK AT THOSE GUYS *RUNNIN'*--

--AND THEY'RE *NOT* RUNNIN' FROM *US!*

SMASH!

DON'T KNOW IF I CAN *DO* THIS -- I'VE ONLY TRIED IT *ONCE*... ALONE.

BUT, IT'S WORTH A *TRY!*

SONUVAGUN, IT *WORKS!* THERE'S ENOUGH *JET POWER* IN MY TURBOS THAT IF I *STAMP* ON THE GROUND--

--IT SETS UP *SHOCK WAVES* POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SEND THOSE CLOWNS *FLYING!*

WHA???

FWAMP!

NICE TRY, CREEP, BUT YOU DIDN'T SEE *ME* HERE!

WHICH MEANS I CAN LAY YOU *LOW* AN' THEN *TAKE* THAT ROCKET-SUIT BACK TO THE "MAN."

KRAM!

SORRY, CHARLIE, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE *SAID* ANYTHING! THAT GAVE ME TIME ENOUGH TO *DUCK!*

BUT, I'VE FINALLY *LEARNED* SOMETHING--YOU CREEPS *ARE* WORKING FOR SOMEONE.

THAT CREEP'S GOT MORE LIVES THAN A *CAT.*

THEN, AGAIN, I WAS *CERTAIN* YOU DUNDERHEADS *COULDN'T* HAVE RIGGED UP THESE FLY-SUITS YOURSELVES!

BETTER *NOT* TRY TO GET HIM HERE. JUST BETTER GET *OUTTA* HERE... FORGET 'BOUT EVERYTHING!

AND, AS THE SKIRMISH CONTINUES, THE STREETS OF NEW YORK COME TO A LIFE OF THEIR OWN...

N.Y.P.D.

... AS SIRENS GO CATERWALLING DOWN BROADWAY, TOWARDS THE SCENE OF OUR FEARSOME FIGHTERS.

AND ALL THE WHILE, THE INDICATOR DIAL MARKED DANGER CREEPS EVER FORWARD...

DANGER

... CARING NOT A HOOT FOR THE DISASTER THAT MAY SOON RESULT!

HEY, BUDDY-BOY, YOU'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE WITH *ME*.

THERE ARE A FEW THINGS THAT NEED *CLARIFICATION!*

FLAKE OFF, CREEP, I'M STAYING *NOWHERE* NOW.

WE'LL *SEE* ABOUT THAT, HANDSOME.

MY SUIT'S *POWER* IS GREATER THAN YOURS...MY SPEED IS ALMOST *TWICE* WHAT YOU CAN MUSTER.

WHUNG!

AND FRANKLY, SMILEY, MY *EXPERIENCE* SAYS I CAN *EASILY* SHOULDER-TACKLE YOU!

YOU'RE *DOWN--RIGHT ON THE FIFTY-YARD LINE!*

AND NOW, YOU'RE...

...*MISJUDGED--!* YOU *MOVED* TOO QUICKLY!

WHAM!

BUT...

...YOU *WON'T* FREE YOURSELF. NOT NOW, AND NOT *UNTIL* YOU'VE TOLD ME WHAT YOU'RE AFTER AND *WHO* YOU'RE WORKING FOR.

SURE, WHY NOT? YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THE "MAN."

MY BOSS WANTS YOUR *COSTUME.*

BUT *WHY?* WHAT DOES HE WANT IT FOR?

BECAUSE THE MAN WHO DESIGNED *YOUR* COSTUME IS THE GUY WHO DESIGNED *OURS!*

BUT *YOURS* IS THE STRONGER *PROTOTYPE--* AND MY BOSS *WANTS* IT!

WHAT?

HEY, WESCOTT-- *BOSS!*

THOSE ENGINEER TYPES SAY THIS PLACE IS GONNA *BLOW* ANY MINUTE.

WE GOTTA GET *OUTTA HERE--NOW!*

THAT MEANS *ME,* FLYBOY. I'M *LEAVING,* AND YOU'RE *STAY-ING!*

NO TIME TO PEEL THAT COSTUME OFF YOU! THE "MAN" WON'T GET YOUR *SUIT,* BUT NO ONE *ELSE* WILL, EITHER!

SO *HE* WON'T SCREAM *TOO* MUCH!

OOOHHHHHH!

KRUNCH

SEEYA ON THE *FRONT PAGES,* BRIGHT BOY!

HA! HA! HA!

MEANTIME, UPTOWN...

H-HOW AM I, DOCTOR? DO I *HAVE* ANYTHING?

NOTHING I WOULD *WORRY* ABOUT, LORRAINE.

YOU'VE *ONLY* COME DOWN WITH A SLIGHT CASE OF *PREGNANCY.*

LORRAINE, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER CHILD!

OH, WOW...

I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL BROCK!

AND THE SECONDS TICK RAPIDLY OFF AS THE DANGER LEVEL RISES... TO CRITICAL-- AND BEYOND!

DANGER

NEXT ISSUE: **BATTLE WITH THE BIG MAN!**

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MARVEL PREMIERE™
FEATURING
THE TORPEDO™

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YOU ROCKETEERS-- **STAY BACK!** WHEN IT COMES TO HANDLING **NOVICE SUPER-HEROES** I DON'T NEED ANY **HELP!**

SENSES SHATTERING CLIMAX!

BATTLE WITH THE BIG MAN!

STan Lee PRESENTS: THE POWER OF-- THE TORPEDO!

WEEEEEEEE

DANGER

I HEAR YOU, COACH! YOU DON'T HAVE TO WHISTLE!

I BLEW IT! I LET THE ROCKETEERS LURE ME TO THIS CON ED PLANT -- THOUGHT I WAS BEING SMART--

--BUT I FUMBLED THE PLAY--AND THE FIGHT SET OFF SOME KIND OF CHAIN REACTION IN THE NUCLEAR PILE!

GOTTA CLEAR MY HEAD! THIS ISN'T A FOOTBALL GAME! THERE'S MORE THAN A PENNANT AT STAKE--THERE'S THE WHOLE WORLD!

AND THEY WON'T EVEN KNOW UNLESS I LIVE TO TELL THEM THAT THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE THIS COUNTRY IS IF I--

MARV WOLFMAN
PLOT
BILL MANTLO
SCRIPT
BOB BROWN
ART
MILGROM & FRIENDS
INKS
GASPAR
LETTERS
JAN COHEN
COLORS
ARCHIE GOODWIN
EDITOR

BUT THE SECONDS TICK DANGEROUSLY AWAY, AND THE ROCKETEERS' FINAL GAMBIT HAS TAKEN MORE OUT OF THE TORPEDO THAN HE KNOWS!

--BATTLE WITH THE BIG MAN!

DANGER

C'MON, BROCK! SNAP OUT OF IT! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE NEW AT THIS SUPER-HERO GAME--

--TO KNOW THERE'S GONNA BE AN EXPLOSION AROUND HERE ANY SECOND--

--AND THAT YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN THE REST OF MANHATTAN IN ETERNITY IF YOU DON'T STOP IT!

THE BIG QUESTION IS: HOW??

AND DIRECTLY ABOVE...

I HOPE THE "BIG MAN" UNDERSTANDS THAT WE HAD TO LEAVE THE COSTUME!

HE WILL! ONCE HE REALIZES THAT IT'S BEEN DE-STROYED--AND THAT OUR ROCKET-SUITS--

--ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT IN EXISTENCE!

NOT EVEN THE TORPEDO COSTUME CAN SURVIVE A NUCLEAR BLAST!

SO IF THE BOSS CAN'T HAVE IT--NO ONE WILL!

EVERYTHING'S GLOWING! SPARKS EVERY-WHERE!

GOTTA GET THROUGH THIS SPARK-SHOWER BEFORE I'M DEEP-FRYED!

OUGHTA ASK DAREDEVIL IF THIS IS TYPICAL OF THE SUPER-HERO BIZ.*

*THEY'VE MET EACH OTHER IN DD#S 126, 127 & 134 -- ARCH.

'CAUSE IF IT IS, I'D BETTER RECONSIDER MY CHOICE OF OCCUPATIONS!

MY FIELD OF STUDY IN COLLEGE WAS FOOT-BALL--NOT FUSION! BUT EVEN I CAN TELL A MAIN POWER CABLE WHEN I SEE ONE!

I MUST HAVE SHEARED IT DURING THE FIGHT WITHOUT KNOWING IT--

--AND IT MUST'VE OVER-POWERED THE SAFETY-SYSTEMS!

WITHOUT IT, THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP THIS PLANT FROM GOING BOOM!

NOTHING EXCEPT ME, THAT IS! THIS MAY BE ONE OF THE MOST HARE-BRAINED STUNTS I'VE EVER PULLED--

--BUT THE GUY WHO GAVE ME THIS COSTUME TOLD ME JUST BEFORE HE DIED, THAT IT'S GOT ITS OWN NUCLEAR-GEN-ERATING SYSTEM IN-CORPORATED INTO THE DESIGN--

--SO MAYBE I CAN USE MYSELF TO CLOSE THE CIRCUIT! GET THE SAFEGUARDS WORK-ING AGAIN--

--AAAGGHH!

TZZRR--

--MMM

OH...MY... LORD! THE... PAIN!

THE PAIN!!

KILLING ME! CAN'T... TAKE... MUCH--

--MO-O-OREEEE!

BROCK JONES STRUGGLES TO RETAIN CONSCIOUSNESS THROUGH THE RED HAZE OF PAIN THAT THREATENS TO SWEEP AWAY HIS MIND...

...AND, AS IF IN A DREAM, HE SEES THE NEEDLE ON THE FACE OF A GAUGE THAT HAD HITHERTO BESPOKE ITSELF ONLY OF DOOM...

DANGER

0 0 1 0

...SWING AWAY FROM THE CRIMSON AREA DENOTING DEATH...

...AND HE KNOWS THAT HE HAS SUCCEEDED!

I'VE DONE IT!

THE FORCE OF THE REACTOR HAS BEEN FUNNELED INTO THE TORPEDO COSTUME!

SKRAKK!

BUT THE DANGER'S NOT PAST! I CAN FEEL THE NUCLEAR ENERGY BUILDING UP INSIDE THE SUIT!

I'VE GOT TO SPEND IT-- AND FAST--

--OR I'LL BE A ONE-MAN HIROSHIMA-- ALL BY MYSELF!

HE LASHES OUT WITH HIS ATOM-INFUSED HANDS...

...THERE IS A MOMENTARY GLARE OF UNEARTHLY BRILLIANCE...

...AND A VACANT LOT APPEARS ON 14TH STREET WHERE THERE'D ONCE STOOD A CON ED PLANT.

REST ASSURED, PILGRIMS, THAT YOUR RATES WILL GO UP ONCE MORE.

I DON'T... BELIEVE IT! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

I MAY BE A WORSE MENACE THAN THE EXPLOSION I TRIED TO PREVENT!

THERE ARE OTHERS, IT SEEMS, WHO HAVE REACHED A SIMILAR CONCLUSION.

LOOK! IT IS THE TORPEDO! THAT LADY FROM THE DRESS SHOP* WASN'T KIDDING!

GREAT! ONLY WHAT IN BLAZES ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH HIM?

I MEAN, HOW'RE TWO ORDINARY FLATFOOTS GONNA STOP A GUY WHO CAN WIPE OUT A CITY BLOCK??

*LAST ISH--Arch.

WE'RE NOT, LORENZO--

--BUT WE ONLY GET PAID IF WE TRY!

POW!

POW!

OKAY--BUT I FEEL KINDA SILLY YELLIN' "STOP, THIEF!"-- IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

I'M SURE HE DOES, LORENZO, AND IF YOU GUYS NEED SOMEBODY TO CORROBORATE YOUR STORY FOR YOUR CHIEF--

--JUST PUT AN AD IN THE PERSONAL'S COLUMN OF THE TIMES--AND DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH WAITING FOR AN ANSWER!

SOMEWHAT LATER...

HOME! NEVER THOUGHT THE OLD SPLIT-LEVEL'D LOOK SO GOOD!

THE SMALL PLEASURES OF AN INSURANCE VICE-PRESIDENT! COMING HOME TO THE WIFE AND KIDS--

--AFTER A HARD DAY OF SAVING THE WORLD!

HEY, MAN! DON'T KNOCK IT--THEY'RE STILL THE BEST WIFE AND KIDS A MAN COULD WANT!

BUT EVEN IN HIS NICE, QUIET, SECURE LITTLE HOME, BROCK JONES IS IN FOR A SURPRISE.

HAVE TO FIND A BETTER PLACE THAN THE CLOSET FOR MY TORP-COSTUME.

LORRY, HONEY, I'M HO--

--SUZY!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HELLO, BROCK. SIS HAD TO GO TO THE CLINIC! SHE ASKED ME TO COME OVER AND WATCH THE KIDS!

THE CLINIC? BUT WHY--?

NOT TO WORRY, BIG BROTHER-IN-LAW! SHE PHONED A LITTLE WHILE AGO--

--SHE'S STAYING OVER FOR A COMPLETE CHECK-UP, AND ALL IS WELL!

SO RELAX, HANDSOME! DINNER'S IN THE MICROWAVE!

ELSEWHERE...

WELL, WESCOTT! WHERE IS THE EXPLOSION YOU ASSURED ME OF? I'LL TELL YOU--

--THERE WASN'T ONE! THE TORPEDO'S ESCAPED!

YOU'VE FAILED AGAIN, YOU INCOMPETENT FOOLS! COMBINED, YOUR ROCKET-SUITS GIVE YOU MORE POWER THAN THE TORPEDO HAS--

--YET STILL HE MANAGES TO TRIUMPH!

BUT PERHAPS ALL IS YET WELL! EVEN NOW THE AUTHORITIES THINK HIM A MENACE--

--WHICH MEANS NO MATTER HOW CLOSE TO THE TRUTH HE COMES ABOUT OUR ORGANIZATION, NO ONE WILL BELIEVE HIM!

BUT, ENOUGH! THE TORPEDO COSTUME IS THE PROTOTYPE DESIGN FOR AN ARMY OF SUPER-SOLDIERS! ITS POWER IS LIMITLESS--

--AND I WANT IT... NOW!!

FAIL ME AGAIN-- AND YOU WILL PAY WITH YOUR LIVES!

ALL RIGHT, JONES, GO OVER IT *AGAIN!*

A MAN *DIED.* A MAN FROM A *FOREIGN COUNTRY,* BROUGHT HERE TO DESIGN A *SUPER-SUIT!*

WHICH HE *DID* -- BUT THEN HE FOUND OUT THAT HIS RICH AMERICAN *RELATIVES* HAD SOMETHING *SINISTER* IN MIND FOR HIS INVENTION --

--AND HE DECIDED HE HAD TO STOP THEM! *EXPOSE* THEM FOR THE "*FIFTH COLUMN*" THEY'D REVEALED THEMSELVES TO BE --

--BUT HE *DIED* FIRST-- AND YOURS TRULY INHERITED NOT ONLY THE *TORP-SUIT* -- BUT THE MAN'S *MISSION* AS WELL! *

NOT *TOO* HARD A DECISION TO MAKE.

MY LIFE AS EX-FOOTBALL HERO TURNED DESK-MAN FOR *DELMAR INSURANCE, INC.* MADE IT SEEM ALMOST LIKE A *SECOND COMING!*

* *DAREDEVIL #126* --ARCH.

AND I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE IT *UP!*

BESIDES, I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING THE *ORIGINAL* TORPEDO TOLD ME JUST BEFORE HE *DIED!*

ABOUT THE *PAPERS* HE'D RETRIEVED FROM THAT *SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX*-- PAPERS WITH A *NAME* ON THEM! BROCK, M'BOY--

--YOU'VE KNOWN WHO THE "*BIG MAN*" IS ALL *ALONG!!*

SURE I DID -- BUT IT WAS TOO *BIZARRE* FOR ME TO *BELIEVE* IT!

MAN, TALK ABOUT NAMES *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*--

--FAMOUS AS BROCK JONES, HERO OF THE '72 SUPER-BOWL *WAS*--

--*THIS* GUY RANKS UP THERE WITH *KENNEDY*-- *ROCKEFELLER!*

NO, *STRIKE* THAT! HE'S MORE LIKE *HITLER!*

"--AND I *KNOW* WHERE TO *FIND* HIM!!"

BRIZZ

YES, MRS. WOODSHAW!

A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU, SENATOR.

BROCK JONES, OF DELMAR INSURANCE!

AH, YES! HE PHONED *EARLIER!* SHOW HIM IN, MRS. WOODSHAW, IF YOU PLEASE!

I'M GRATEFUL YOU FOUND THE *TIME* TO SEE ME, SENATOR STIVAK.

FOR BROCK JONES, THE MAN WHO ONCE RAN FIFTY YARDS ON A *BROKEN ANKLE* TO WIN A BALL GAME?

THE *HONOR*, BROCK, IS ALL *MINE*!

FIFTY-*FIVE* YARDS, SENATOR, BUT YOUR *KNOWING* WHO I AM MAKES WHAT I HAVE TO SAY *EASIER*!

Ah--WHAT WE SPOKE OF OVER THE *PHONE*? MY ANSWER IS AN UNQUALIFIED "*YES*", MR. JONES!

YOU WERE *CORRECT* IN ASSUMING THAT I WOULD BE *ECSTATIC* TO HAVE THE NAME OF *BROCK JONES* LENT TO THE PLATFORM OF MY *NEXT CAMPAIGN*!

AND SINCE WE'RE *AGREED*, LET'S GO OUT AND *DISCUSS* WHAT'S IN IT FOR *BOTH* OF US--

--OVER A GOOD, ALL-AMERICAN *STEAK* AT THE "*GRIDIRON CLUB*!"

THAT SUITS ME, SENATOR!

THAT SUITS ME JUST *FINE*!

TIME: 11:59 A.M.

10:37 P.M.

I COULD'VE FED MY FAMILY FOR A *WEEK* ON WHAT THAT *STEAK* COST! THE SENATOR LIVES *HIGH*!

AND MAYBE HE *DREAMS* HIGH, TOO! LIKE MAYBE HIS THOUGHTS RUN "*TODAY, AMERICA*--

DOM BUILDIN

"--TOMORROW THE *WORLD*!"

ONLY *ONE* WAY TO FIND OUT-- AND THERE GOES HIS LAST *SECRETARY*!

NOW, IT'S A JOB FOR--

--*THE TORPEDO*!

I OUGHT TO BUILD A *TAPE-DECK* INTO THIS COSTUME--

--AND HAVE IT PLAY A *THEME-SONG* WHENEVER I GO INTO *ACTION*! SOMETHING *CATCHY*--

--LIKE THE "*SOUND OF MUSIC*!"

THEN AGAIN, MAYBE I *WON'T*!

FUNNY. THE WINDOWS WEREN'T *LOCKED*. I GUESS THEY WOULDN'T *EXPECT* SOMEBODY TO BREAK IN ON THE *33RD FLOOR*!

KRAMM

BUT THE TORPEDO'S NOT JUST *ANYBODY*--NOT WHILE I PACK A NUCLEAR-POWERED *JET-PUNCH*--

--CAPABLE OF GETTING ME INTO THE WALL-SAFE I SPOTTED EARLIER--

--WITHOUT HARMING THE DOCUMENTS INSIDE!

WOW! THIS ISN'T JUST PAY DIRT-- IT'S THE MOTHER LODE!

BUT, UNBEKNOWNST TO THE TORPEDO...

SORRY TO WAKE YOU, SENATOR STIVAK--BUT I FELT SURE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THIS!

SO, WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO SET THE BAIT--

--FOR OUR RAT TO SEEK OUT THE CHEESE!

YOUR ORDERS, SENATOR?

A MOMENT, AGENT FOUR! ALLOW ME TO SAVOR THIS--TO DWELL ON WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!

IT'S ALL SO CLEAR NOW! THE WHOLE WHILE I HAVE BEEN SPENDING ENORMOUS SUMS TO TRACK DOWN THE TORPEDO--

--HE HAS BEEN TRYING TO FIND ME! OF COURSE!

MY POOR, DEAR NEPHEW-- THE ORIGINAL TORPEDO-- MUST HAVE TOLD THIS ONE OF ME JUST BEFORE DEATH CLOSED HIS EYES FOREVER--

--AND THIS MISGUIDED FOOL MUST HAVE BELIEVED MY NEPHEW'S PREPOSTEROUS TALE--

--OF AN INTERNATIONAL AGENT OF A FOREIGN POWER--PLANTED IN THIS COUNTRY YEARS AGO, CULTIVATED IN OUR POLITICS--

--WHILE WORKING FOR THE OTHER SIDE THE WHOLE TIME! EVEN AS HE GAINED IN POWER AND RESPECT--

--PRIVY TO THE MOST CLASSIFIED OF AMERICA'S POLICY DECISIONS! INSTRUMENTAL IN SEEING THAT THOSE WHICH WOULD MAKE US WEAKEST WERE IMPLEMENTED!

GROUP 'R' IS READY TO GO IN, SENATOR!

GOOD! TELL WESCOTT I WISH HIM TO LEAD THE ASSAULT--

--AND REMIND HIM OF THE PRICE FOR FAILURE, AGENT SIX!

OF COURSE, SIR!

ASSAULT GROUP 'R'-- TARGET SITED AT 33-MRO!

THE SENATOR'S OFFICE! LET'S MOVE!

HE'S GOTTA BE CRAZY--

--ATTACKING US ON OUR HOME GROUND!

...MILLIONS OF DOLLARS--EVERY CONCEIVABLE AREA OF AMERICAN LIFE INFILTRATED--

--AND THEN THE GOLDEN GOOSE SHOWED UP IN THE FORM OF A NEPHEW WHO JUST HAPPENED TO BE ENOUGH OF A GENIUS--

--THAT HE WAS ABLE TO DESIGN A SERIES OF ROCKET-SUITS CAPABLE OF TURNING THE ORDINARY MILITARY-- INTO AN ARMY OF SUPER-SOLDIERS!

REPORT, GROUP 'Y'!

WE'VE GOT THE ELEVATOR-SHAFTS COVERED, "BIG MAN!"

IF HE LEAVES-- IT WON'T BE THIS WAY!

BUT NEPHEW FOUND OUT WHAT UNCLE WAS UP TO-- AND DIDN'T LIKE IT! HE TRIED TO HEAD THEM OFF BY DESIGNING INFERIOR SUITS--THOSE BELONG-ING TO THE ROCKETEERS--

--BUT "UNC" CAUGHT ON--AND NEPHEW FLED, AND DIED TRYING TO DESTROY THE PLANS FOR THE TORP-SUIT!

BUT NOT BEFORE HE GAVE BOTH THE PLANS AND THE TORPEDO COS-TUME TO BROCK JONES-- ME!!

HE'S IN THERE, ALRIGHT, WESCOTT!

THEN WHEN I GIVE THE WORD--

--HIT HIM, ROCKETEERS!!

WHAT IN BLAZES--?!

I WAS CARELESS! DIDN'T HEAR THEM!!

YOU JUST LEARNED THE *DIFFERENCE* BETWEEN BEING AN *AMATEUR*--

--AND A *PRO* IN THIS BUSINESS, TORPE--*UNNH!*

WOK

THANKS FOR THE *LESSON*, *HOT-HEAD*--BUT YOU'LL *FORGIVE* ME IF I DON'T *LISTEN*?

HE GOT *WESCOTT!!*

YOU SAID IT, FRIEND!

BUT THAT WAS ONLY *ACT ONE!*

ACT *TWO* OPENS AS ONE LONELY *TORPEDO*--

--TAKES OUT THE "*TOM SWIFT BRIGADE*"--

AND GETS THE *GOODS* TO AMERICA IN TIME TO *STOP* YOUR SCURVY SCHEME!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, WISE-GUY!

SKRASH!

THAT'S WHAT I *KNOW*, DOPE!

SEE? WHAT'D I *TELL* YOU?

WA-RAM!

YOU DIRTY--!

ME? I'M THE *CLEAN* ONE, REMEMBER?

IT'S YOU GUYS WHO'RE TRYING TO SELL OUT THE GOOD OLD U.S. OF A!

AND DURING THE BICENTENNIAL, YET!

WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF PROPRIETY?

ABOUT WHERE WE'RE GONNA KICK YOURS, HERO!

TUT TUT! YOU ACT AS IF YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED MY JET-PUNCH!

SSHH--

WHEN I KNOW YOU HAVE--

--FROM THE TWO BLACK EYES YOU'RE SPORTING!

STOOMM!

MAYBE IF YOU WEREN'T SO MUCH IN LOVE WITH THE SOUND OF YOUR OWN VOICE--

WHAT--?! UNNHH!

--YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD ME COMING AND SPARED YOURSELF THE HEAD-ACHE YOU'RE GONNA HAVE WHEN YOU WAKE UP!

ENOUGH, WESCOTT! IS HE OUT?

LIKE A LIGHT, BOSS!

YOU WANT HIM PRIED OUTTA THE COSTUME HERE--OR AT THE MANSION?

THE MANSION, I THINK, WESCOTT.

"THERE'S LESS CHANCE OF HIS SCREAMS ALERTING ANYONE UP IN THE SECLUSION OF--"

--WESTCHESTER.

SOME HOURS LATER.

OH, COME, TORPEDO-- OR WHOEVER YOU ARE! I DON'T KNOW WHY WE HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO GET THE COSTUME OFF OF YOU--

--BUT WE WILL GET IT OFF EVENTUALLY! OF THAT YOU MAY BE SURE!

SO WHY NOT COOPERATE-- AND SPARE YOURSELF THE PAIN?

HOW'S IT FEEL TO SELL OUT 200 MILLION PEOPLE, STIVAK?

GOD, BUT YOU MAKE MY GUTS CRAWL!

WESCOTT, THE SWITCH, PLEASE!

SURE THING, BOSS!

YAAGHH!

THAT'S FINE, YOU MAY TURN IT OFF FOR A MOMENT.

WELL, MY WOULD-BE SAVIOR OF AMERICA? WILL YOU PERSIST IN THIS ADMIRABLE--

--BUT USELESS DISPLAY OF COURAGE?

WHAT DOES IT GAIN YOU, MAN? THERE ARE FORCES--ALREADY IN MOTION--THAT WILL NOT CEASE WITH YOUR DEATH!

GO BLOW IT OUT YOUR EAR, TRAITOR!

I'VE STOPPED YOUR STOOGES BEFORE--

--AND ONCE I GET FREE I'LL DO IT AGAIN!!

THEN I'M AFRAID I'VE NO CHOICE, TORPEDO--

--BUT TO INCREASE THE VOLTAGE!!

OH, MOUTH--

WHAT'VE YOU GOTTEN ME INTO NOW?

I THOUGHT TO BUY TIME--BUT I DIDN'T MEAN TO PAY FOR IT--

--WITH MY LIFE!

GOTTA FIGHT THIS--FOR LORRY AND THE KIDS! FOR THE HERO I'VE GOT TO BE!

USE SUIT'S POWER--THE WRIST-TURBINES-- SHORT-CIRCUIT THEIR POWER LODE!

TOUCHDOWN! I DID IT!
I'M FREE!!
SKAK
TLAK
NO! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!!
LIKE BLAZES IT ISN'T, SENATOR!
WHAM
YOU, MORE THAN ANY MAN--SHOULD KNOW THAT ALMOST ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE TO WHOEVER'S WEARING THE COSTUME OF THE TORPEDO!
'CAUSE YOU PAID TO HAVE IT MADE, STIVAK--AND DROVE THE MAN WHO CREATED IT TO HIS DEATH!!
SHTOOM
KROOM
GET HIM!!
YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY, WESCOTT--
--BUT I WOULDN'T BANK ON SUCCESS, IF I WERE YOU!
NOT WHEN MY WRIST-JETS THROW YOUR SONIC-BURSTS RIGHT BACK AT YOU!
DOESN'T LOOK TOO GOOD ANYMORE, DOES IT, STIVAK?
BUT I'M NOT KIDDING ANYBODY! SOONER OR LATER ONE OF THOSE BURSTS'LL HAVE MY NAME ON IT--
--AND STIVAK'LL HAVE AMERICA--
--WITH NO TORPEDO IN THE WAY TO STOP HIM! UNLESS I STOP PLAYING TARGET--

--AND TAKE THE POWER STRAIGHT TO THE PEOPLE!

GANGWAY, TROOPS-- THE TORPEDO'S COMING THROUGH!!

I WON'T EVEN DIRTY MY HANDS ON SCUM LIKE YOU, "SENATOR!"

NOT WHEN I CAN JUST STAMP MY FOOT--

--AND LET THE SHOCK-- WAVE BOWL YOU OVER!

WHOM!

NO!!

BUT, YES, TRAITOR! YOU OWE FOR A LOT OF LIVES OVER THE YEARS, STIVAK!

ACCORDING TO YOUR PAPERS-- A LOT OF GOOD MEN HAVE DIED BECAUSE OF YOU!

HOW'D YOU KEEP TRACK OF THE BODIES, SENATOR--BY CARVING NOTCHES IN THE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL?

OR WERE THERE TOO MANY FOR YOU TO BOTHER?

NO, STOP! I'LL--

YOU'LL NOTHING, SCUM!

WRACK!

CONSIDER THIS ONLY PARTIAL PAYMENT FOR ALL THE MISERY YOU'VE CAUSED!

AND I HOPE YOU REALIZE THAT YOU FINANCED THE COSTUME THAT'S GOING TO DESTROY YOU!!

YOU FOOL! YOU'VE THROWN ME INTO THE FAIL-SAFE PANEL!

ACTIVATED ITS DESTRUCT-CIRCUIT!

ALL MY WORK-- MY YEARS OF PLANNING! ALL MY DREAMS--

--YOU'VE DESTROYED THEM ALL!!

OBOY! I'VE SEEN THAT LOOK BEFORE--

--ON THE FACE OF A CLIENT WHO'S KNOWN TO HAVE ATTEMPTED SUICIDE--

--WHEN YOU TURN HIM DOWN FOR A RENEWAL ON THEIR LIFE INSURANCE POLICY!

IN OTHER WORDS-- STIVAK HAS JUST GONE BANANAS!

I'LL KILL YOU!!

STRAM!

I HOPE NOT, SENATOR! AFTER ALL--

--I'M ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN YOU--

--AND PRISON! WITH MY TESTIMONY THEY'LL BE SURE TO SHIP YOU TO THE NUTHOUSE INSTEAD!

KA-WHAM!

KNOCKED STIVAK INTO THE ROCKETEERS WHILE THEY WERE TRYING TO REGROUP--

--AND SINCE THEY DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THEY WERE UP FOR LISTENING TO REASON--

--I HAD TO MAKE A CHOICE! MY TAIL OR THEIRS--

--AND BELIEVE ME, WHEN IT COMES TO CHOICES--

KA-TROOM!

--I'VE MADE TOUGHER!!

I HOPE THE ORIGINAL TORPEDO IS WATCHING NOW!

I THINK HE'LL REST A LITTLE EASIER-- KNOWING HE DID STOP HIS UNCLE AFTER ALL!

BUT DEEP WITHIN THE SMOKING SUB-BASEMENT OF THE DEMOLISHED MANSION...

ALIVE!

I'M ALIVE!!

I'VE WON, TORPEDO--EVEN MORE THAN YOU WILL EVER REALIZE!

FOR SOON THE AUTHORITIES WILL COME TO INVESTIGATE THE EXPLOSION! THEY WILL FIND THERE HAS BEEN AN ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF A UNITED STATES SENATOR--

--AND ALL THE EVIDENCE WILL POINT DIRECTLY TOWARDS YOU-- YOU PETTY PATRIOTIC FOOL! THE VERY SYSTEM YOU SOUGHT TO SAVE--

"--WILL TURN ALL ITS POWER AGAINST YOU!!"

TIMED IT JUST RIGHT! LORRY'S JUST GETTING HOME--

--AND I'VE GOT ABOUT 15 SECONDS TO MAKE IT BACK TO MY DEN--

--CHANGE--

--AND MEET HER AS--

BROCK! I'M HOME!

HONEY, ARE YOU--?

MOMMY, MOMMY!

MOMMY HOME!

YES, KIDS, I'M HOME--AND YES, HUSBAND, I AM QUITE ALRIGHT! KISS ME IF YOU'RE NOT SURE!

MMMM! I'LL SAY YOU'RE ALRIGHT!

BUT WHY THE DOCTOR? SUZY SAYS YOU FAINTED, AND--

LITTLE SISTER EXAGGERATED-- AS USUAL!

I DID GET A LITTLE... DIZZY--BUT DOCTOR BLAINE SAYS THAT'S NORMAL--

--WHEN A GIRL'S GOING TO HAVE A BABY!

A BA--!!? I MEAN-- A REAL...? HOW--? WHEN--?

HONESTLY, LOVER! IF YOU DON'T KNOW, I'M CERTAINLY NOT GOING TO BE THE ONE TO TELL YOU!

NOW WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHUT UP-- AND SHOW ME HOW MUCH YOU LOVE ME!

Tee Hee!

MUMMY AND DADDY KISS?

NEXT ISSUE

THEY LEFT A DOOMED EARTH TO SEARCH FOR SALVATION IN THE STARS! THEY WERE... THE SEEKERS!

Daredevil #133 editorial
by Marv Wolfman

Before one of our Marvel Armadillos takes over the letter col, I'd like to say just a word or three about this issue of DAREDEVIL. It began a few months ago; Stan Lee called asking me to come up to his spacious, luxurious, carpeted office, so I picked myself off my milk-box, tripped over the file cabinets lining my broom-closet, and headed up to our ninth floor offices.

Stan said he'd like to use Uri Geller in one of our comics, and that I should find a place for him. At that time, I had heard of Geller—he was some sort of a metal-bender. That's all I had heard, and frankly, I wasn't too keen on the idea, and so I said I'd use him in DAREDEVIL (easier for *me* to do this than to assign it to another writer, I thought). Cut to a week or so later—I was at a party up at Paty (Cake) Greer's upstate New York home and I happened to see a copy of "Uri Geller, My Story" in her bookstand. Asking if I could borrow it for background information, I began reading it, and getting more and more involved with the reading. It was a fascinating story—and, yes, I was hooked—though still a total cynic.

It was then that Uri called, asking if he could come up to the offices to speak with me, to discuss the story. I said sure, hoping that this would be a chance to find out some things not in the book. He did come up the next day, and I found him to be a very likable person, an avid Marvel fan, and not at all what one would expect a person with "special powers and abilities" to be like—in other words, the furthest thing from an egomaniac that you could hope to find. During the course of our talk, he asked for a key, which I gave him, then asked me to hold his fingers to see if he was pressing on the key. They were loosely around the heavy metal key, and slowly, as I held his fingers with mine, I watched the key bend.

Yeah, I may be a cynic, but I don't ignore facts—the key had bent—I was holding his fingers so I know he couldn't bend them with his hand, and it was *my* key. Whatever powers he had—were real. At that point, he asked me to draw a picture and not show it to him. He then began drawing his own picture, and as you can see from our two illos reproduced on this page, the sketches are very similar. Considering the rough drawing style from which Uri was trying to receive his psychic impressions, he was able to come very close to my own illustration—even duplicating the bizarre front view of the face on the side view of the body.

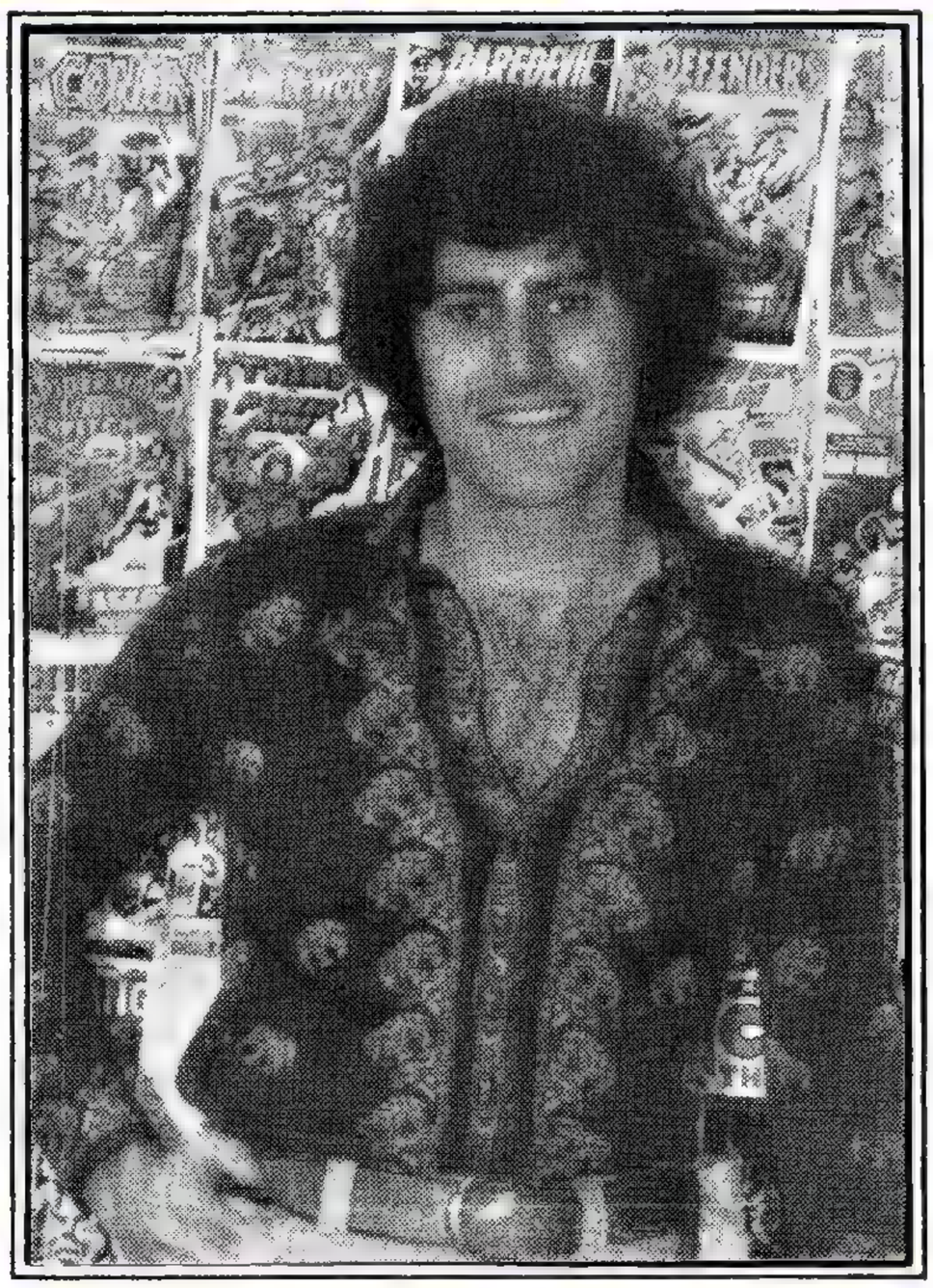
Afterwards, Uri bent another key for Sparklin' SCOTT EDELMAN, with virtually the entire Marvel staff watching. We also took a few publicity pictures; the best printed here.

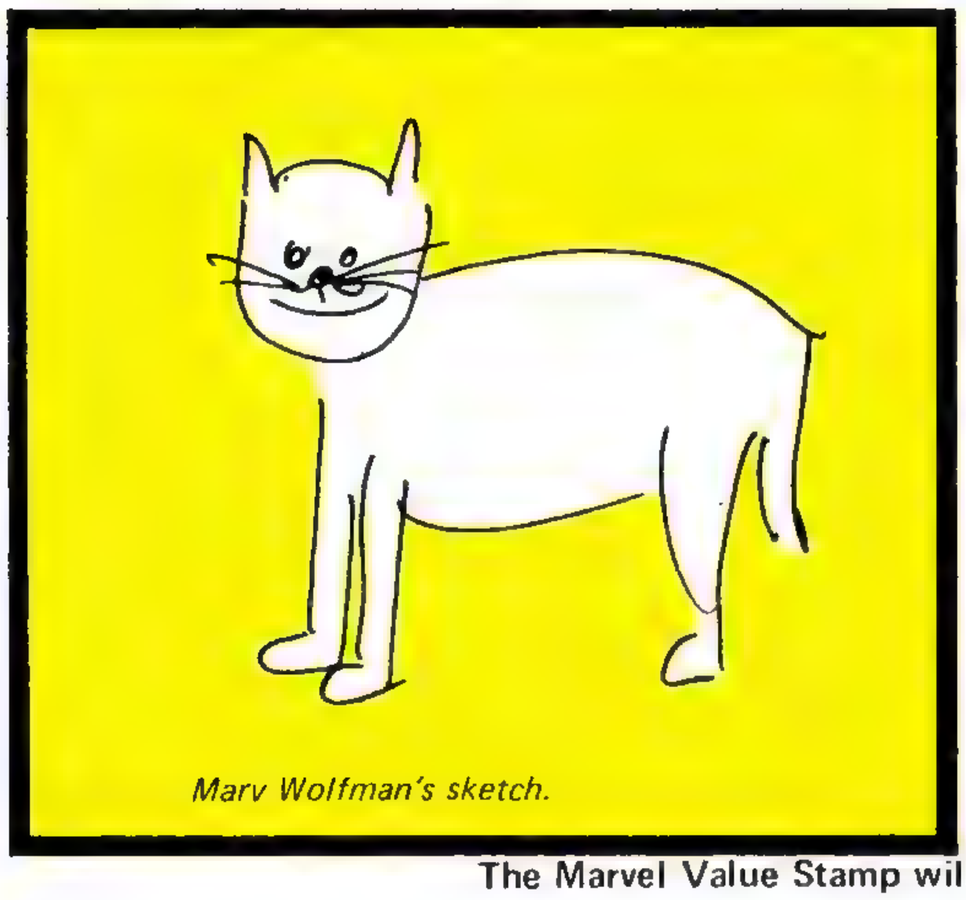
As for me, I began a cynic, and now I'm a believer—of whatever abilities Uri has, and if there are any superheroes in this world, we should hope they are all as nice as Uri.

Take care, enjoy the story, and now, back to the Armadillo.

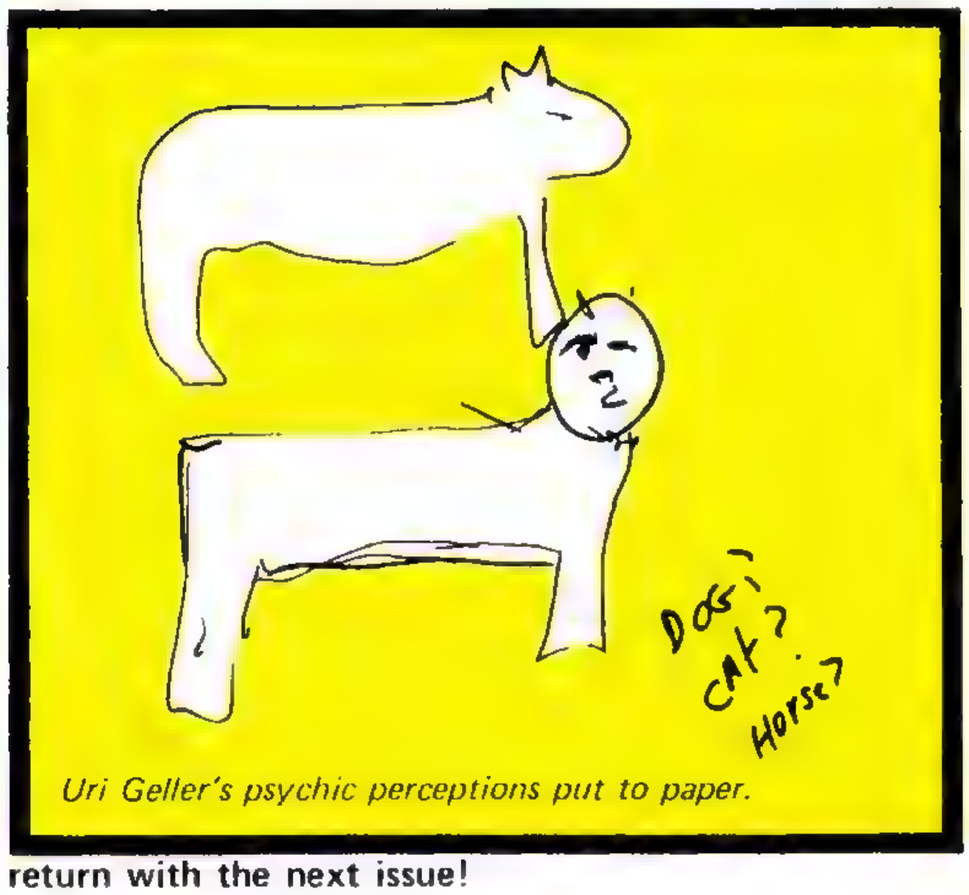
—Marv Wolfman

And all your friendly Armadillo has the space left to say is that your letters will return next issue as usual. So drop us a line, huh, we'll be waitin' for you.





Marv Wolfman's sketch.



Uri Geller's psychic perceptions put to paper.

The Marvel Value Stamp will return with the next issue!

Daredevil #137 cover original art
by John Buscema & Jim Mooney

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #137, page 1 original art
by John Buscema & Jim Mooney

EXPAND ART ON SIDE

THE MURDER MAZE STRIKES TWICE!

INSTANT SYNOPSIS DEPT: LISTEN CAREFULLY, MARVELITE, BECAUSE PLENTY HAS BEEN GOIN' ON, AND EVEN MORE'S COMIN' AT YA!

DAREDEVIL HAS FINALLY LEARNED THAT THE INSIDIOUS, JEERING JESTER, IS THE MANIACAL MASTERMIND BEHIND A SERIES OF BIZARRE AND DISTORTED TV NEWS SHOWS!

WELL, CITIZENS, WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY TO YOUR FORMER HERO?

DOES HE LIVE-- OR DOES HE--

--DIE!

THE JESTER, MEANTIME, CREATED TWO SPECIAL NEWSCASTS WHICH PROVED THAT HORNHEAD CALLOUSLY MURDERED THREE POLICEMEN, AND THAT ALL OF NEW YORK CITY COPS HAVE TURNED CROOKED!

THE PURPOSE: TO KEEP THE CITY CLEAR OF ALL LAW OFFICIALS, ALLOWING THE JESTER TO SELL TO OTHER CROOKS THE RIGHTS TO ROB NEW YORK CITY BLIND!

MEANWHILE, THE JESTER HAS MANAGED TO DEFEAT DD LONG ENOUGH TO DRAG HIM TO TIMES SQUARE WHERE HE HOLDS A MOCK TRIAL, WITH AN IRATE CITIZENRY (WHO STILL BELIEVE THE JESTER'S PHONEYED-UP NEWSCASTS) AS THE FEARLESS ONE'S JURORS!

GOT THAT ALL, PILGRIM? GOOD! 'CAUSE FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

marv wolfman / WRITER / EDITOR | john buscema & jim mooney / ARTISTS | joe rosen / LETTERER | michele wolfman / COLORIST

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #138, page 1 original art
by John Byrne & Jim Mooney

DAREDEVIL #138

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR | JOHN BYRNE GUEST ARTIST | JIM MOONEY INKER | JOE ROSEN LETTERER | COLORIST

WHERE IS KAREN PAGE?

FIRST THINGS FIRST, MARVELITE! YOU ARE **NOT** COMING INTO THE MIDDLE OF A STORY. WHAT YOU ARE SEEING IS HAPPENING **NOW!**

THE PLACE IS **LOS ANGELES**, AND THIS BUILDING ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED IS THE L.A. SCIENCE INSTITUTE.

REMEMBER ALL THAT, PILGRIM. THERE WILL BE A **TEST** LATER!

I WUZ **TOLD** TA WATCH OUT FER YOU BY **DEATH'S HEAD!** BUT I DON'T KNOW **WHY!**

THE WAY **I** SEE THINGS, YER GONNA BE A **PUSHOVER!**

'CAUSE THE **SMASHER'S** GONNA PULVERIZE YA RIGHT INTO THE **GROUND!**

MUSCLE-BREATH ISN'T **KIDDING!** HE SIMPLY **BRUSHED** HIS HAND AGAINST ME--

--AND I FEEL AS IF MY **RIBS** HAVE GONE THROUGH AN **EARTHQUAKE!**

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #142, page 1 original art
by Bob Brown & Jim Mooney

DAREDEVIL 1ST FEB OCT SCHED 1

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

MARV WOLFMAN WRITER/EDITOR * BOB BROWN & JIM MOONEY ARTISTS * JOHN COSTANZA, letterer JANICE COHEN, colorist

THE CONCRETE JUNGLE!

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: HECK, YOU CAN FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF, PILGRIM, SO LET'S JUST SAY THE GENT ON YOUR RIGHT IS BULLS-EYE...

...WHILE THE DUDE HEADING RIGHT ATCHA IS THE SOON-TO-BE EX-STAR OF THIS MAG.

I HAD TO WAIT A *LONG TIME* TO KILL YOU, DAREDEVIL-- BUT YOU'VE *GOT* TO ADMIT I'M DOING IT IN *STYLE*.

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND. I'D LIKE TO SAY IT'S BEEN *FUN*--BUT I *NEVER MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE!*

TA *TA!*

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BIOGRAPHIES

MARV WOLFMAN

Marv Wolfman's stints writing for movies, television, animation and novels mark him as a varied and highly regarded talent, but it is his comic book writing where he first gained prestige as one of the industry's most acclaimed talents.

His first forays into the comic industry were short tenures as editor and writer for both Warren Publishing and DC Comics, but it was after a move to Marvel in 1972 that his career began to blossom. One of his earliest hits was *Tomb of Dracula*, Marvel's adaptation of the classic Bram Stoker vampire. It was in the pages of *Tomb of Dracula* that Wolfman and Gene Colan unveiled the character Blade, the vampire hunter. This earthly hero was one of the earliest black heroes in comics and was introduced to further affirm the realism he sought to inject into the Dracula comic.

After editing Marvel's black-and-white magazines, he quickly stepped up the ladder to follow Len Wein as editor in chief. Wolfman had noted that the readership, who like himself had become loyal fans in their adolescence, felt it was important to have the stories Marvel produced "grow up" along with them. His editorial duties, however, stole time from his writing, so in 1976 he stepped down and took on writing full-time.

As writer of *Daredevil*, his two-year run preceded the Frank Miller era and included the introduction of Bullseye, now the most innovative and fearsome of Daredevil's rogues' gallery. Other work from his prolific Marvel tenure in the late '70s included lengthy runs on Marvel's two flagship titles: *The Amazing Spider-Man* (including the debut of the Black Cat) and *Fantastic Four* as well runs on *Nova*, *Doctor Strange* and *Thor*.

Moving to DC, he teamed with artist George Pérez and ushered in *New Teen Titans*. Most of the Titans came to life under his auspices, including Cyborg, Nightwing, Starfire, and Raven, as well as their nemesis Deathstroke. Next, Wolfman and Pérez delivered the epochal *Crisis on Infinite Earths*, condensing DC's complex 50 year history into a single, shared universe.

Taking a lengthy sabbatical from writing comics, Wolfman moved to writing for animation shows including *G.I. Joe* and *Transformers*, later becoming comics editor for *Disney Adventures Magazine*. He continues to write for DC Comics and more recently, has penned the nonfiction *Homeland, the Illustrated History of the State of Israel*. In 2011 Marv was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame.

BOB BROWN

An artist with a career reaching back to comics' Golden Age, Bob Brown has the respect of many longtime comic fans and fellow artists, with due consideration for being a sturdy, reliable craftsman who always delivered the goods. In the 1950s Brown freelanced across the industry on Western, spy, war, horror and romance titles. His most notable Atlas/Marvel work of the period was the 1955 debut of the original Rawhide Kid. At DC, he helped introduce Space Ranger in *Showcase* #15 (July 1958) and drew every one of the character's stories until its end in *Mystery In Space* in 1965. He also picked up the torch on DC's *Challengers of the Unknown* after Jack Kirby exited the series and turned in a run just as remarkable for its craft and consistency. In the 1970s his extended runs on *The Avengers* and *Daredevil* included the blockbuster Avengers/Defenders War and the first appearance of Daredevil's nemesis Bullseye. Besides these titles, you will find Bob Brown's name on dozens of stories in nearly every genre known to comics, a true everyman in the medium. While employed as an artist for both Marvel and DC, Brown died in 1977.

JOHN BUSCEMA

Though primarily known for his long tenure as one of Marvel Comics' most prolific pencilers, John Buscema began his celebrated career at the age of 21 with Timely Comics. After Timely closed its in-house Bullpen, Buscema pursued comics work for a time before he left comics altogether for advertising in 1958.

When he returned to comics, however, he did so with a vengeance. Stan Lee recruited him away from advertising and quickly ensconced him into the upper ranks of Marvel artists. Picking up where *Avengers* mainstay Don Heck left off, "Big John" began what would be one of the title's definitive artistic runs. The much-anticipated *Silver Surfer* series was launched with Buscema at the helm, and top-tier books like *Fantastic Four* and *Thor* were entrusted to his care after Jack Kirby left Marvel for DC Comics.

Buscema's bold, muscular artwork commanded the comic-book page with realistic figurework that represented the next evolutionary step in post-Kirby Marvel Comics style. The respect accorded him within Marvel as an artist's artist was of such renown that he literally wrote the book on drawing, composing *How To Draw Comics the Marvel Way* with Stan Lee, the classic "how to" book in comic-book illustration.

He worked from the '70s through the '90s on nearly every title in the Marvel stable, including his personal favorite, *Conan the Barbarian*, with Roy Thomas. He retired in 1996, but returned every now and then to the comics scene until he passed away after a battle with cancer in 2002, the same year he was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame.

SAL BUSCEMA

Without a doubt one of comics' most prolific artists, "Our Pal" Sal Buscema joined Marvel in 1968 shortly after his elder brother, John. Tackling inking duties on *Silver Surfer* and *Fantastic Four*, including the all-time classic *Silver Surfer* #4, Buscema quickly graduated to penciling. He was an anchor of the Marvel line in the 1970s with long runs on books like *Captain America*, *Marvel Team-Up* and *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and a 100-plus issue run on *The Incredible Hulk*. Buscema was also behind defining the tone on early issues of *The Defenders*, *Rom* and *The New Mutants*. His career as one of Marvel's most versatile artists lasted throughout the '70s and into the '90s. In 1988, he returned to *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and over the next ten years penciled every issue but two from #134 through #238 (and inked the vast majority as well!) Although he retired in the late '90s, readers can still see his name on comics credits from time to time, including inking work on the cult hit *Spider-Girl*.

JOHN BYRNE

With his naturalistic style captivating legions of fans, John Byrne became one of the most influential and popular comic artists of the '70s and '80s. Born in England but raised in Canada, with four years of art school training under his belt, Byrne headed straight for the comics business, getting his start with Charlton Comics.

He produced his first original creations, the robot Rog-2000—which appeared as a backup strip in *E-Man*—and *Doomsday +1* at Charlton. Though the art was rough compared to his later standards, it drew the attention of Marvel Comics, where he found work on *Champions*, *Iron Fist* and *Marvel Team-Up*. The relationship he established on these books with writer Chris Claremont led to his entry on a title that was rapidly ascending in importance at Marvel: the "All-New, All-Different" *X-Men*.

Taking the torch from Dave Cockrum, for the next five years Byrne penciled and co-plotted the adventures of Marvel's mutants. His fresh style translated perfectly to the new cast of characters, and together Byrne and Claremont built the X-Men into a keystone title at Marvel. However, just after the twin triumphs of "The Dark Phoenix Saga" and "Days of Future Past," Byrne left the book.

His next major achievement was a long run as writer/artist on *Fantastic Four* that restored the title to its imaginative best. His run hearkened back to the glory days of Lee and Kirby and is arguably the milestone achievement of his career. Other high points in his early '80s Marvel work included "War and Remembrance," a bracing set of Captain America stories with Roger Stern and *Alpha Flight*, a team of Canadian heroes written and drawn by Byrne.

Next, Byrne headed to DC Comics to revive the flagging Superman franchise with a reset of the Superman mythos that was enormously popular at the time and is still hailed as a masterpiece decades later. After two years helming Superman, Byrne returned to Marvel to work on a diverse set of books including the New Universe's *Star Brand*, the irreverent *Sensational She-Hulk* and the high-tech adventures of Iron Man. In the 1990s, Byrne launched his creator-owned series *Next Men*, scripted the first issues of Mike Mignola's *Hellboy* and delivered the goods for both Marvel and DC on numerous titles. Today, the implacable Byrne continues to write, draw and preside over a popular website. He was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame in 2015.

CHRIS CLAREMONT

It is hard to remember a time when the word "mutant" didn't correspond with the largest and most ardently followed franchise in comics, but in the mid-'70s the X-Men were naught but a forgotten team of misfits. Chris Claremont and his collaborators took this moribund property and issue by issue transformed it into a phenomenon now known the world over.

Claremont began his career in comics in the early '70s pitching in on issues of *Avengers*, *Daredevil* and *Incredible Hulk*, while also delivering several text stories to Marvel's black-and-white magazines. His first regular writing gig was *War Is Hell*, a "weird war" title that came to a close just as his run on *X-Men* and *Iron Fist* began. *Iron Fist*, which rolled out of the pages of *Marvel Premiere*, was done in concert with artist John Byrne, forming a key partnership that would pay big dividends later. Other high-profile projects from Claremont's first full decade in comics included *Marvel Preview*'s Starlord, *Ms. Marvel*, *Marvel Team-Up* (again with Byrne) and *John Carter: Warlord of Mars*.

But it was in the pages of *X-Men* where Claremont would change comics history. In tandem with artists Dave Cockrum and John Byrne, Claremont helped build a cornerstone franchise for Marvel. After writer Len Wein launched the newly updated series in 1975 with *Giant-Size X-Men* #1, Claremont was tasked with guiding the new adventures of the mutant misfits, and he did so by crafting layered stories that balanced crisp dialogue with high-octane action. Claremont placed a premium on characterization, a lofty goal in a team book with many players, but he did so deftly enough to spin a wide-ranging tapestry of characters, each of whom became fan favorites.

Leading breathless fans down the path of classics including "The Dark Phoenix Saga," "Days of Future Past," and *God Loves, Man Kills*, he helped build such an intense loyalty that it only made sense to spin-off the X-Men's success into new books. The first such spin-off was *The New Mutants*. Later in the decade, Claremont launched *Excalibur* with Alan Davis and established a regular series for Wolverine with John Buscema.

In 1990, he launched a new sister title for the main team of mutants with Jim Lee; *X-Men* #1 premiered to numbers that made it the highest-selling comic ever. After a long break from the company, Claremont returned to Marvel in 2000, and over the next ten years wrote the novelization of Bryan Singer's X-Men film, took on the Fantastic Four, and charted the adventures of Marvel's mutants across a variety of titles. He was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame with its 2015 class.

GIL KANE

A gentleman and master of the medium, Gil Kane gained elite status as a comic artist through the course of a storied career. The signature smooth and sinuous anatomy of his characters, vertiginous camera angles and dynamic action present in every page gave Kane's work a language all its own.

Born in Latvia in 1926 as Eli Katz, his family moved to Brooklyn, New York, three years later. He studied art in high school but left when he sensed an opportunity was in the offing with MLJ Comics (later Archie Comics). He would also do spot work for the other studios, but with World War II roaring, the young man enlisted in the Army and served in the Pacific.

Upon his return, he permanently adopted the pseudonym Gil Kane and got back to the business of creating comics. By the late '50s, Kane truly began to make his mark, introducing the new Green Lantern, Hal Jordan, in the pages of *Showcase*. To fill in time in his work schedule, he made a pitch to DC Comics to revive the Golden Age character Doll Man, this time updated with the name The Atom, and here, too, he struck gold.

His first work for Marvel included Hulk and Captain America stories, as well as a stint on *Captain Marvel*, which to Kane represented some of his finest work to date. He would gain greater acclaim for his run on *The Amazing Spider-Man* that included the first comics to buck the Comics Code. A few years later, he was also behind the drawing board for the pivotal "Death of Gwen Stacy" story line.

The '70s were a particularly fertile period for Kane, as he became Marvel's top cover artist, delivering dozens of iconic images.

Teaming once again with his *Captain Marvel* collaborator, Roy Thomas, Kane gave life to the newly christened hero Adam Warlock and introduced the kung fu action hero Iron Fist.

Always searching to expand the audience, format and sophistication of the medium, Kane conceived and illustrated the independent graphic novel *Blackmark* in 1971. He also created the award-winning daily newspaper strip *Star Hawks* with writer Ron Goulart.

Much to the pleasure of comic-book readers, Kane's work appeared regularly until 2000, with brief stops in the '70s and '80s when he worked in TV animation. He was ushered into the Eisner Hall of Fame in 1997 and died three years later at the age of 74, leaving behind a legacy that has inspired generations of fans and artists.

BILL MANTLO

From the mid-'70s through the late-'80s, Bill Mantlo established himself as one of the most dedicated writers in the comics industry, writing hundreds of stories across dozens of titles, primarily for Marvel Comics.

Mantlo broke into comics as a colorist, but it wasn't long before he was given a crack at writing a fill-in story, a "Sons of the Tiger" story in the black-and-white *Deadly Hands of Kung Fu* magazine, and his true comics talent began to emerge. The quality of his work led to his installation as that book's regular writer, a tenure that included the notable achievement of introducing comics' first Puerto Rican hero, the White Tiger.

After achieving notoriety within the Marvel offices as a guy who could knock out credible fill-in scripts at a moment's notice, Mantlo was given more regular work. One early highlight was his 20-issue tenure on *Iron Man* that began the Golden Avenger's return to prominence. As one might expect from someone with such a volume of work, Mantlo was game to take on projects others dismissed, and he did it with an unfeigned aplomb that elevated the work.

It was on two licensed titles that Mantlo built his legacy. Inspired by a toy given to his son at Christmas, Mantlo lobbied Marvel to adapt Micronauts into an ongoing series. The award-winning epic he spun with artistic luminaries like Michael Golden and Pat Broderick is still highly revered by comics fandom as is his even longer run on *Rom*, wherein he developed a universe filled with Spaceknights, Dire Wraith monsters and outer space intrigue. Other notable credits in Mantlo's career include *Incredible Hulk*, *Alpha Flight* and *Spectacular Spider-Man*.

Just as Mantlo had begun a new career as a public defender with the New York City Legal Aid Society, he was struck by a hit-and-run driver and went into a weeks-long coma from severe head trauma. He has since been under constant medical care. The comics community has led multiple fundraisers to aid in the continuing care of a talented writer who is missed by his many fans.

JIM SHOOTER

Writer/artist/editor/publisher Jim Shooter broke into comics as a precocious 13-year-old after submitting a batch of Legion of Super-Heroes pages he had written and drawn. Impressed by what was going on at Marvel, the teenager brought his "Marvel-style" attitude to bear on Legion, rolling off a three-year run that concluded in 1969. During this time, he introduced several memorable Legionnaires and villains and also wrote several stories in *Superman*.

After a five-year break from comics, Shooter returned to the scene, freelancing for both Marvel and DC. He retook the reins of Legion in *Superboy*, and wrote various Marvel titles, which led to a staff position at Marvel in 1976 and a memorable run on *Avengers*. After two years, he succeeded Archie Goodwin as Marvel's editor in chief. In his view, Marvel at that time was in editorial chaos, not capitalizing on its full potential. Only 27 years old, Shooter forced his will over all aspects of the publishing regime, establishing an incentive system for creators, streamlining the publishing schedule and enforcing his own high editorial standards on all the books. He continued Marvel's success with licensed titles *G.I. Joe* and *Transformers* and the Epic line of creator-owned comics. Creative efforts included writing *Secret Wars* and its sequel, and building the New Universe and writing its flagship title, *Starbrand*.

Forced out of the company in 1987, a bid by Shooter to buy Marvel failed. He then formed a group to start his own company, Valiant, which produced licensed and original comics to great acclaim in the early '90s. Despite Valiant's success, Shooter's tenure there was ended after losing control of the corporation. Short-lived imprints Defiant and Broadway Comics followed but were victims of the mid-'90s industry bust. Since then, Shooter has returned to DC to write a 13-issue run of *Legion*, and overseen a revival of Gold Key characters Magnus, Doctor Solar and Turok for Dark Horse.

GEORGE TUSKA

His first art lesson was in a hospital bed, a teenager laid low by an appendectomy with nothing to do but draw cowboys and Indians under the tutelage of a fellow patient. But a decade later, George Tuska hit the ground running as part of the famed Eisner/Iger studio, beginning his career in comics. After early success drawing strips like "Spike Marlin" and "Shark Brodie," Tuska departed from Eisner/Iger and the company of fellow artists like Lou Fine and Bob Powell to join Harry "A" Chesler's art studio, where he would draw his first pages of Captain Marvel in *Master Comics* and *Captain Marvel Adventures*.

By the age of 24, Tuska had gone back and forth between Eisner/Iger (where he drew some of Eisner's iconic *Spirit* strips) and Fawcett, and after a stint in World War II, he settled into a run with Lev Gleason on *Crime Does Not Pay* and also worked on various newspaper strips.

As the '50s concluded, he was well entrenched as artist on *Buck Rogers* dailies and Sundays, but he would return to comic books by joining Marvel in a big way in 1968. With *Iron Man* #5, he established himself as regular artist for a two-year stint, helping anchor the identity of the Armored Avenger. After a year away, he would again return to *Iron Man* many times over the rest of the '70s, drawing it along with other Marvel titles like *Hero For Hire*, *Ghost Rider* and *Black Goliath*. In addition to taking on the daily *Superman* strip in 1978, he also worked steadily with DC through the '70s on many of their books. Retiring after a long and solid career as a cartoonist in 1993, Tuska continued to draw commissions for his many fans until his 2009 death at the age of 93.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

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THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over America, a new storytelling medium was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States. At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary creators as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These trailblazing talents birthed a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

GOLDEN AGE ALL-WINNERS VOLS. 1-4
GOLDEN AGE CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
GOLDEN AGE DARING MYSTERY VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE MARVEL COMICS VOLS. 1-7
GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the Golden Age retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, the Atlas Era had it all!

ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
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ATLAS ERA TALES TO ASTONISH VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA TALES OF SUSPENSE VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA VENUS VOL. 1

THE MARVEL AGE

In August 1961, change hit newsstands: *The Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. They were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves — and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different — the beginning of the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

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THE AVENGERS VOLS. 1-18
THE BLACK PANTHER VOLS. 1-2
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THE INHUMANS VOLS. 1-2
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LUKE CAGE VOLS. 1-3
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DAREDEVIL
NO MATTER WHICH WAY YOU TURN, DAREDEVIL, YOU CAN'T ESCAPE--
MIND-WAVE AND HIS FEARSOME THINK TANK!
A CITY IN DANGER, AND ONLY ONE MAN CAN HELP--THE MOST SHOCKING GUEST STAR OF ALL TIME!
URI GELLER!

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134 JUNE
DAREDEVIL
THE TORPEDO'S BLASTING AT ME ON ONE SIDE--HIS DOUBLE ATTACKING ON THE OTHER!
WHICHEVER WAY I TURN--I'M DOOMED!
TWO AGAINST THE CHAMELEON!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
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DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
THE MARVEL EXPLOSION STARTS HERE!
STRUGGLE ALL YOU WISH, SCARLET FOOL!
BUT, IF I CAN'T DESTROY YOU--
--MY DEADLY MURDER MASK WILL!
THE JESTER'S STEEL JAWS SPELL DEATH!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
30¢ 138 OCT
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
YOU CAME HERE TO RESCUE KAREN PAGE, DAREDEVIL--
--BUT YOU'VE ONLY SUCCEEDED IN DESTROYING YOURSELF!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, DEATH'S HEAD!
EXTRA! SPECIAL GUEST STAR GHOST RIDER! THE MOST SUPERNATURAL HERO OF ALL!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
30¢ 142 FEB
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
THEY'RE BACK! HORNHEAD'S DEADLIEST DUO! FIERCER THAN EVER!
YOU'VE INTERFERED WITH OUR SCHEMES FOR THE LAST TIME!
AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT! WITH YOUR LIFE!
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE COBRA AND MR. HYDE?
THE ANSWER'S A KILLER!

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